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THE CECILIAN SERIES OF STUDY AND SONG

JOHN W. TUFTS

BOOK III

UNCHANGED VOICES

ADDED NOTES FOR BASSES AND TENORS

SILVER-BURDETT & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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THE

CECILIAN SERIES

OF

STUDY AND SONG.

EDITED, ARRANGED, AND COMPOSED BY

JOHN W. TUFTS.

BOOK III.—FOR UNCHANGED VOICES.

WITH ADDED NOTES FOR BASSES AND TENORS.

COMPRISING:

STUDY IN TUNE AND TIME, PART-SONGS AND CHORUSES, OCCASIONAL, PATRIOTIC, AND SACRED SELECTIONS.

ADAPTED TO THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND CHORUSES

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK. BOSTON, U.S.A. CHICAGO.

1895.

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1919

THE

CECILIAN SERIES OF STUDY AND SONG.

EDITED, ARRANGED, AND COMPOSED BY

JOHN W. TUFTS.

Book I.—For One Voice.

Book II.—For Soprano and Alto Voices.

Book III.—For Unchanged Voices. With Added Notes for Basses and Tenors.

Book IV.—For Mixed Voices.

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TYPOGRAPHY BY
J. FRANK GILES, BOSTON, U.S.A.

Norwood Press:
Berwick & Smith, Boston, U.S.A.

PREFACE.

IN most schools, especially in grades below the ordinary High School, there are found more or less changes in the voices of the students. Basses and occasional tenors of low range make their appearance. Such basses and tenors have not heretofore received the attention that they deserve; and as they have rarely been provided with music especially designed for them, an interval in their singing, of longer or shorter duration, has occurred, owing to their inability to read the notes of the F clef. This interval of rest renders such singers indifferent to the practice of singing, and has proved afterwards to be a serious obstacle in the High School work. Want of skill and timidity have brought them almost into the position of opponents to singing.

To provide against such an interval in the practice of singing has been one of the leading motives in the preparation of Book III. of the CECILIAN SERIES OF STUDY AND SONG. It will be noticed that help has been provided through the means of special notes in most of the exercises and in many of the songs. These notes are generally duplicates of the notes of the alto, and are easily learned; indeed, they are nearly always in the progressive order of difficulty.

The editor deems it hardly necessary to explain the licenses in composition that have been taken in the added notes, going as they do from really three-part writing to occasional work in complete four-part harmony. It will be sufficient to state that the parts for the first and second sopranos and the alto are complete, undisturbed, and independent; that the part for the bass or low tenor is simply to give employment to those who wish to sing, but who would otherwise have no representation in the score. In this way, singing by any number, large or small, will cause no harm or disturbance. It will also be seen that having a part provided which weak and changing voices can use easily and without fear of harm, many such pupils — indeed, most of them — will be likely to continue singing, — a matter of great advantage to them when the voices become established, for the habit of singing will have been maintained uninterrupted.

The appropriate exercises in tune and time-work are given notations in all the commonly used keys, nine in number. The work in time may be done with or without

the use of time names as may be preferred, though their use is strongly recommended. Students so trained are enabled to solve all problems in this direction, unaided by teachers, after they leave school.

The editor would strongly urge the use of a pendulum in order to impress upon each singer a feeling for mensural accents, and he feels confident that if this outside work is followed thoroughly by the singers, the old troubles experienced in "keeping time" will entirely disappear. It is believed that the question of keeping time surpasses in difficulty that of singing the notes.

It will, of course, be seen that a constant effort should be made to acquire a free and elastic movement, but such movement can only result after a rigid regularity has been gained. The movement should be appropriately varied in rapidity, and the necessary range will be found to be a wide one. Some suggestions in accent, movement, and expression will be found, which, it is hoped, will make the study more interesting. As the voice parts are largely melodic, the attention in *reading* should be strongly fixed upon the successive notes. In this way, the resulting harmony will be found to be varied, while each part is comparatively easy of execution.

A glossary of the words and signs to be found in the music has been prepared, and an index of the studies, showing the keys, time signatures, and chromatic difficulties, which will be found valuable to both teachers and singers.

The music of the songs and exercises has been carefully prepared, and it is hoped that it will prove to be in every way valuable. Thorough work is necessary, for the more perfect the execution, the more lasting and instructive will be the result.

That this volume may prove helpful in its place and be approved by all students and lovers of music, is the earnest wish of the editor.

The time names referred to in this preface are carefully set out in the "Outline of Study to accompany the Readers and Charts," of the NORMAL MUSIC COURSE, published by SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY.

BOSTON, July, 1892.

Index to Exercises.

EXERCISES FOR THREE VOICES.

C — Scale.
Scale, with Chromatic Notes.
Enharmonic Scale.
Time — Undivided Pulsations.
2/4 Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 26–♯4, 27–♭7, 157, 162, 163.
2/2 " 11, 12, 13, 28–♯5.
3/4 " 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 29–♭3, 159–♭7.
3/8 " 19, 20, 21, 30–♭6, ♭7, 160–♯4, ♯2, ♯1, 164–♯1.
4/4 " 22, 23, 24, 25, 31–♯2, ♯4, ♭6, 158–♯4, ♭7, ♯5, 165–♯5, ♯4, 167, 168.
6/8 " 161, 166.

G — Scale.
Scale, with Chromatic Notes.
Enharmonic Scale.
Time — Divided (Half) Pulsation.
2/4 Nos. 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40–♭7, ♯4, 169.
2/2 " 41, 42, 53–♭3, ♯4.
3/4 " 43, 44, 45, 170, 173–♭7.
3/8 " 46, 47, 48, 49–♯1, ♯6, ♯4, ♭6, 54–♯5.
4/4 " 50, 51, 52, 55, 56–♭6, 171–♯4, ♯5, 172.
Exercises in Time.

D — Scale.
Scale, with Chromatic Notes.
The Enharmonic Scale.
2/4 Nos. 57, 58, 59–♯4, 60, 61–♯5, 62, 63, 65, 69–♯1, 175–♯1.
2/2 " 66, 67–♭6, 68, 177–♯5.
3/4 " 64–♭7, 70, 71, 73–♭3, 174.
3/8 " 72, 74–♭2, ♭6.
4/4 " 75–♭7, 76–♯2, ♯4, 176–♯5, ♯4, 178–♯2, ♯4, ♭7, ♯1, ♭6.
6/8 No. 179–♭3, ♭6.

F — Scale.
Scale, with Chromatic Notes.
The Enharmonic Scale.
Time — Divided (Various Fractional) Pulsations.
2/4 Nos. 77, 78–♯1, ♭7, 81–♭3, ♯4, 86–♯4, ♯2, 181, 182–♯1, ♭7.
2/2 Nos. 85–♭7, ♯5, ♯1, 88–♯6, ♯4.
3/4 Nos. 79–♯4, 80–♭7, ♯5, 82–♯5, 86–♯4, ♯2, 87–♭2, ♯4, ♯2, 183–♭7.
3/8 " 83, 91–♯5.
4/4 " 89–♯4, 180, 184–♯4, ♯2.
6/4 " 84–♯1.
6/8 " 90, 92–♯1, ♭7, ♯4, 185–♭2, ♭7, ♯4.

B♭ — Scale.
Scale, with Chromatic Notes.
The Enharmonic Scale.
2/4 Nos. 93, 94, 95–♯5, ♯4, 96–♯4, ♭7, 186, 187, 188–♯1, 191–♯4.
2/2 " 97–♭5, ♭3, ♭6, 107–♯5, ♭7, ♯1, ♯4, ♭6, 189–♯5, ♯1, ♯4.
3/4 " 98–♯4, ♭7, 99–♯5, 100–♭7.
3/8 Nos. 101–♭7, ♯4, ♭6, 102.
4/4 Nos. 103–♯2, ♯4, 104–♯4, 190–♯2, ♯4, ♯1, ♭6.
6/8 " 105–♯5, ♯4, ♭7, 106.
Time — The Triplet.

A — Scale.
Scale, with Chromatic Notes.
The Enharmonic Scale.
2/4 Nos. 108, 109, 110–♯2, ♯4, 111.
2/2 " 112–♭7, 194–♯4, ♯5.
3/4 " 113–♯1, 114, 193, 195.
3/8 " 115, 116, 192–♯4.
4/4 " 117–♯5, 118.
6/8 No. 119–♯5, ♯4.

E♭ — Scale.
Scale, with Chromatic Notes.
The Enharmonic Scale.
2/4 Nos. 120–♯5, 121, 122–♯5, ♯2.
2/2 No. 123–♯4, ♯2.
3/4 Nos. 124–♯4, 125–♯4, 197, 198, 199–♯4.

Nos. 126, 127 84.
" 128 97, 98, 82, 84, 129 97, 85, 84, 126, 206–84.
" 130 98, 131 81, 97, 85, 132 81, 84, 82.

16 Scale.
Scale, with Chromatic Notes.
The Enharmonic Scale.
Nos. 133 98, 84, 98, 134 86, 97, 84, 135, 204–98, 86.
No. 136 84.
Nos. 137 84, 138 84, 97, 202–97, 81, 85, 205–85.
" 139 98, 86, 81, 97, 140–85, 81, 141–81, 203–81.

Nos. 142–85, 143–84.
No. 144–85.
Nos. 145–84, 85, 82, 251.

A2 Scale.
Scale, with Chromatic Notes.
The Enharmonic Scale.
Nos. 146–84, 77, 147–85, 84, 148–72, 76, 93, 84, 210.
No. 149–84, 82, 81, 77.
Nos. 150, 151–85, 81, 206.
" 152, 209–85.
" 153–97, 84, 154–84, 207, 208.
" 155–85, 156–85.

THE

Cecilian Series of Study and Song

BOOK III. PART I.

PREPARATORY STUDIES.

KEY OF C.

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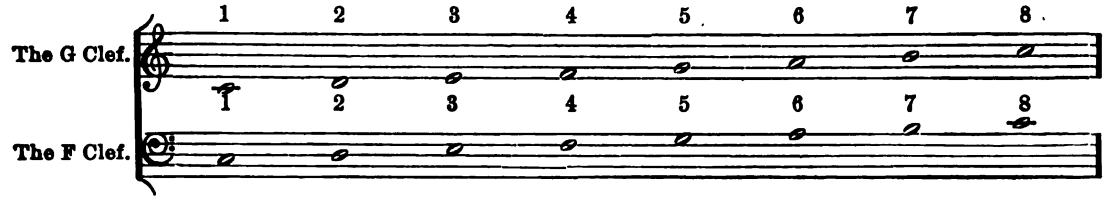
THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

The large notes are those of the Diatonic (Major) Scale.
The small notes are the Chromatic deviations.

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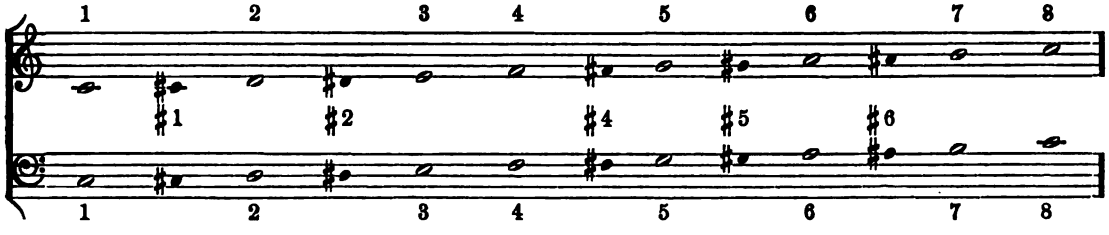
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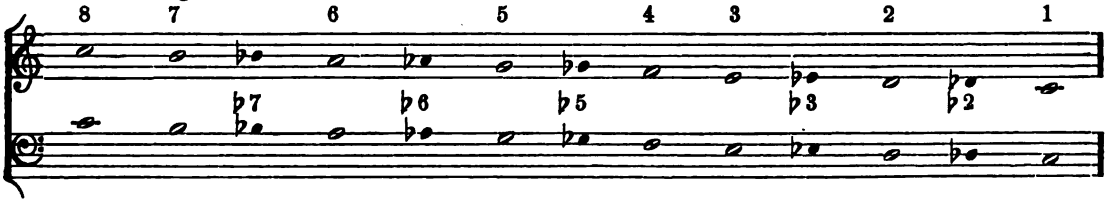
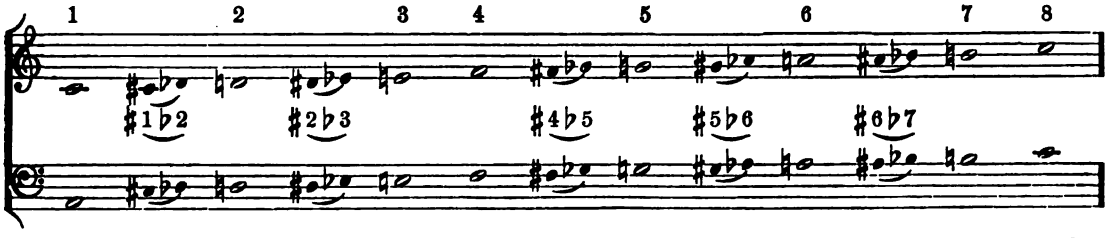


THE ENHARMONIC SCALE.



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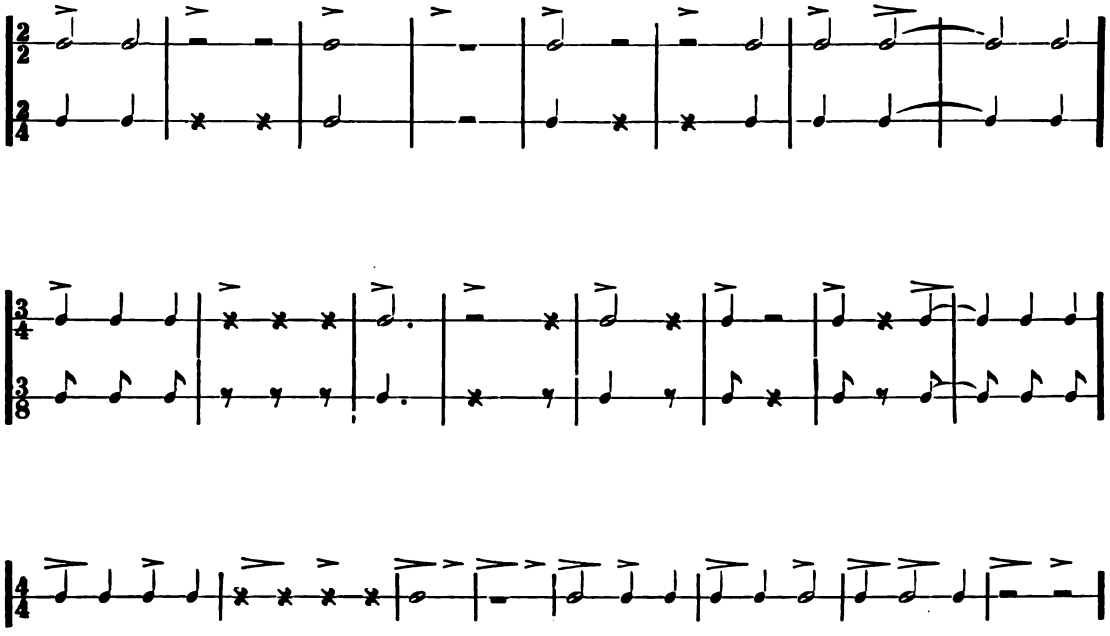
EXERCISES IN TIME.

Each measure may be taken as an exercise, except when several measures are tied, in which cases practice them in combination.



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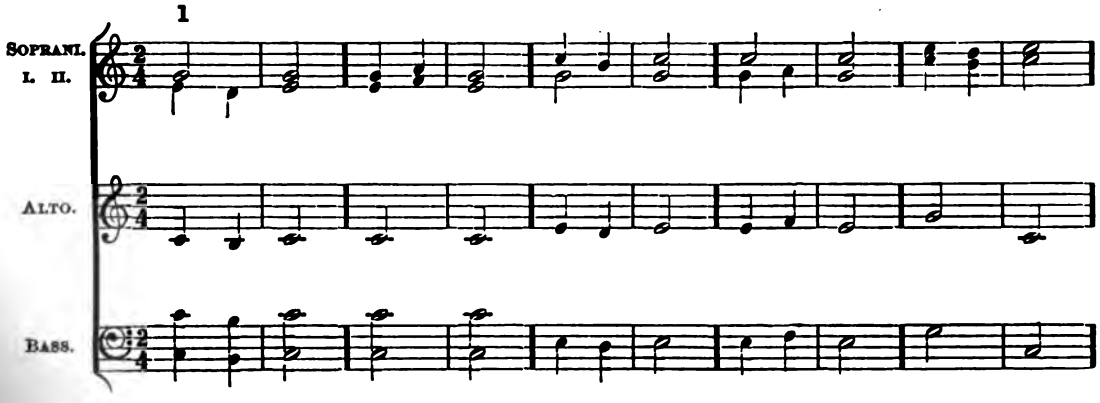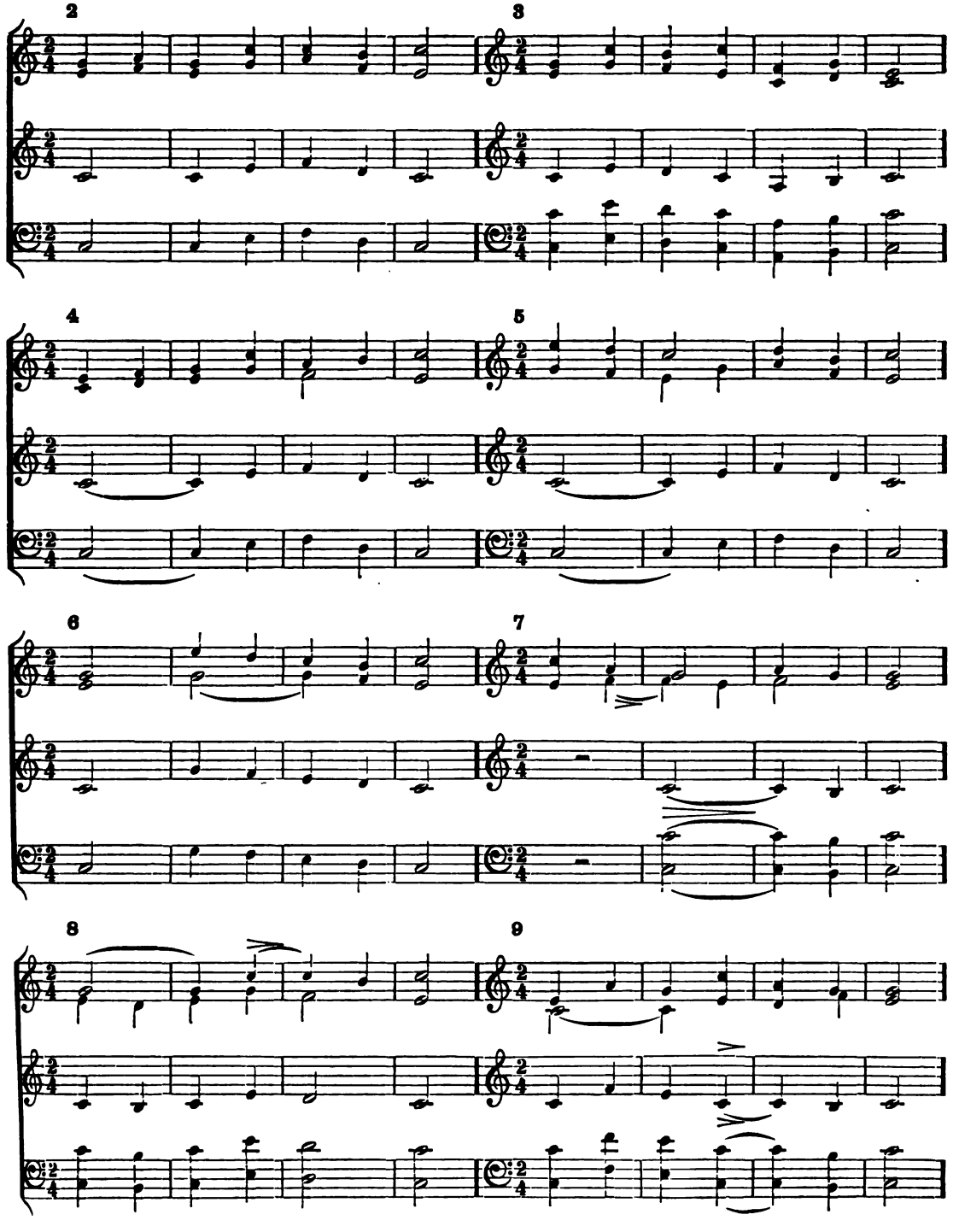
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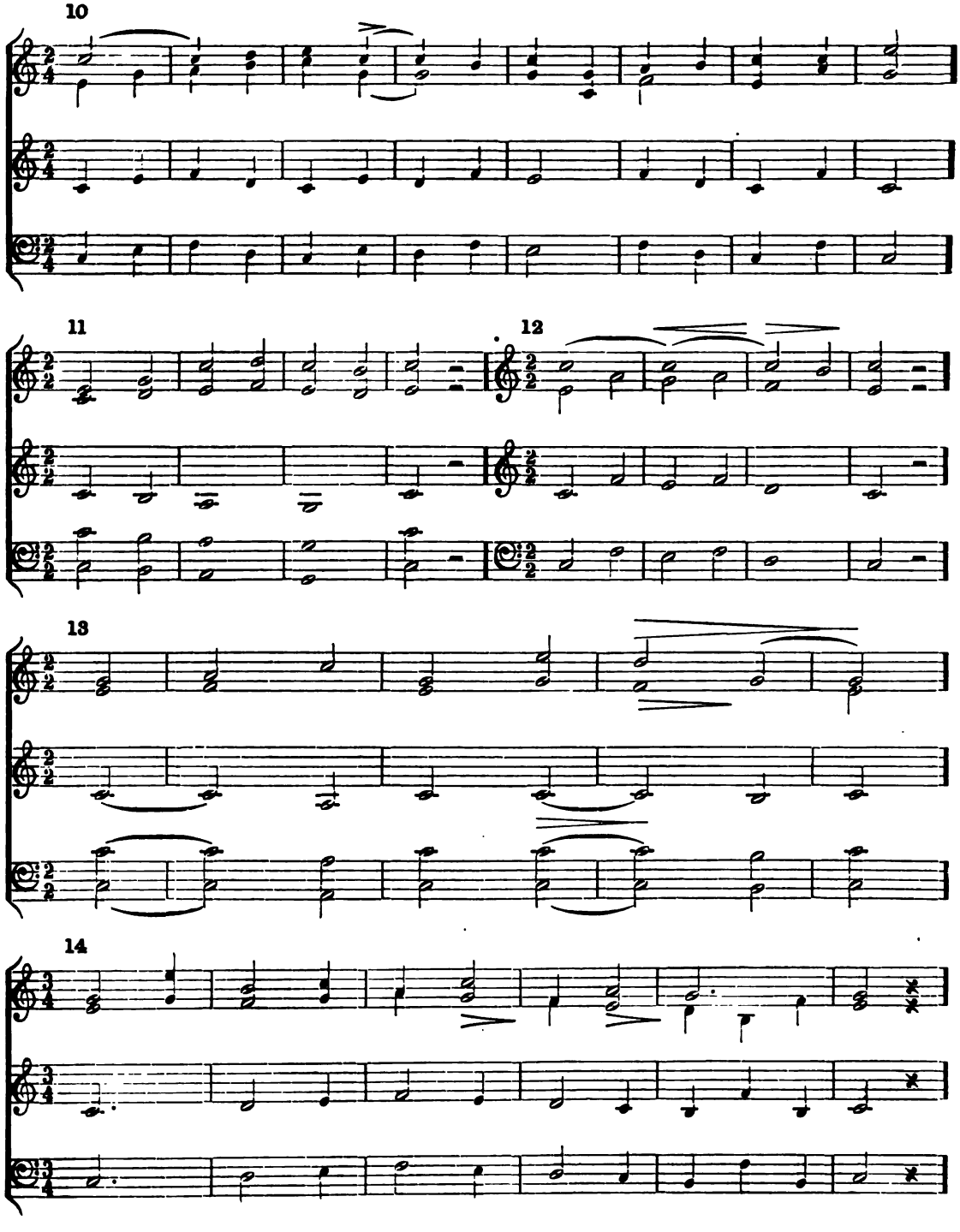
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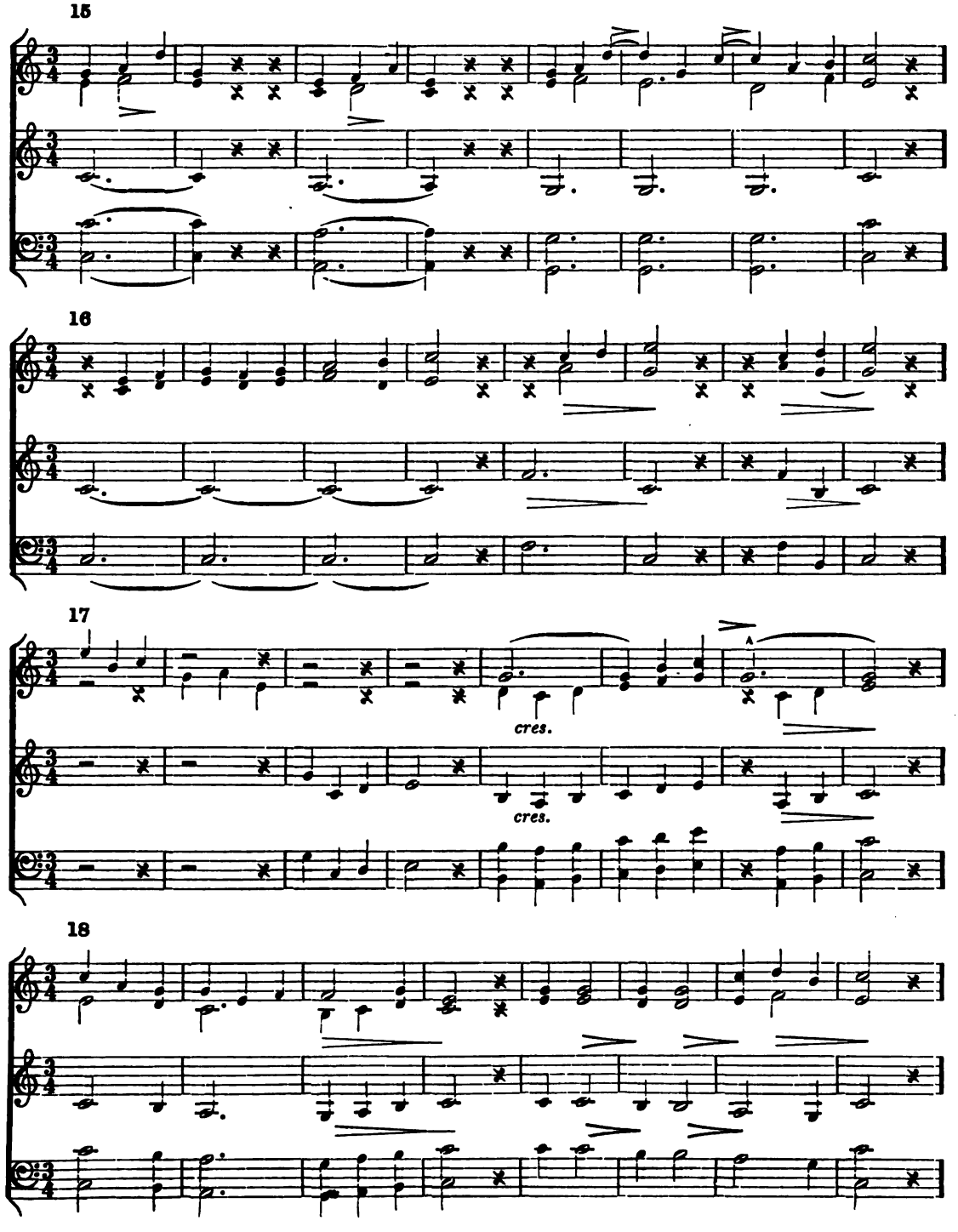
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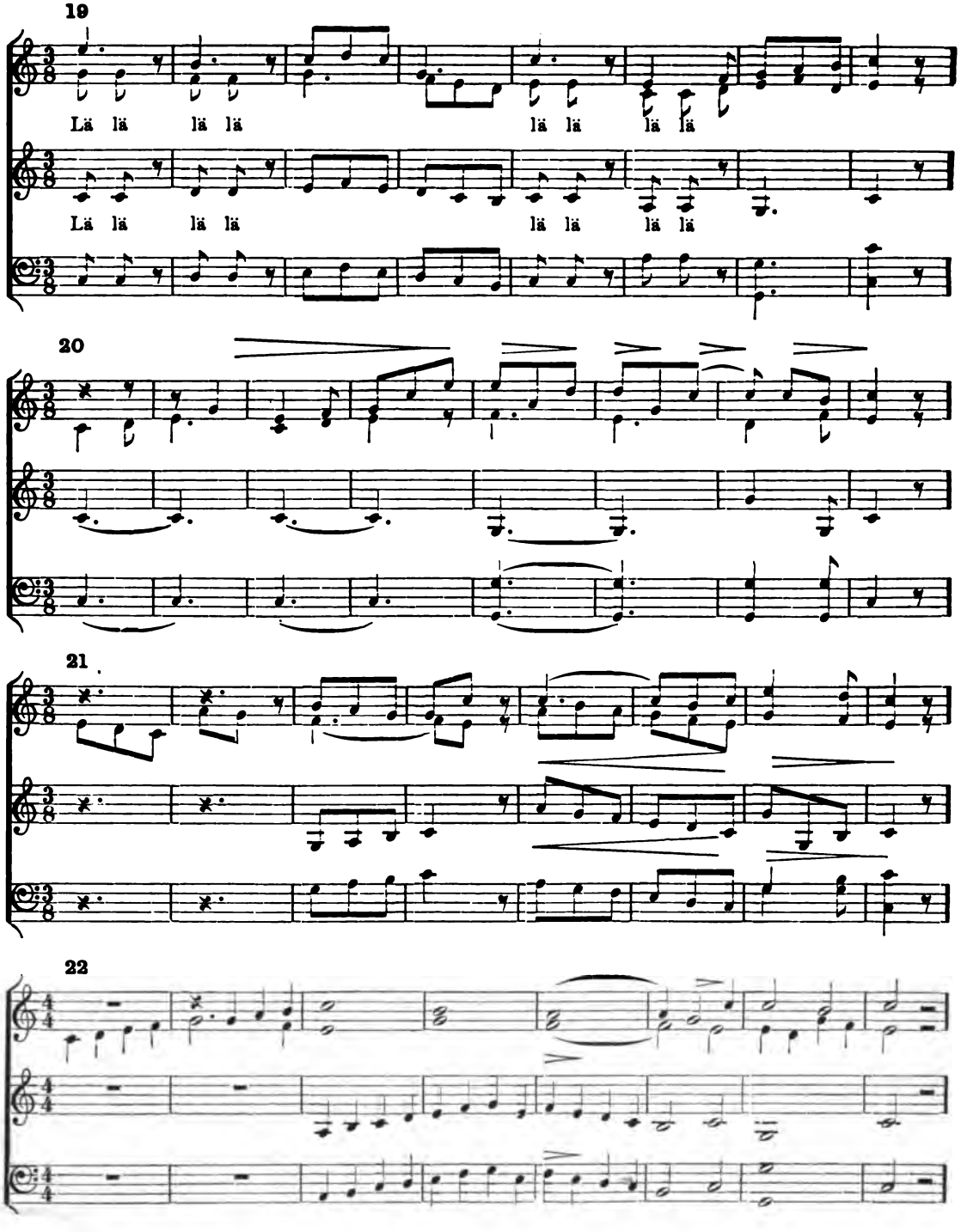
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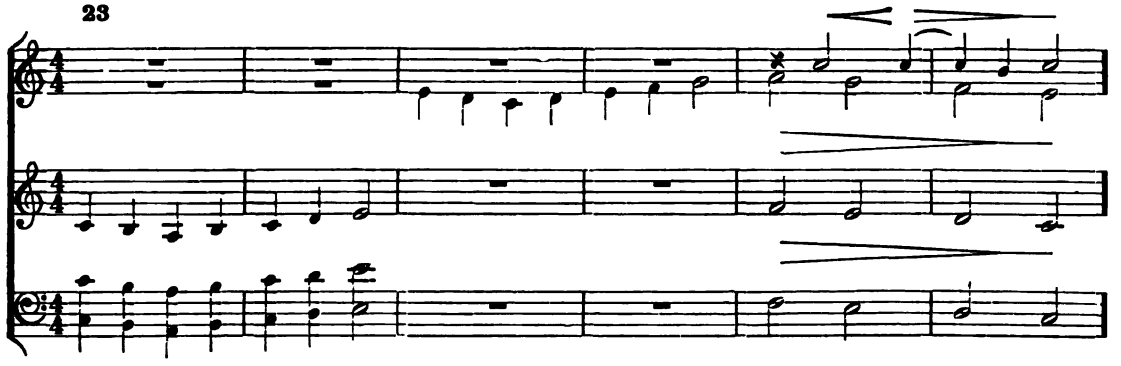

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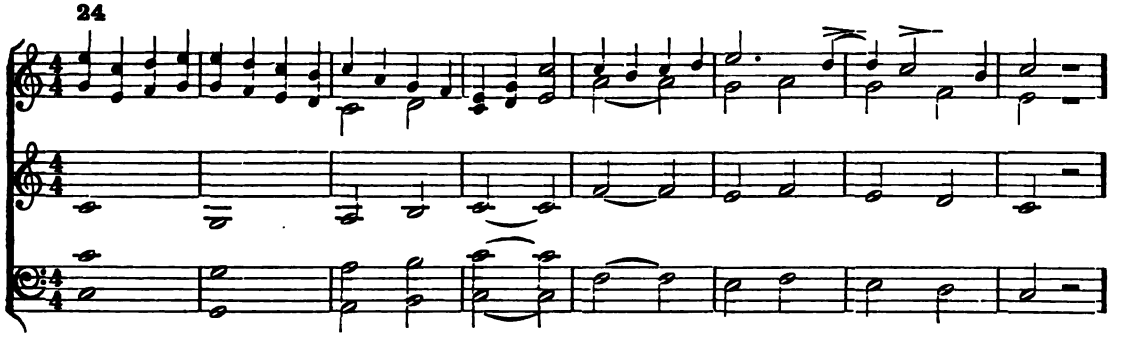
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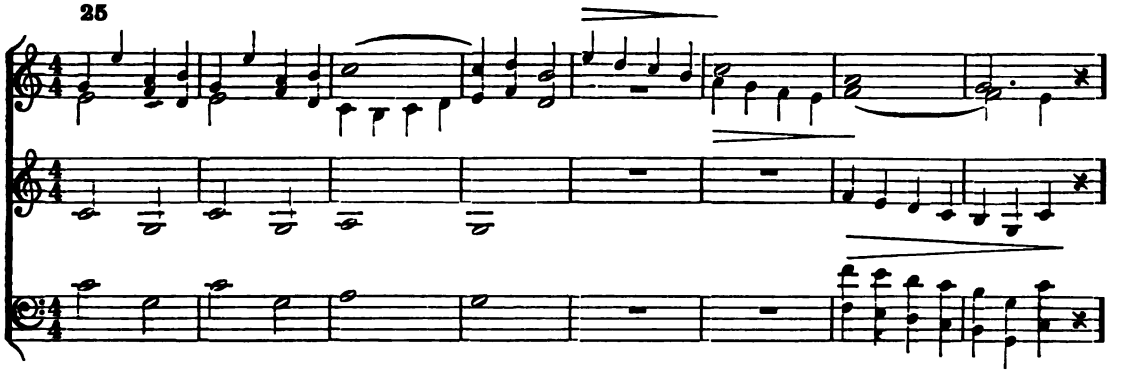
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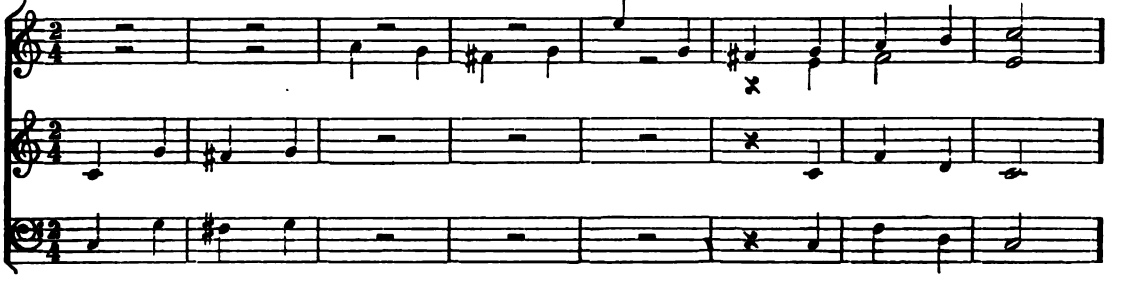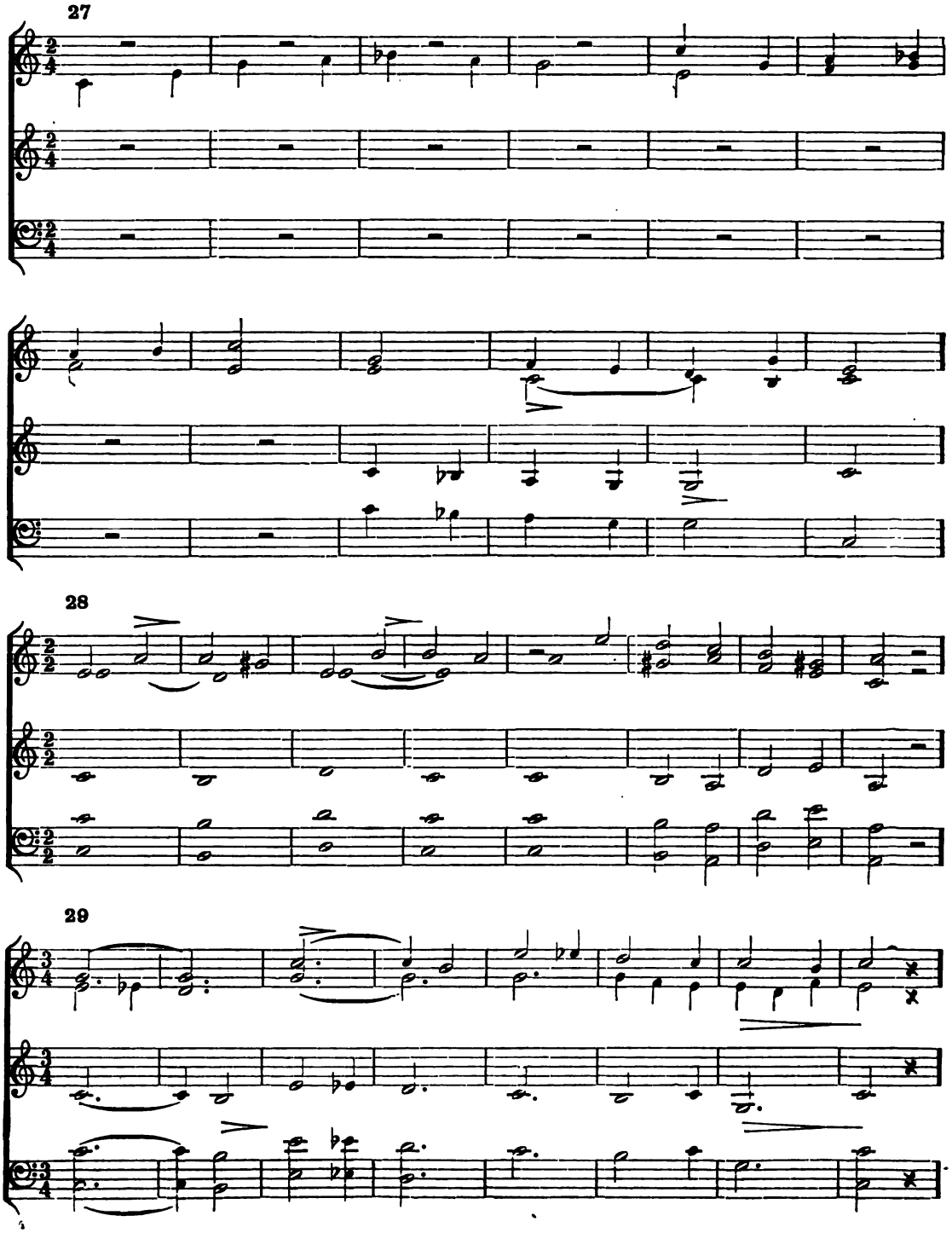
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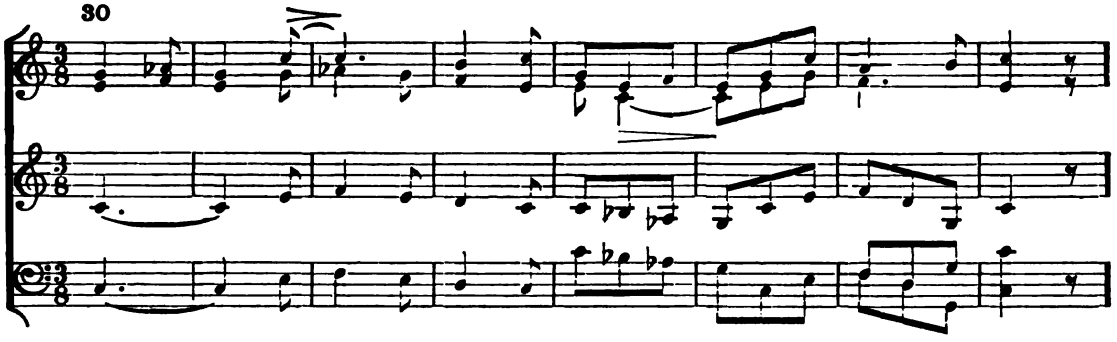
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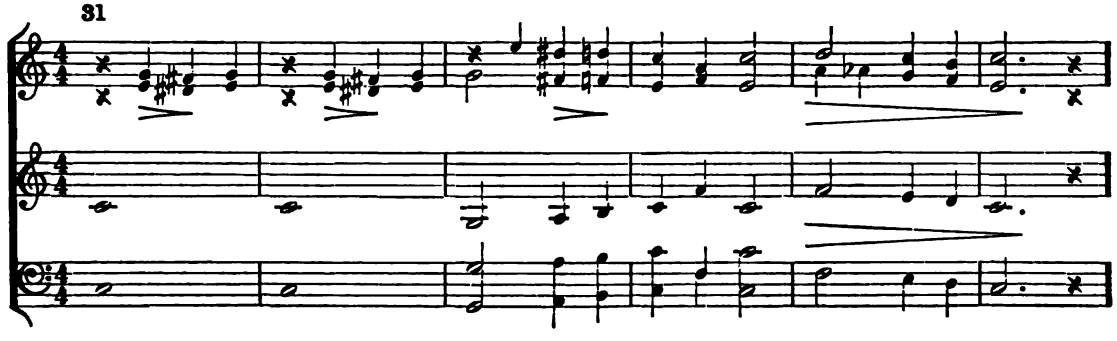
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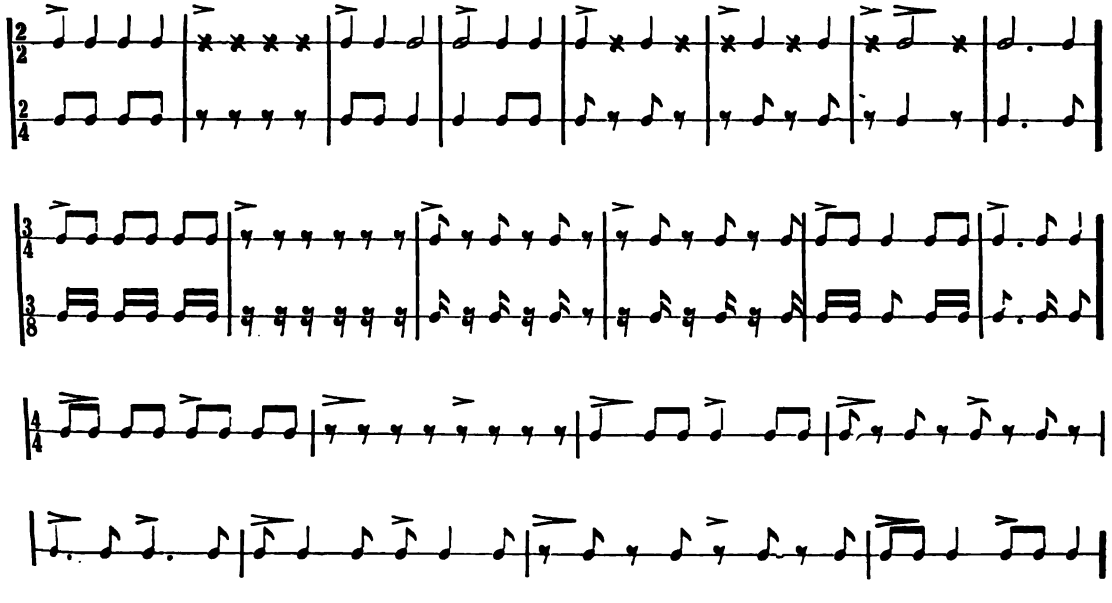
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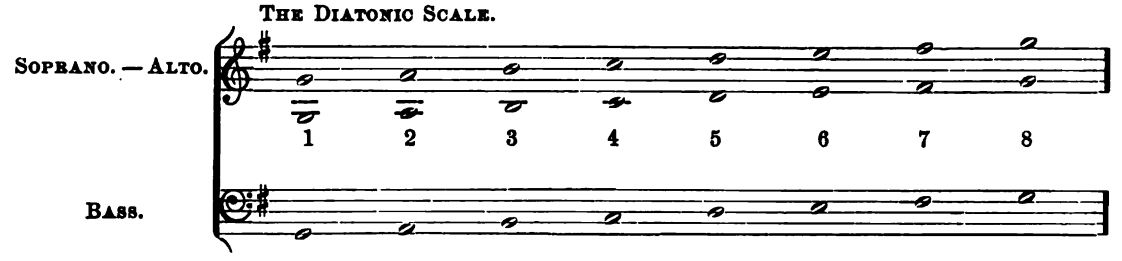
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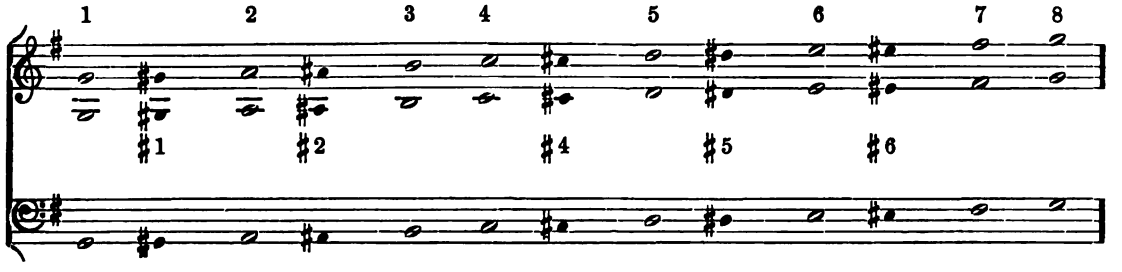
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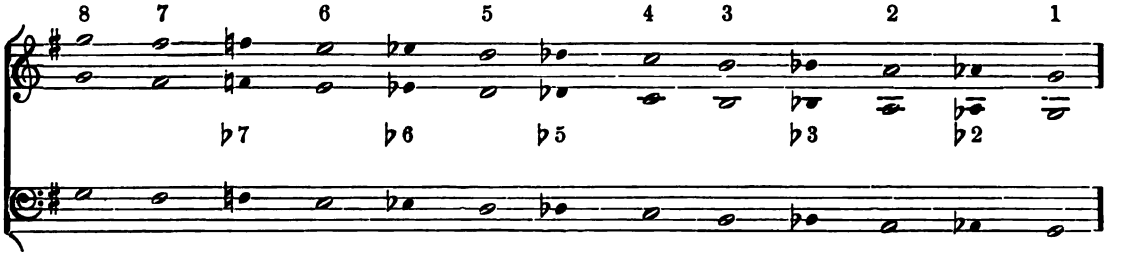
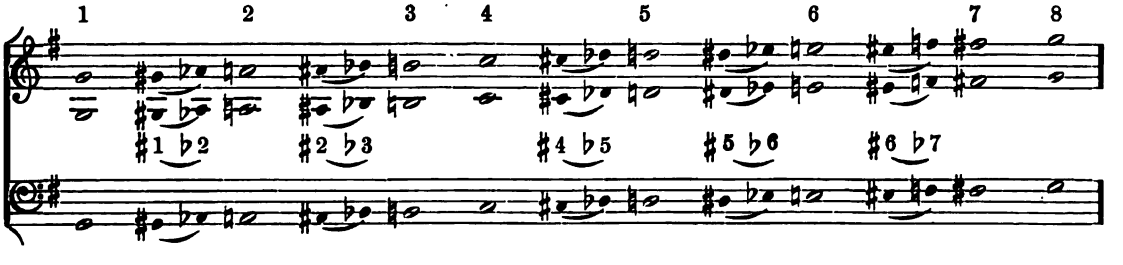
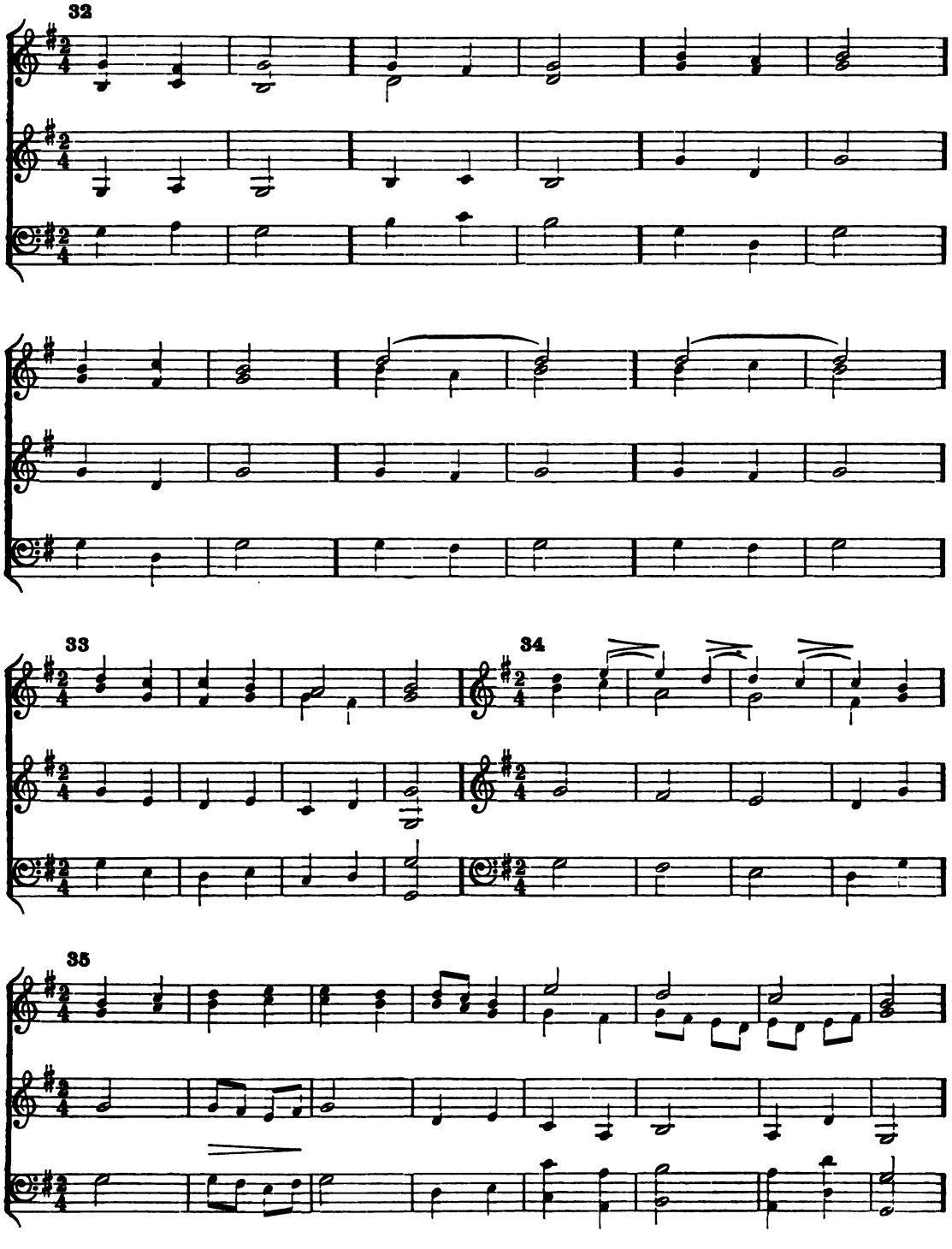

THE ENHARMONIC SCALE.



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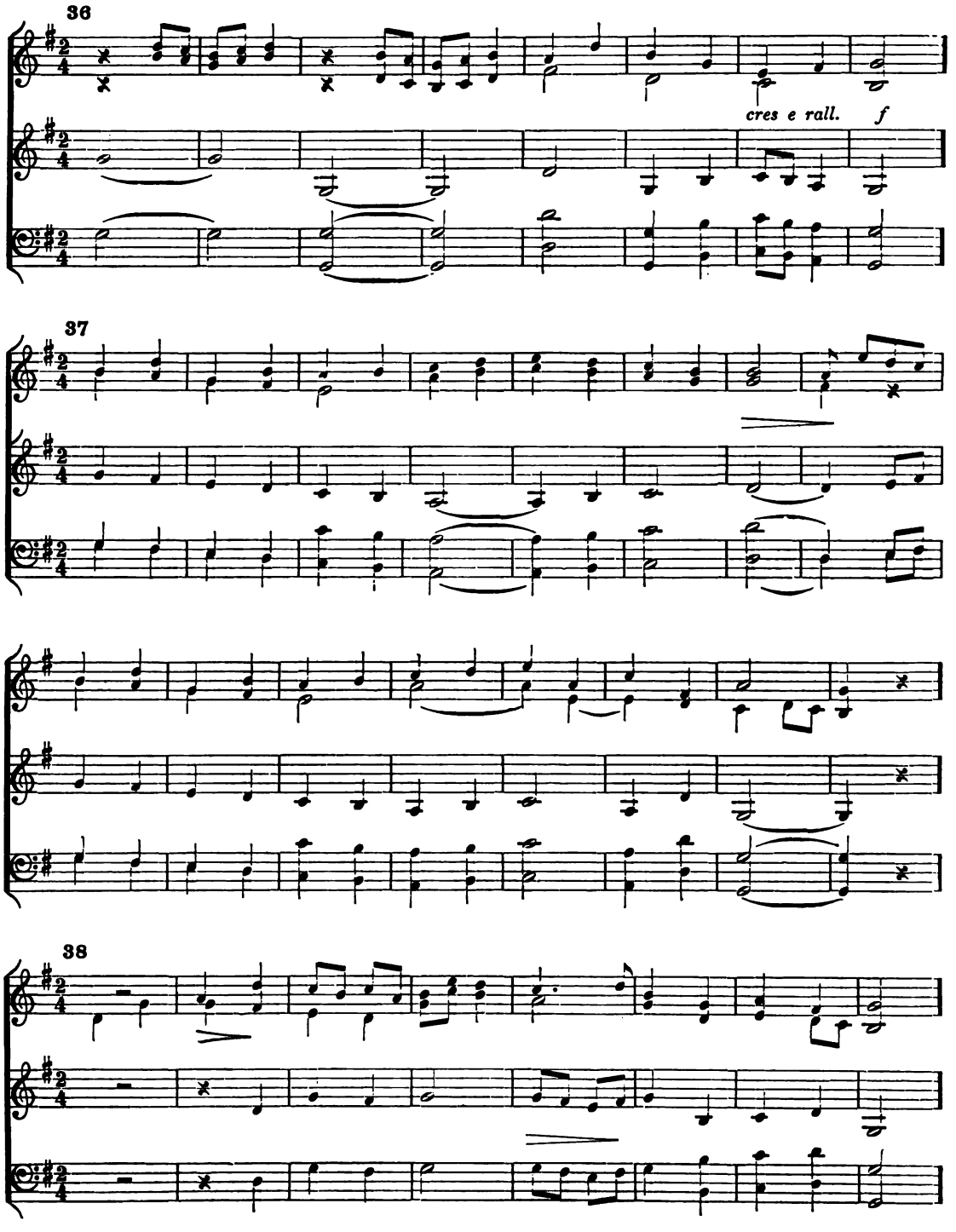
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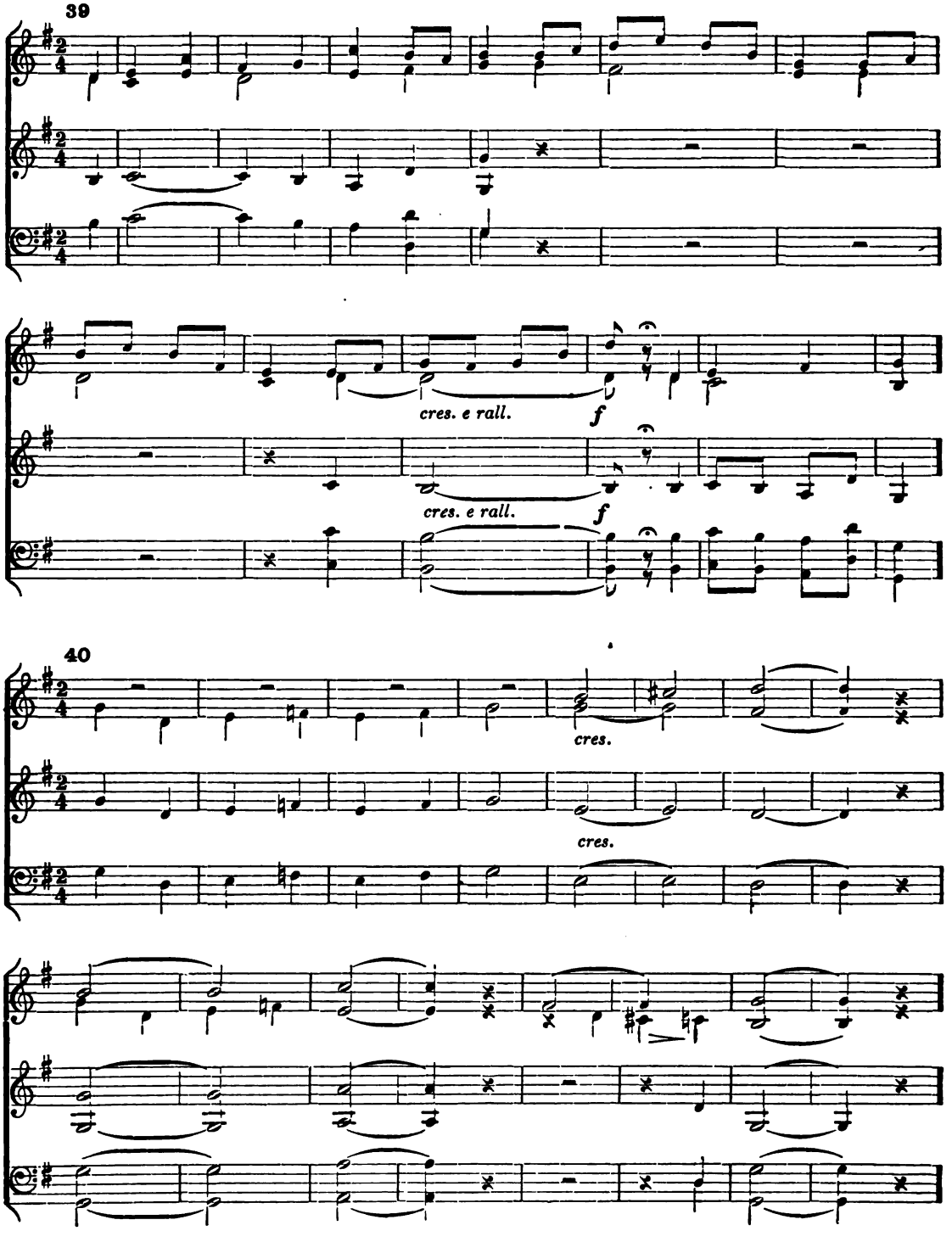
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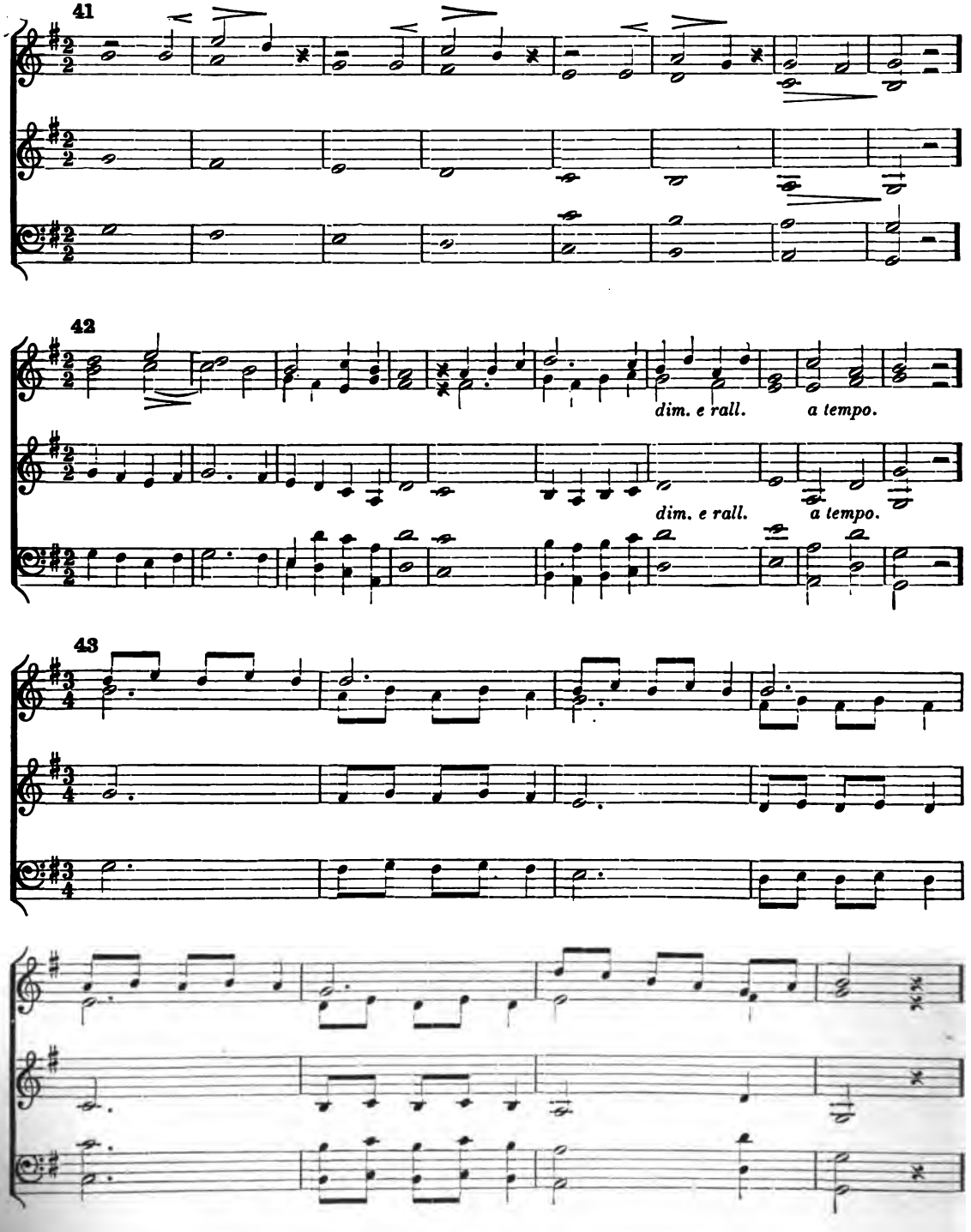
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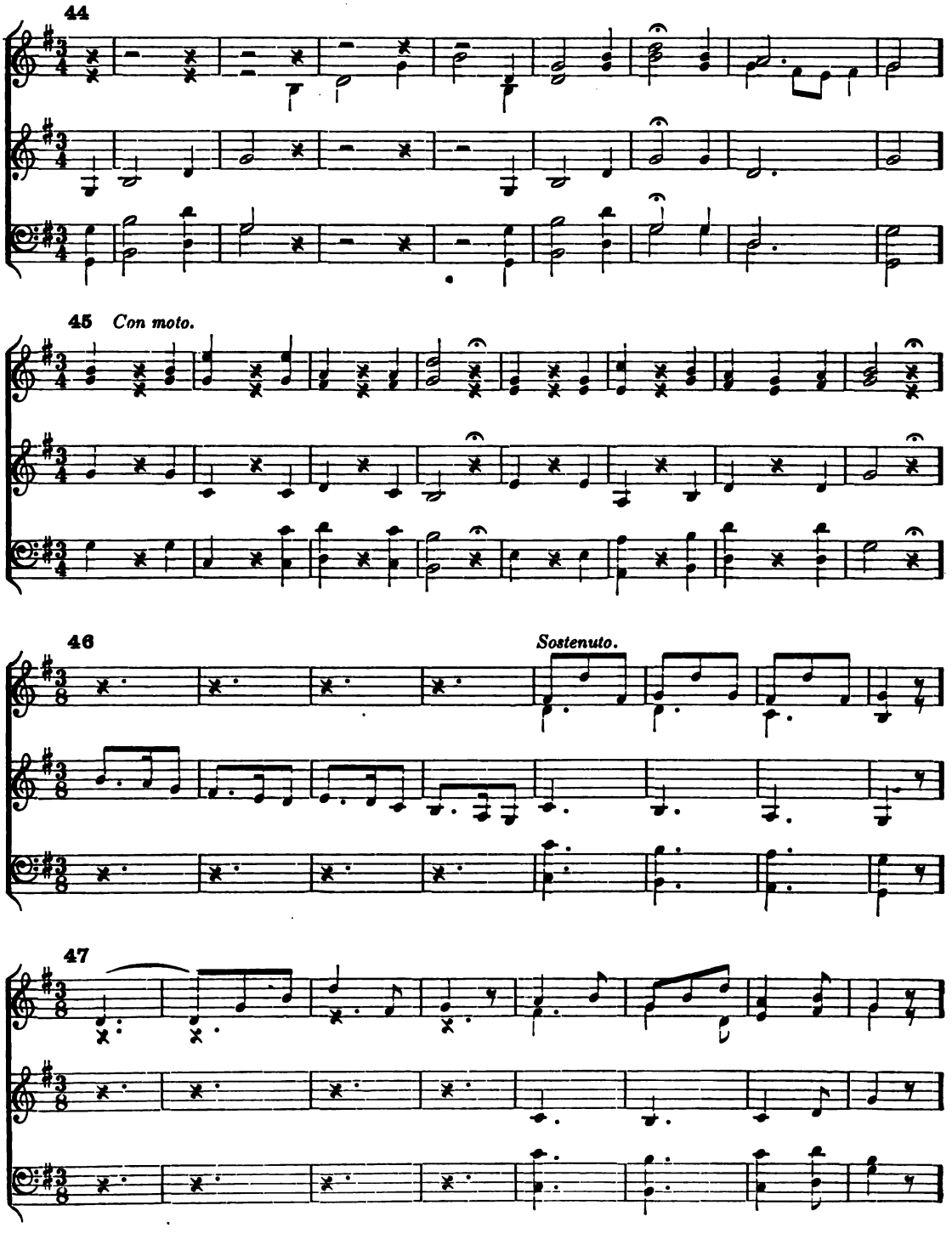
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45 Con moto.
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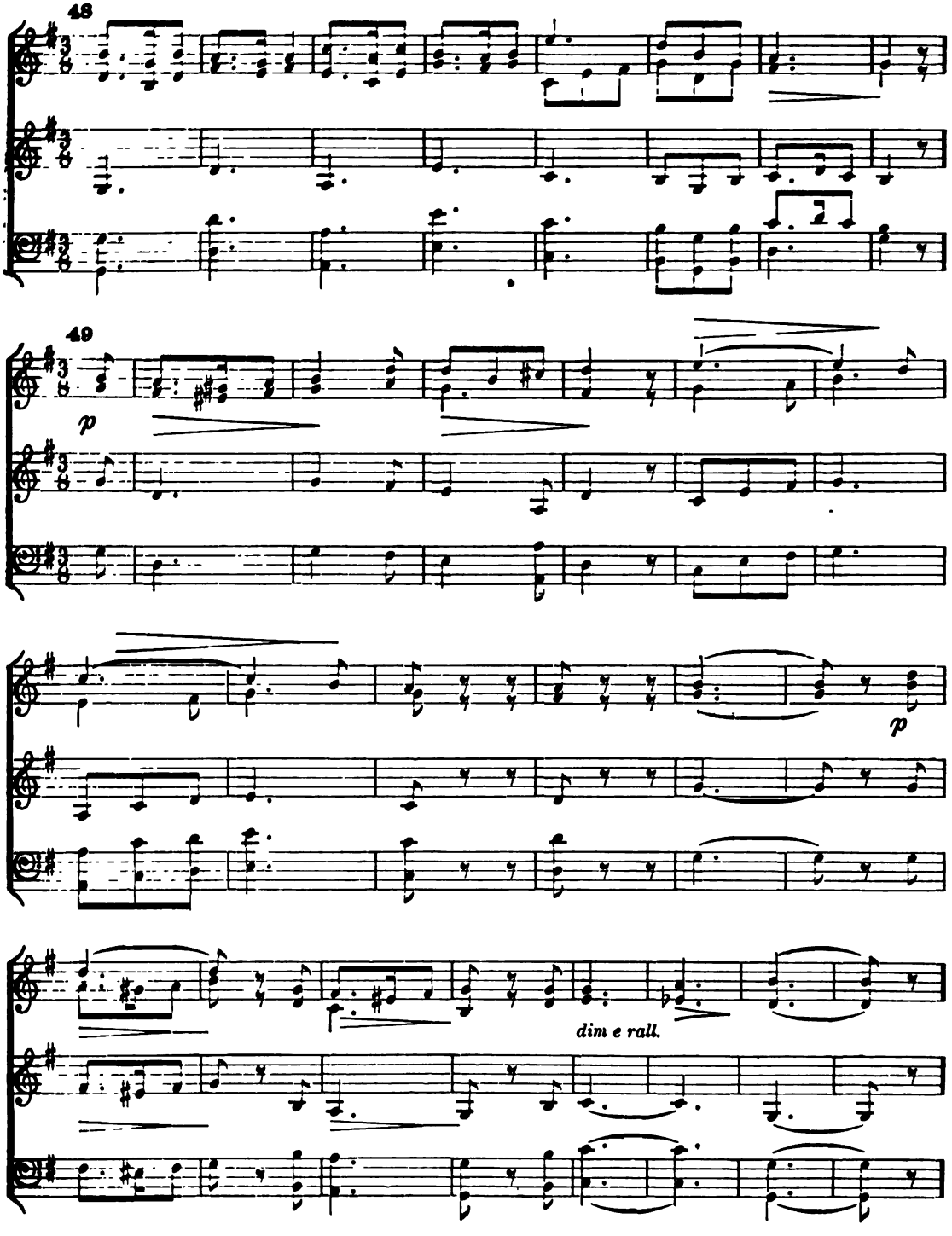
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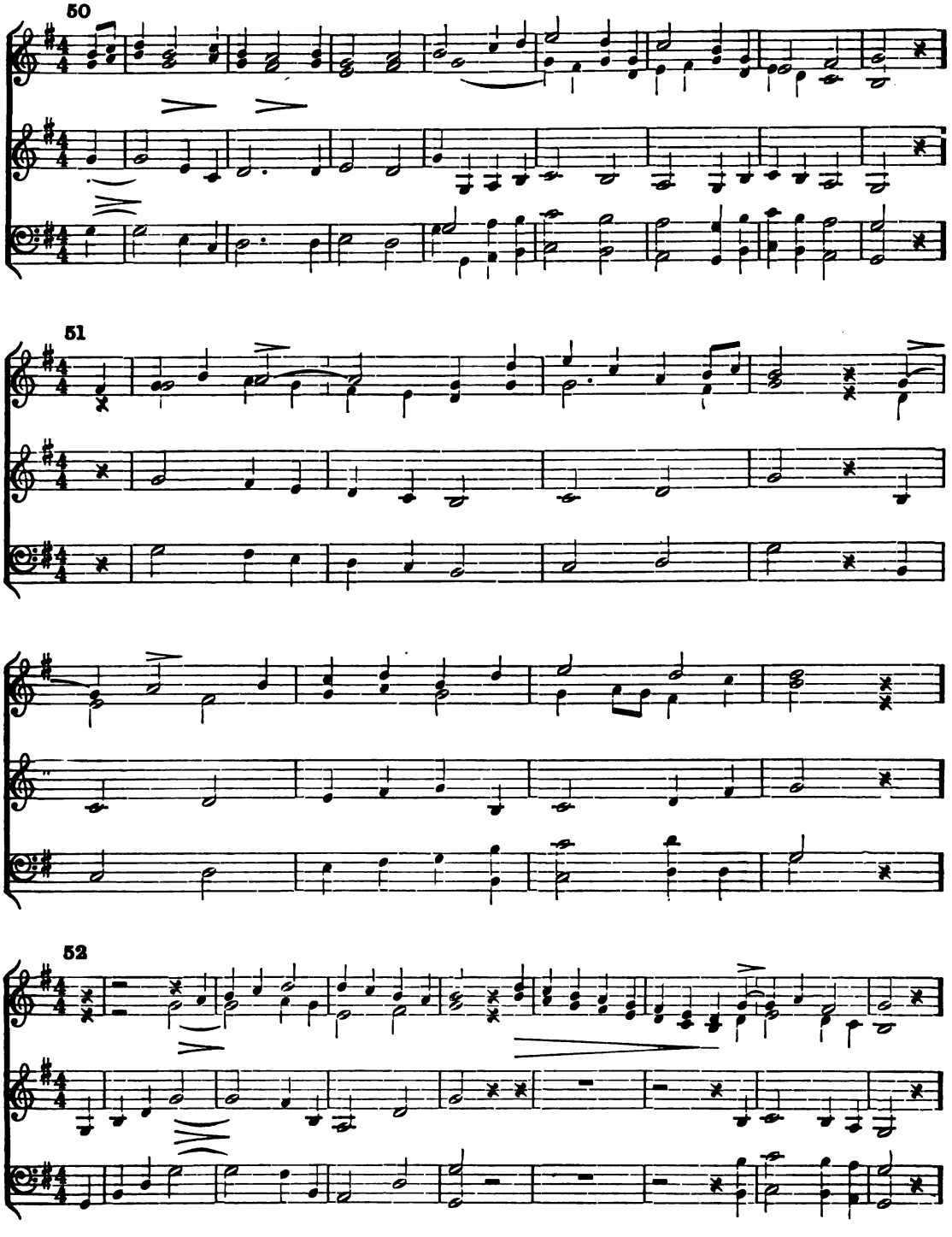
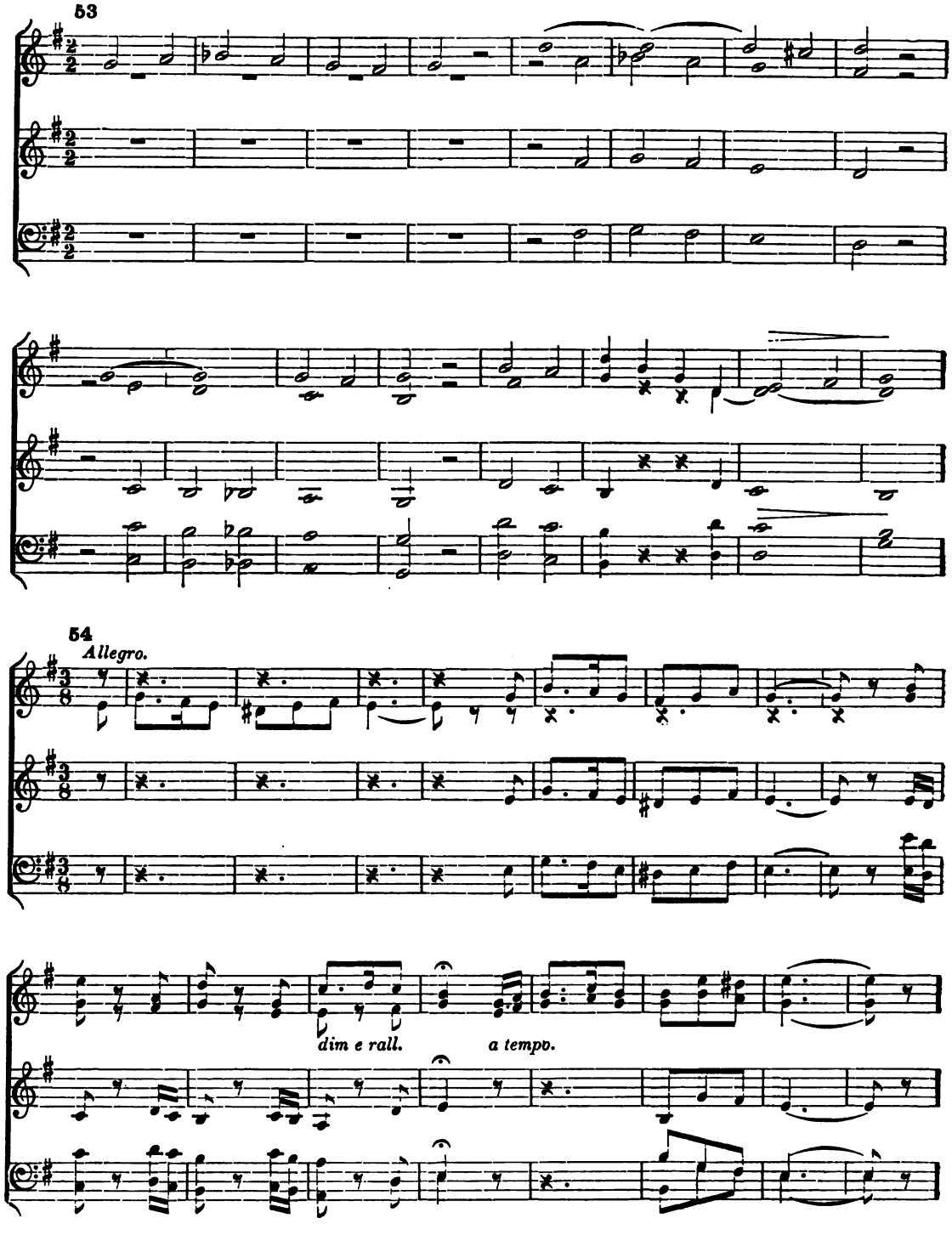
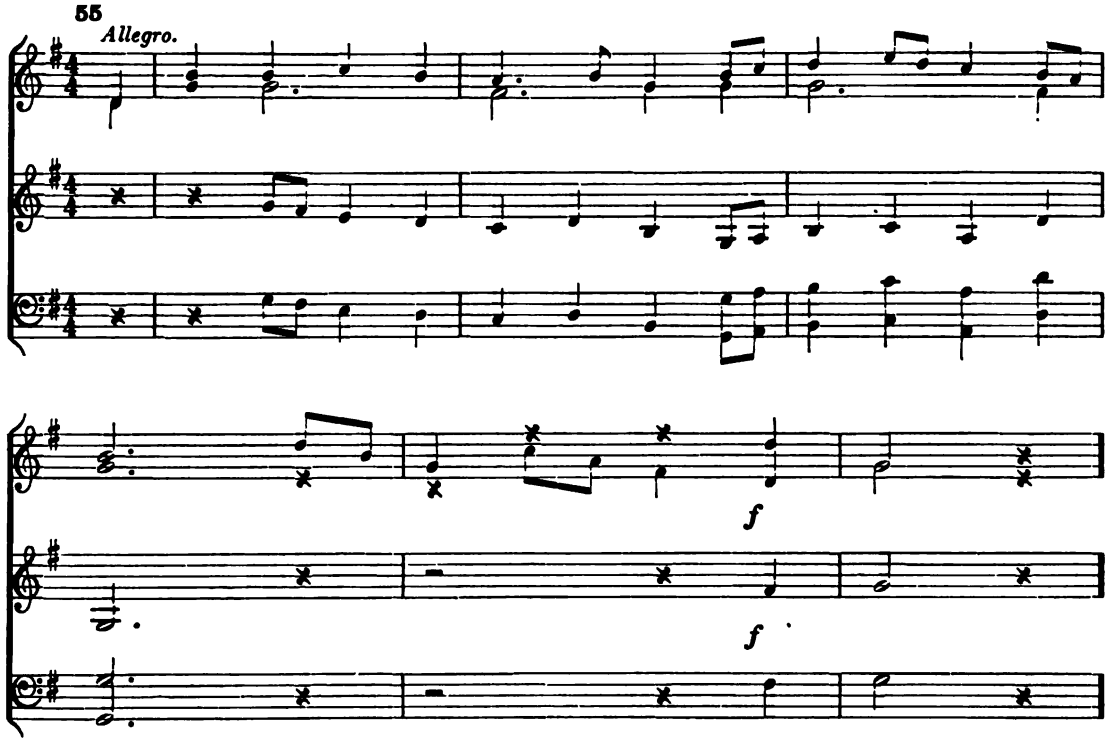
p
dim e rall.

50
51
52

53
54
Allegro.
dim e rall.
a tempo.

55

Allegro.

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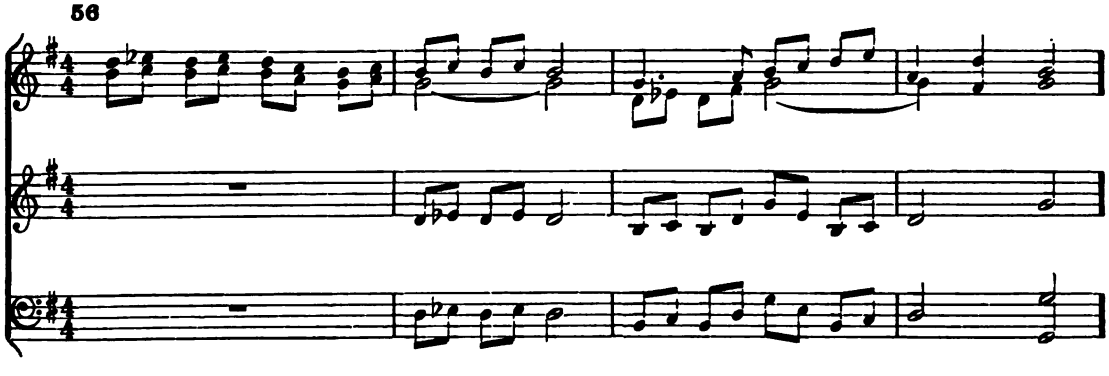
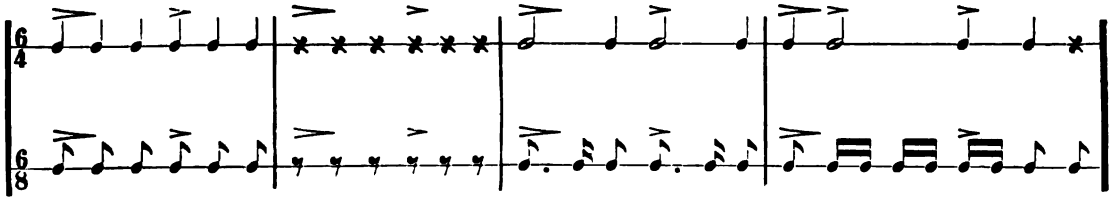
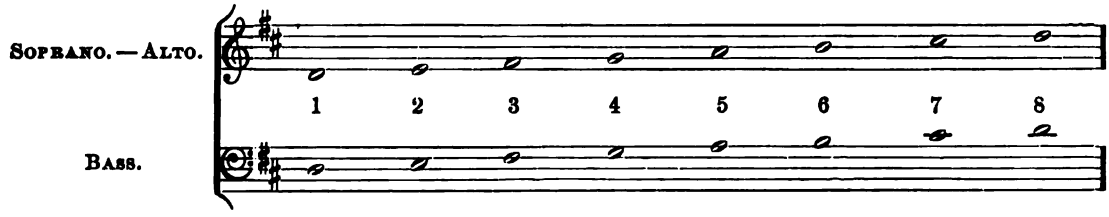
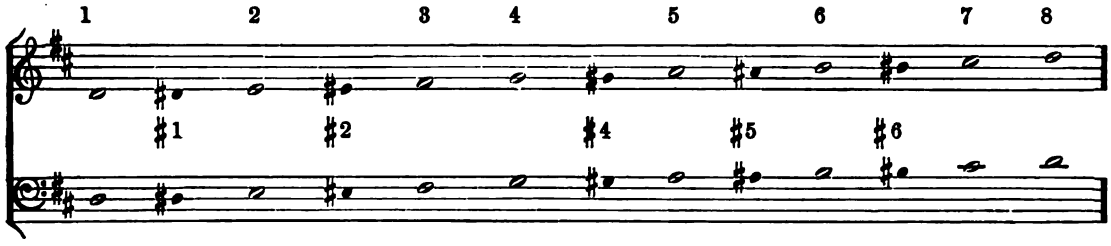
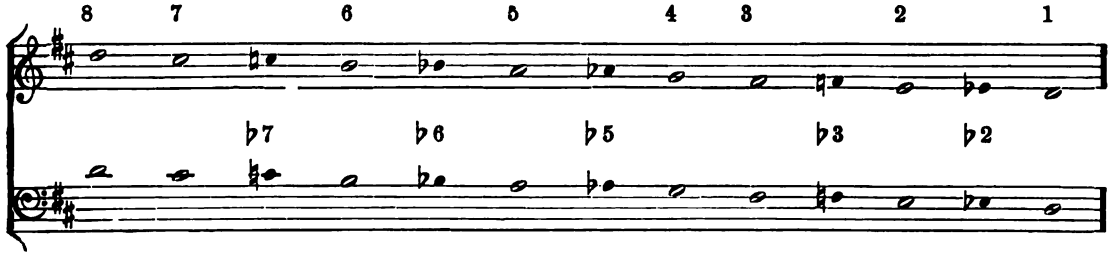

EXERCISES IN TIME.

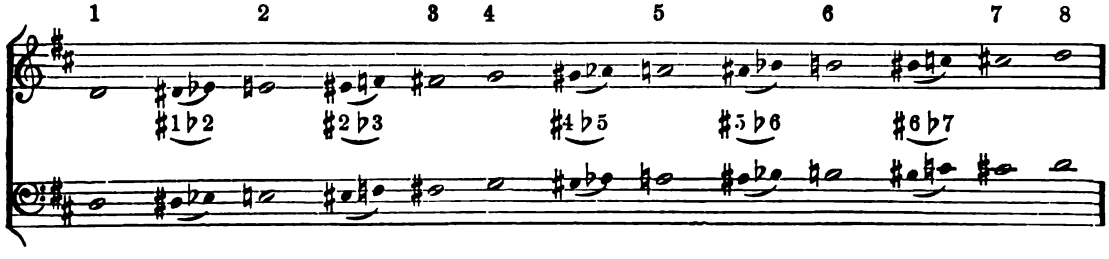
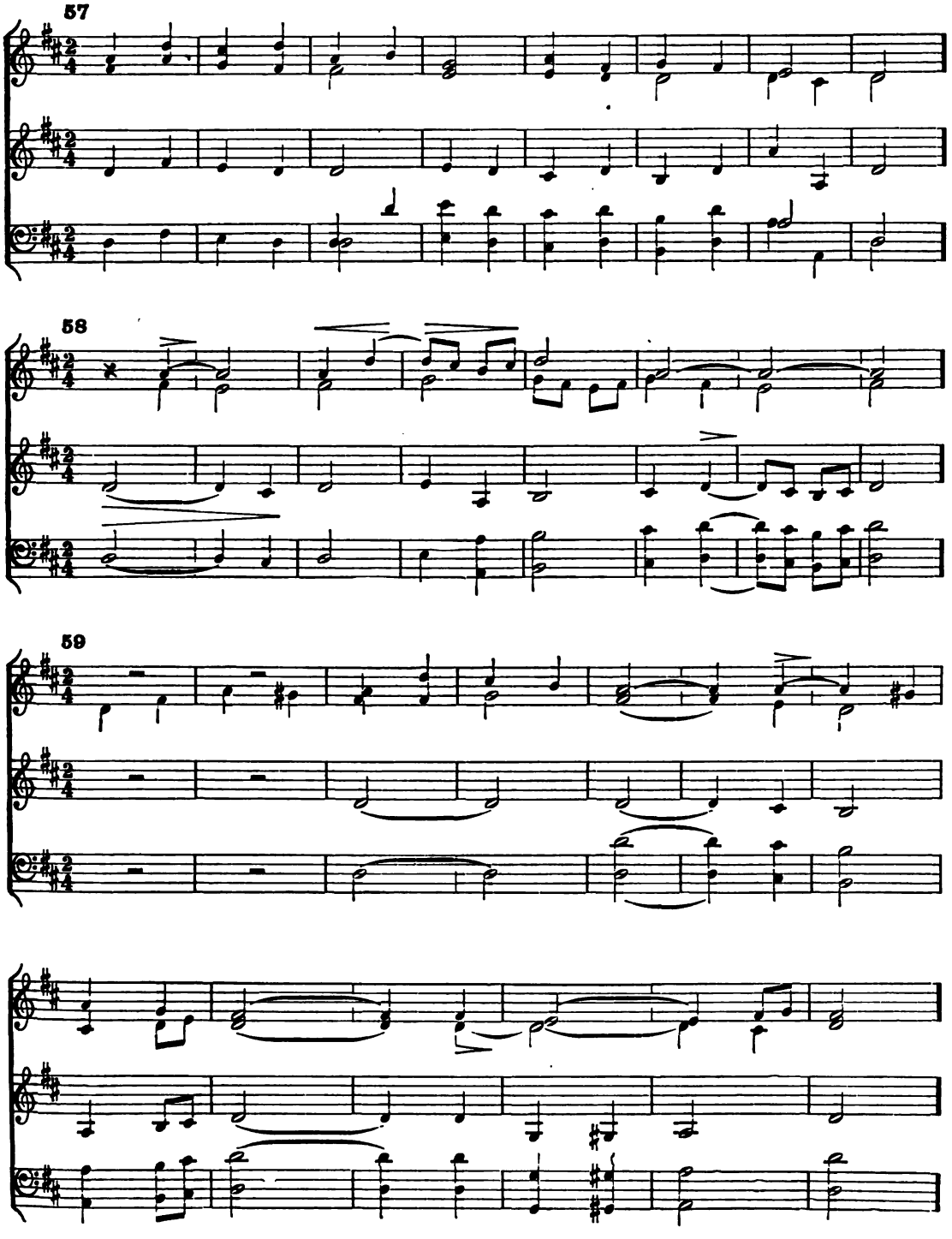


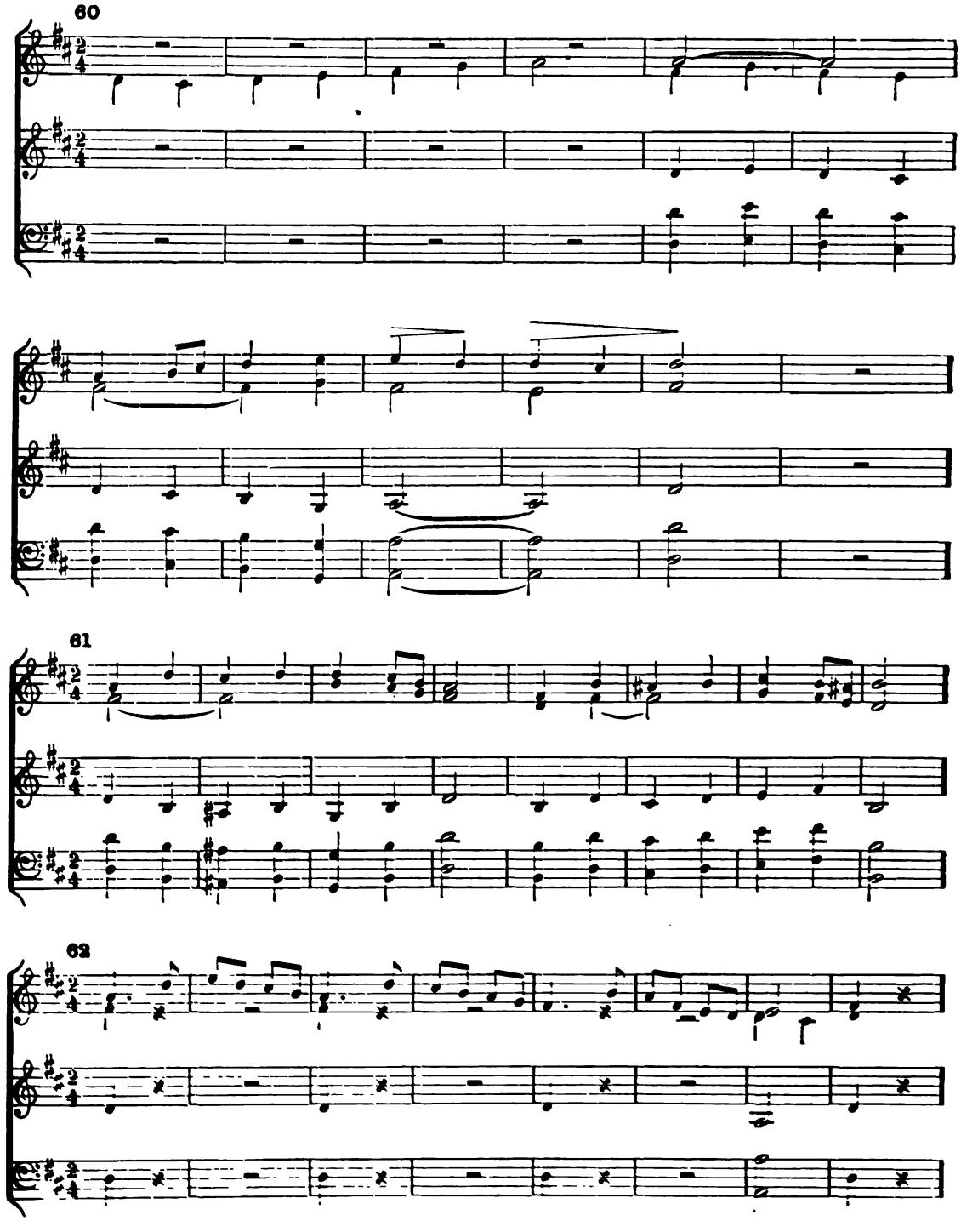
KEY OF D.

THE DIATONIC SCALE.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

The large notes are those of the Diatonic (Major) Scale.
The small notes are the Chromatic deviations.

Ascending.

Descending.

THE ENHARMONIC SCALE.



57
58
59

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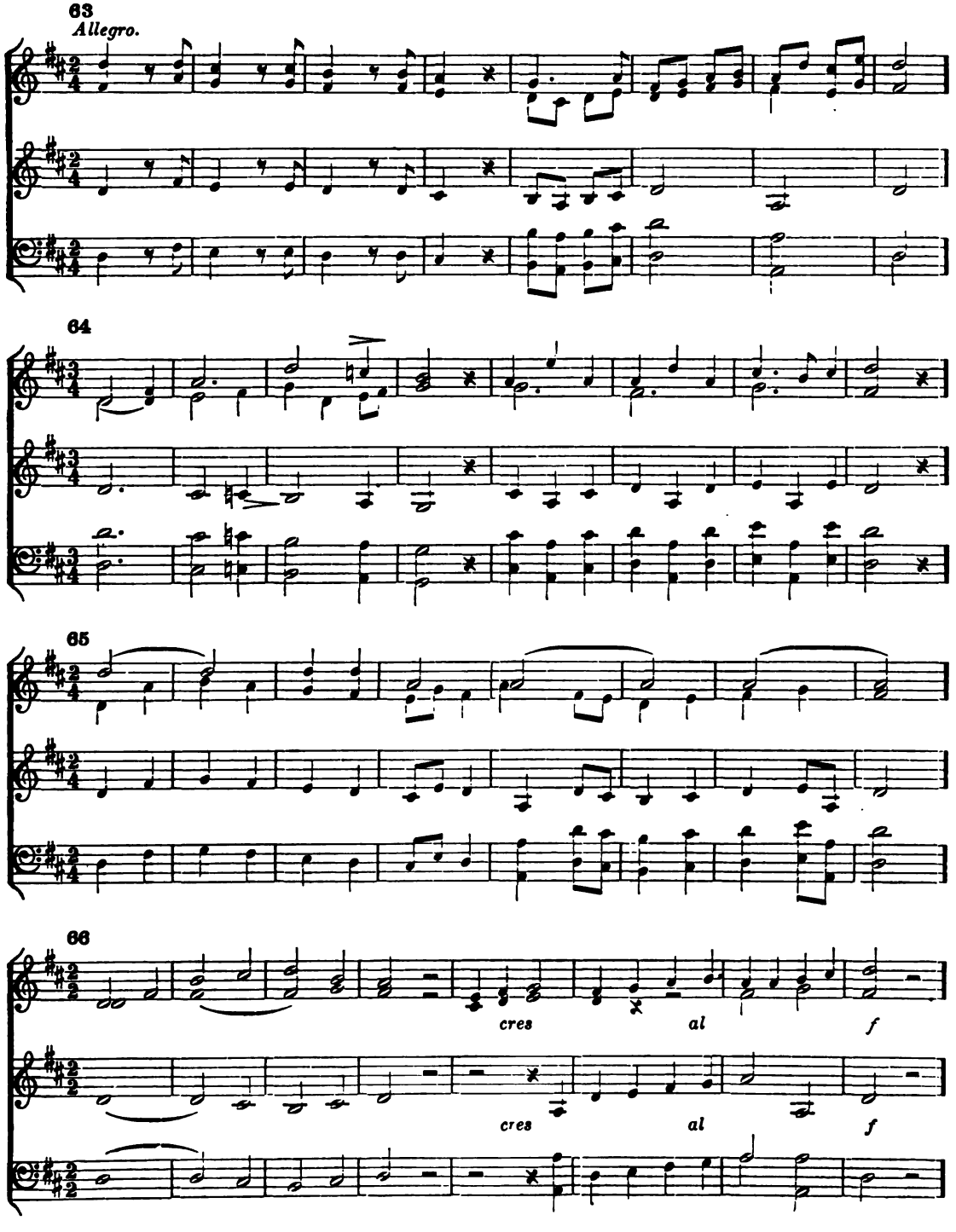
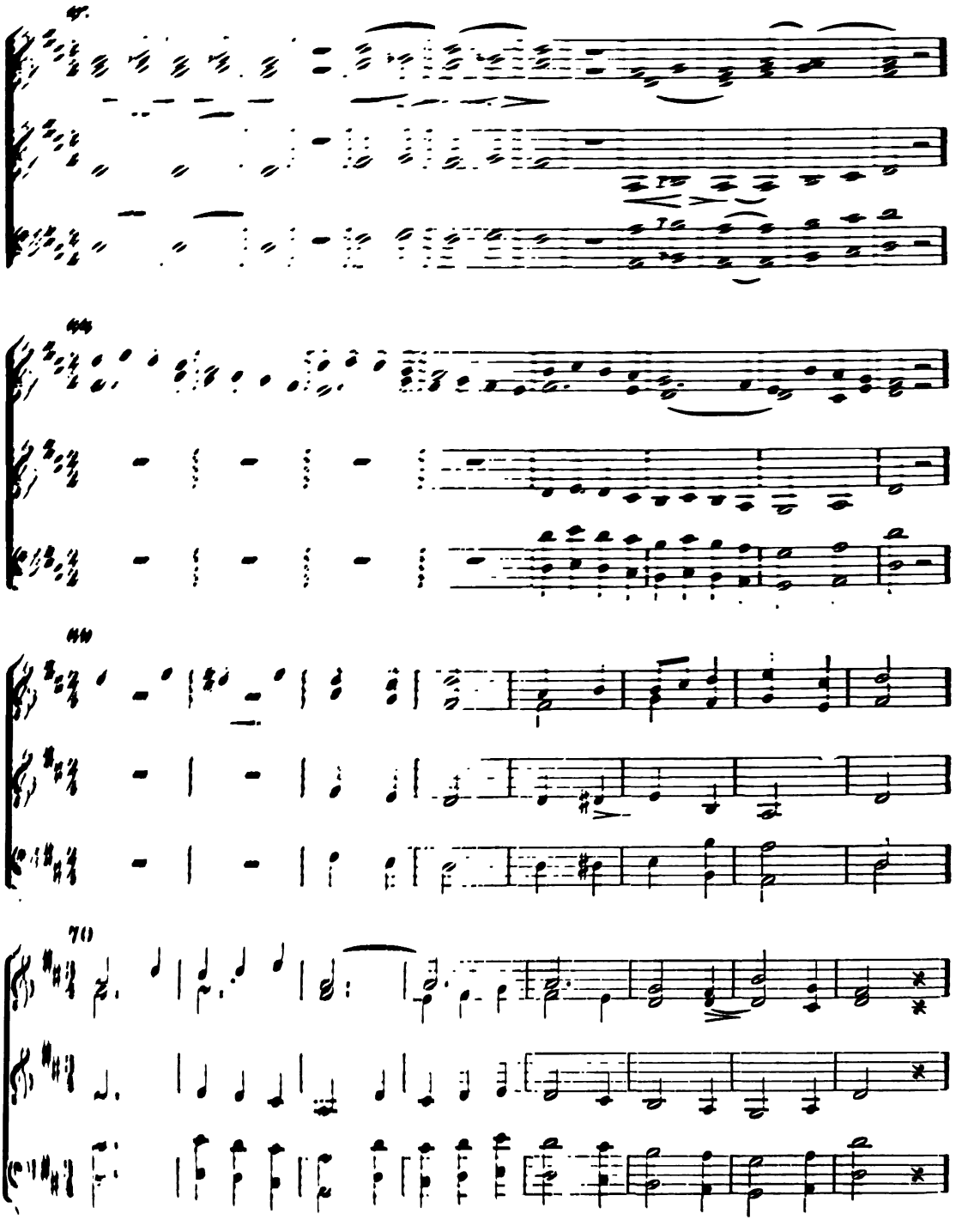
61
62

63
Allegro.
64
65
66
cres
al
f
cres
al
f

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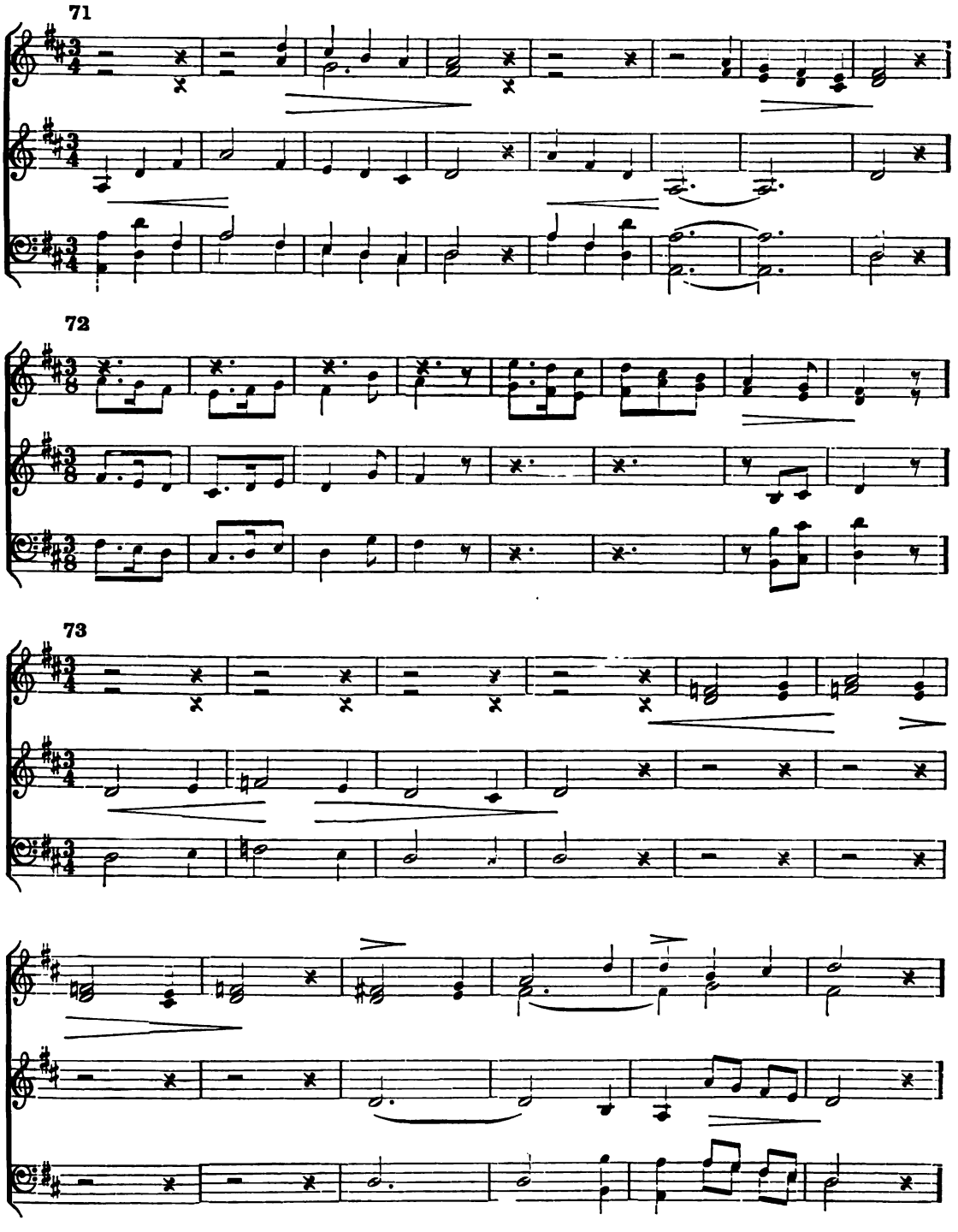
44
40
70

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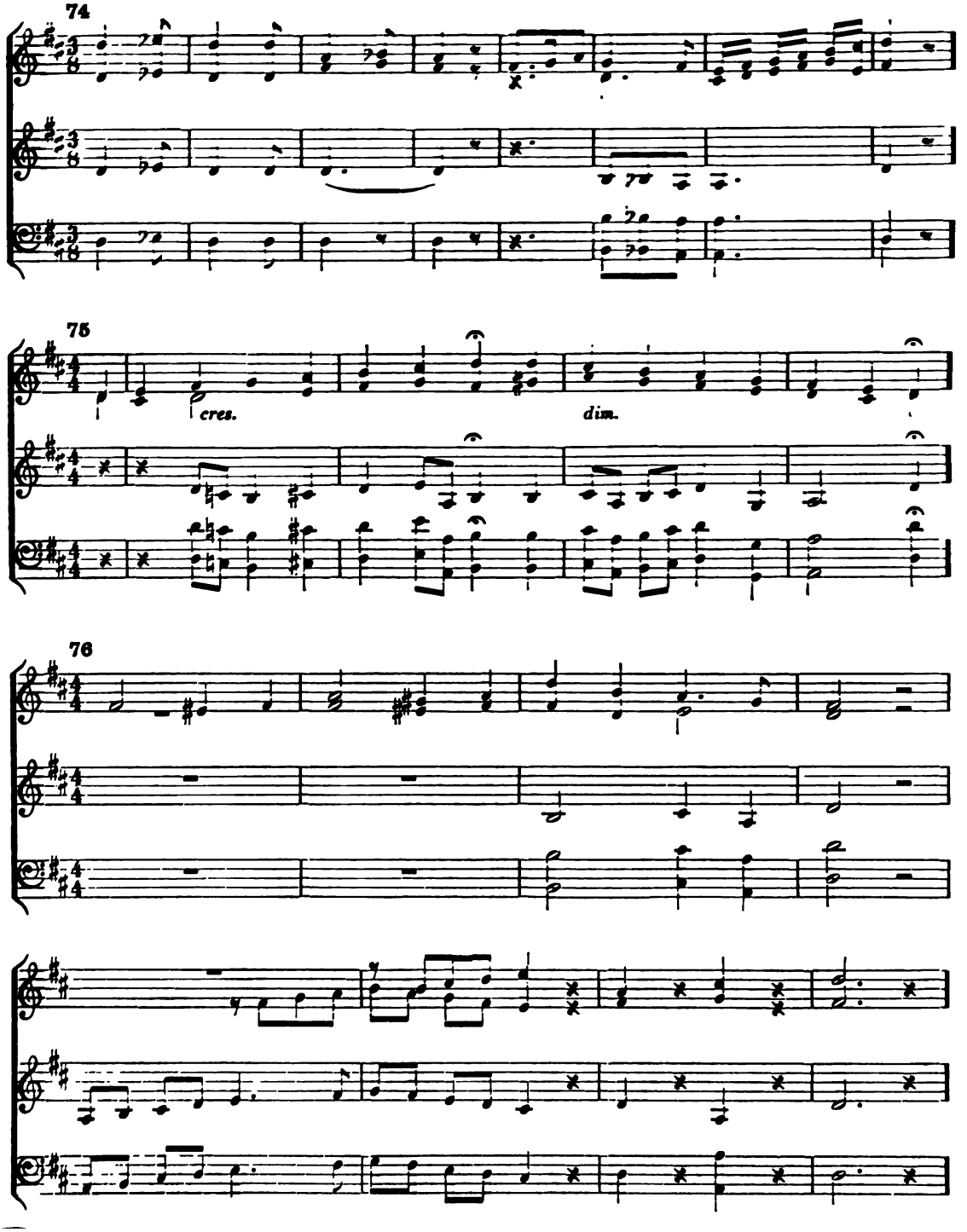
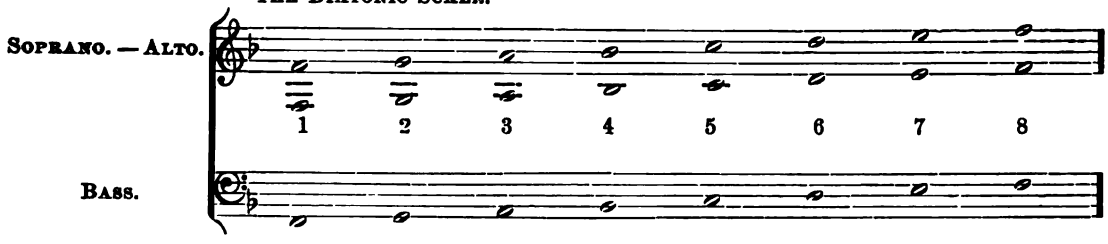
72
73

74
75
cres.
dim.
76

KEY OF F.

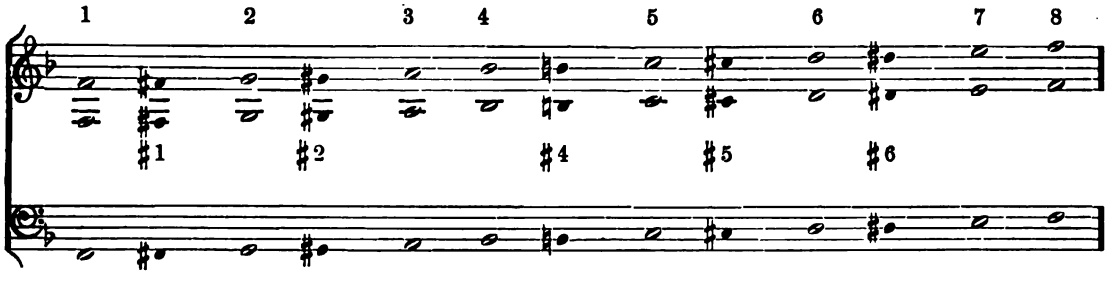
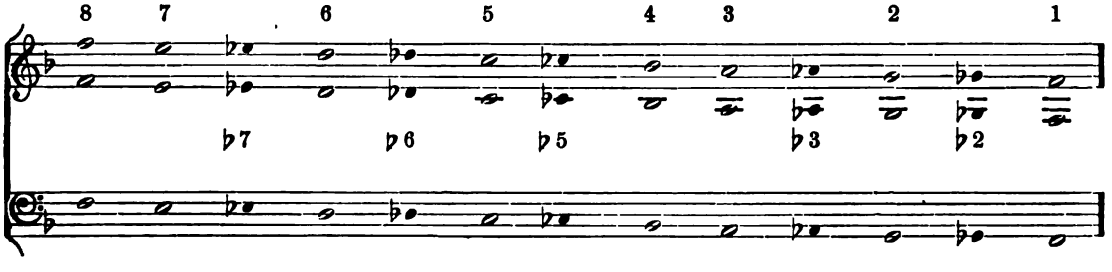
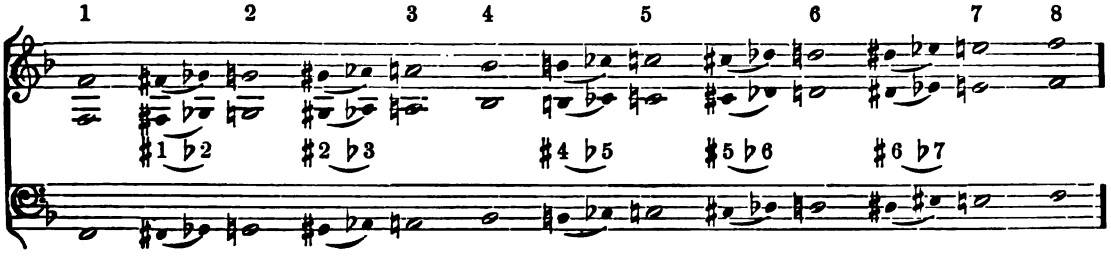
THE DIATONIC SCALE.

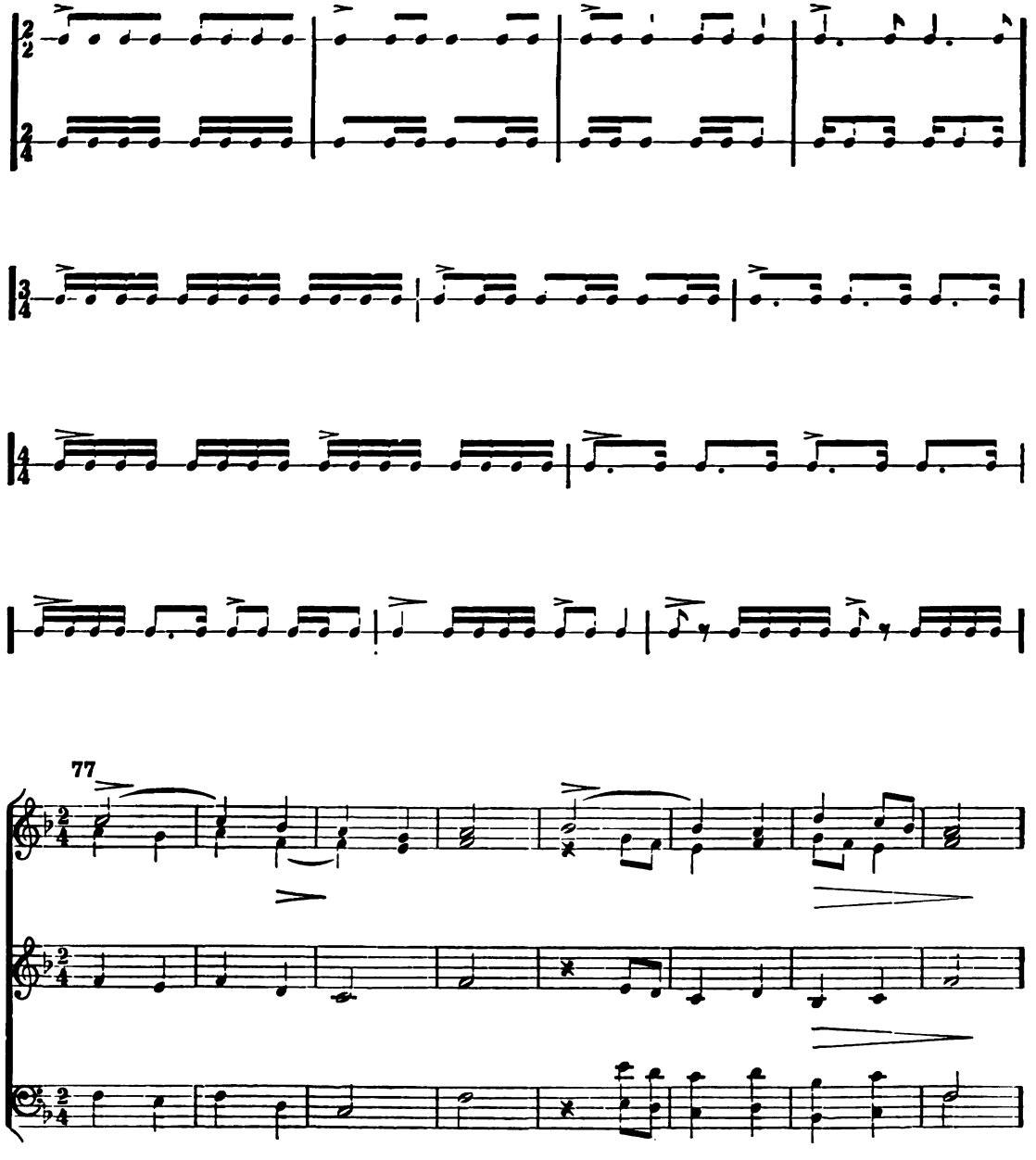
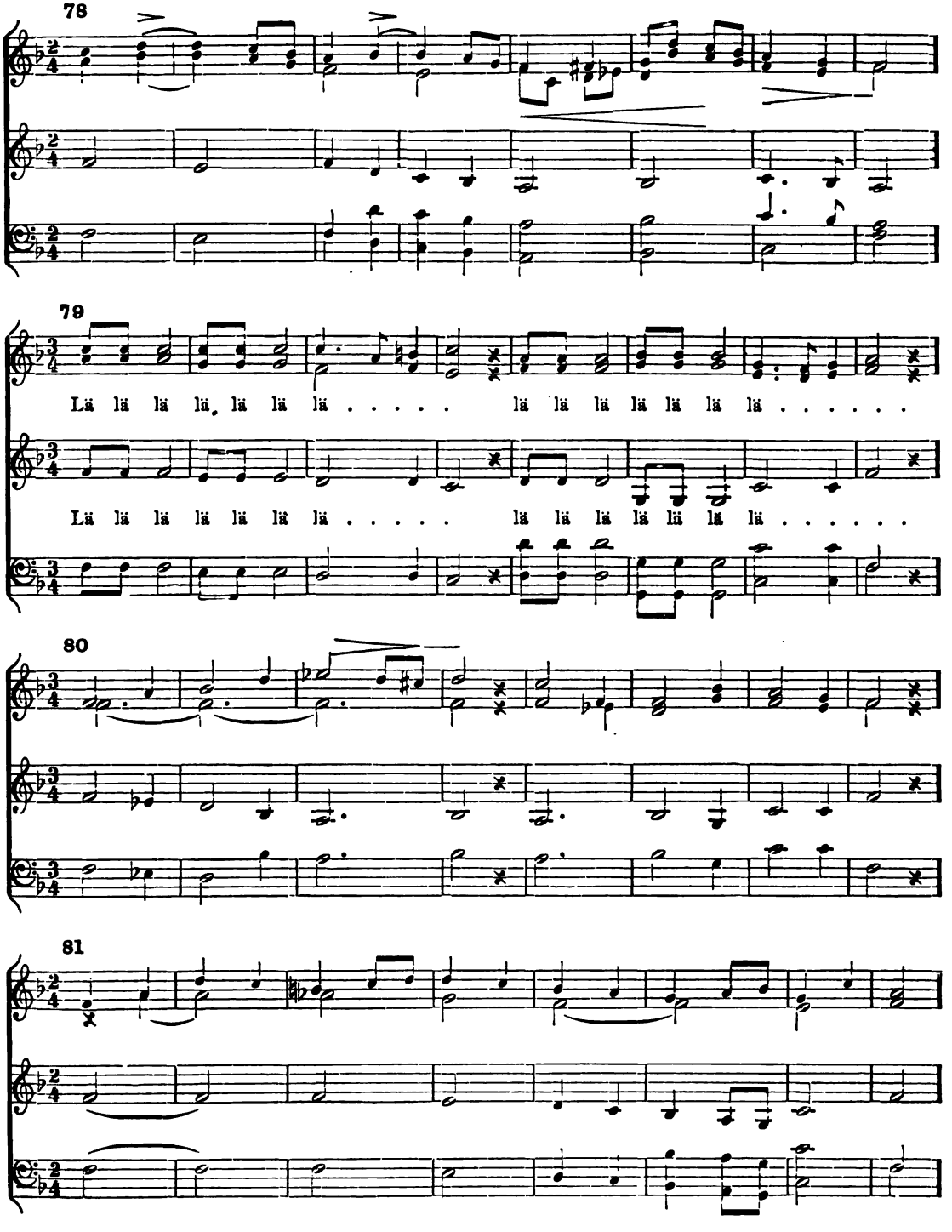
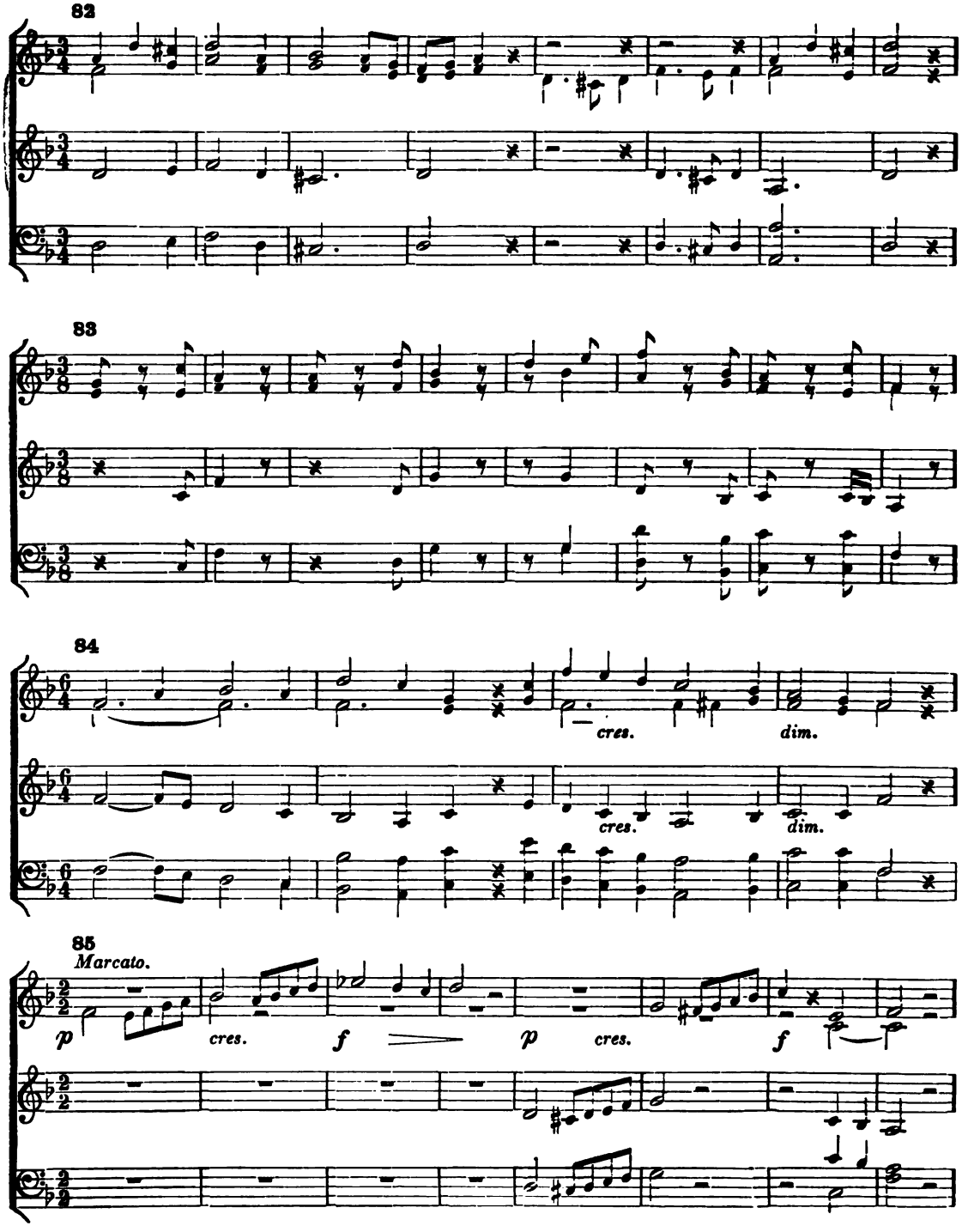
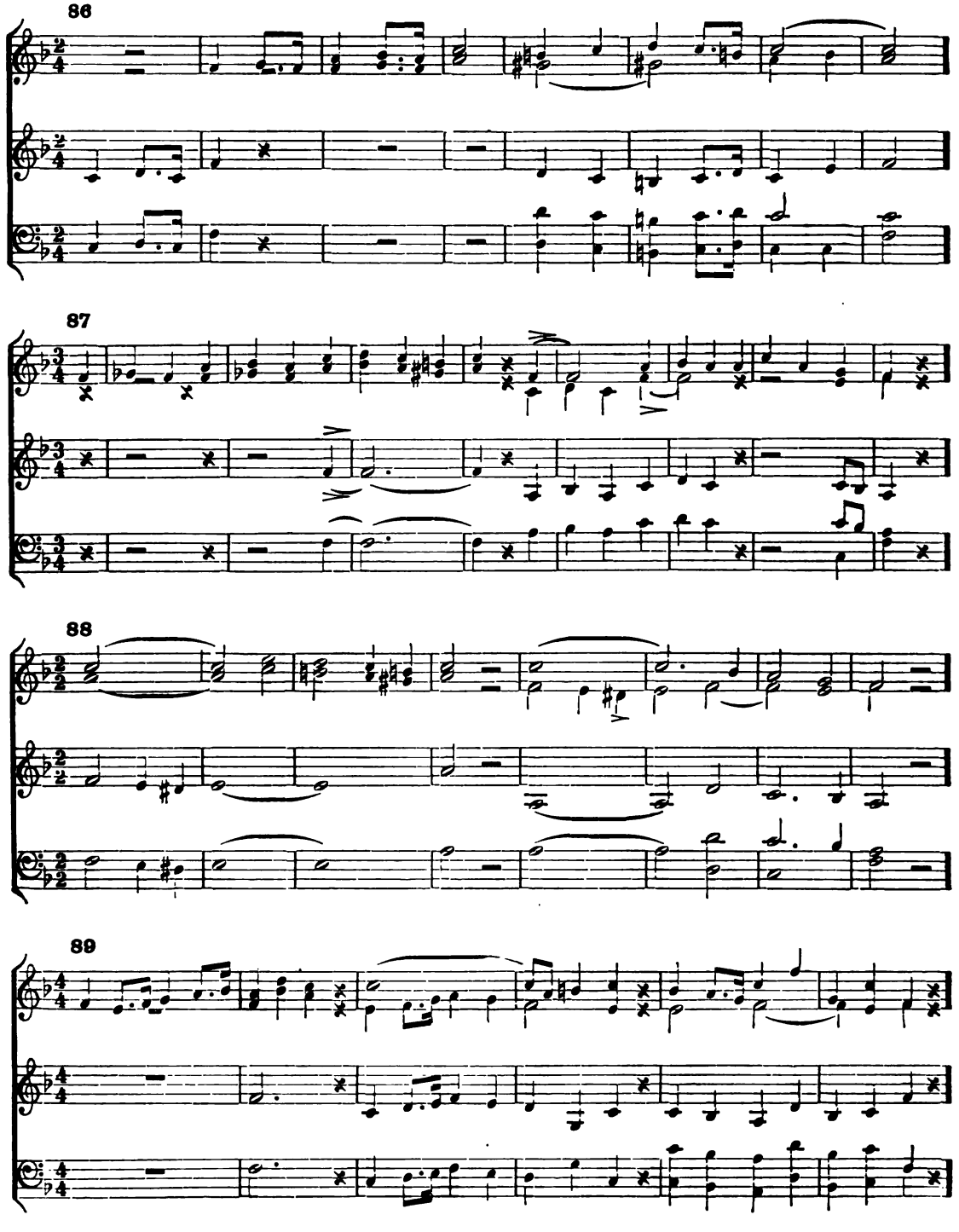
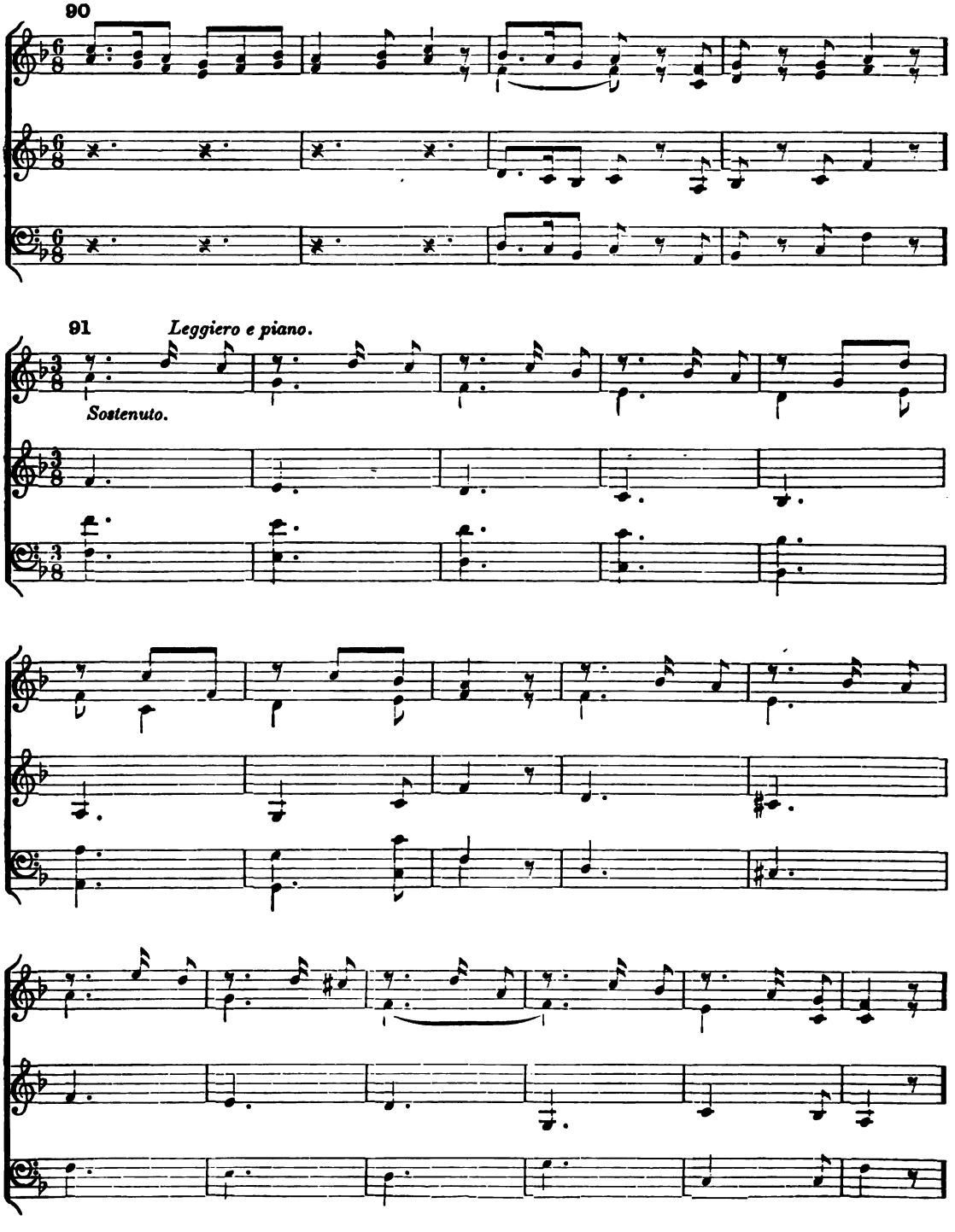


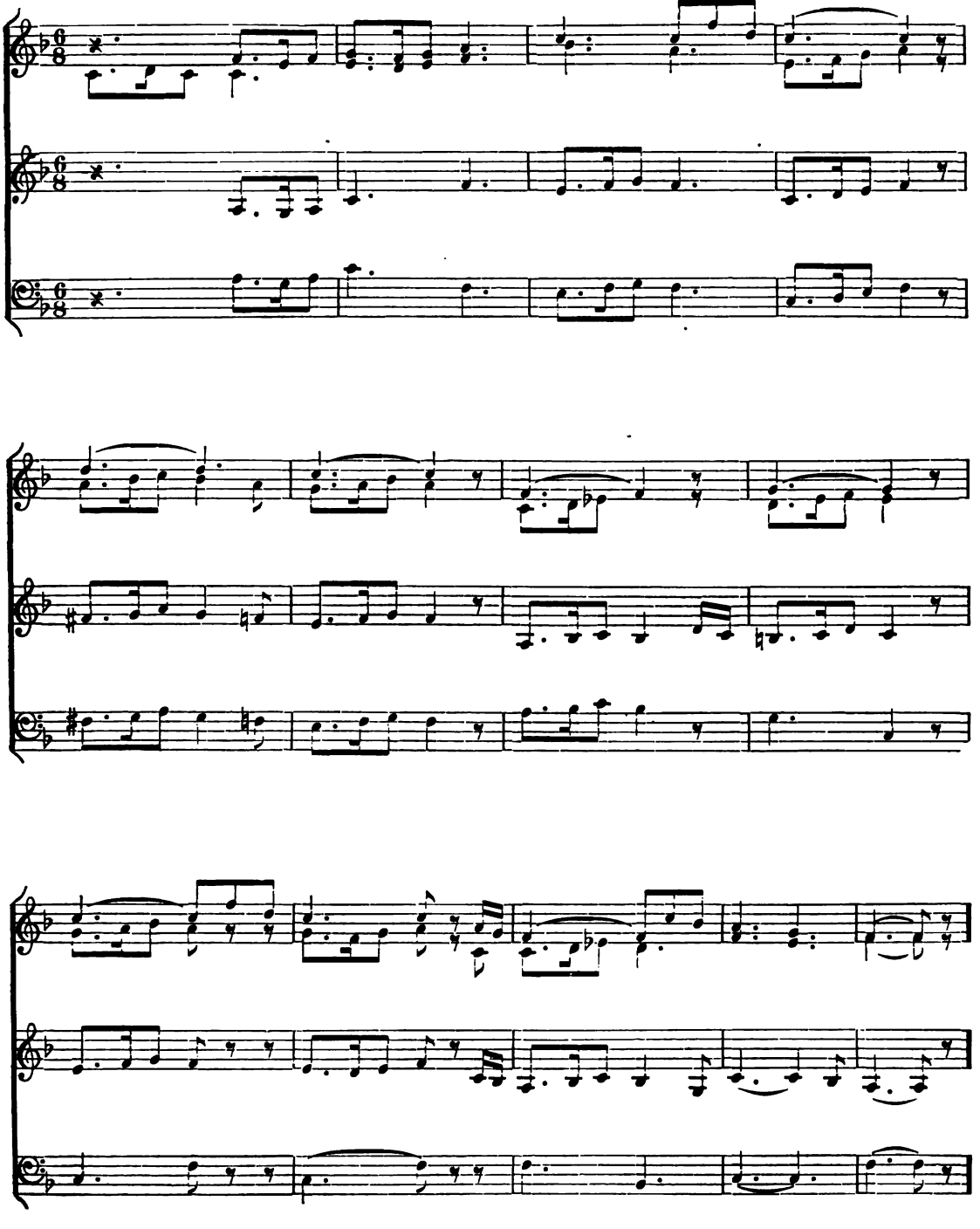
THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

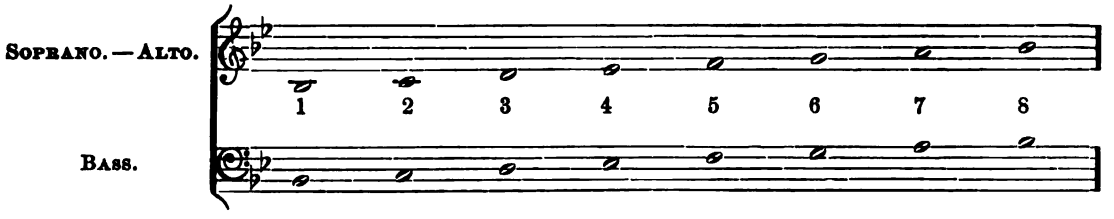
The large notes are those of the Diatonic (Major) Scale.

The small notes are the Chromatic deviations.

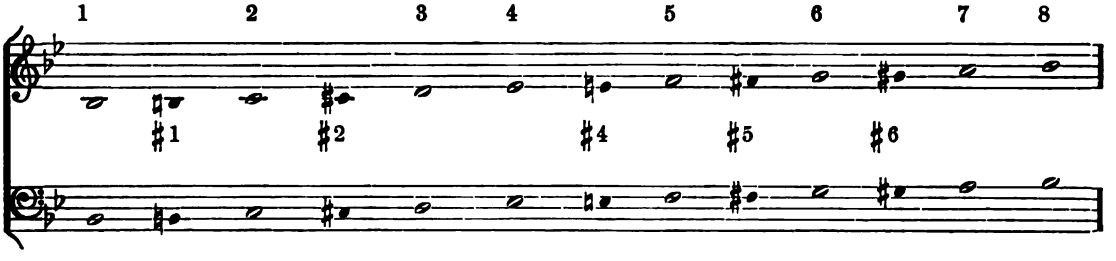
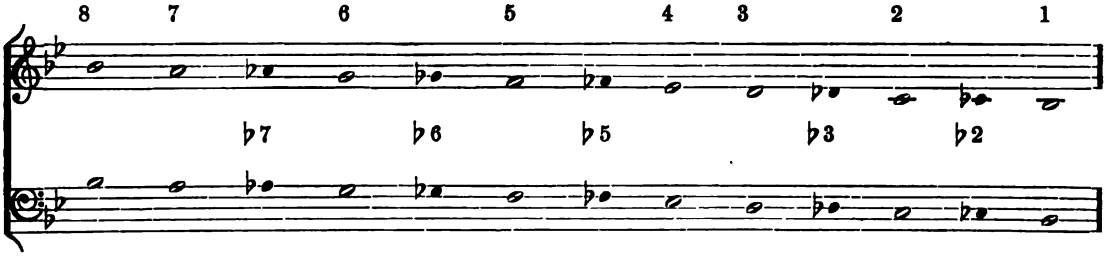
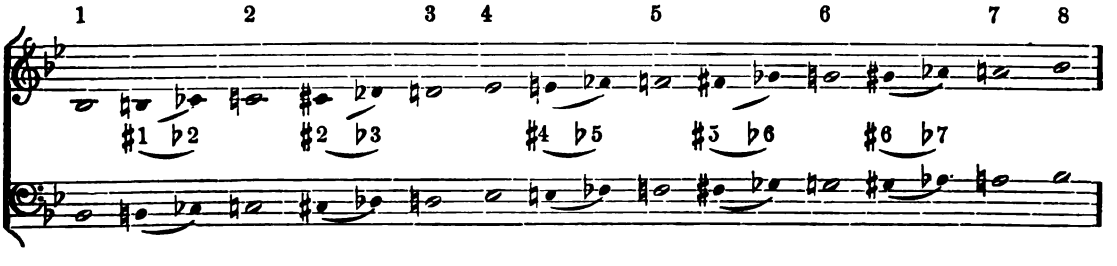
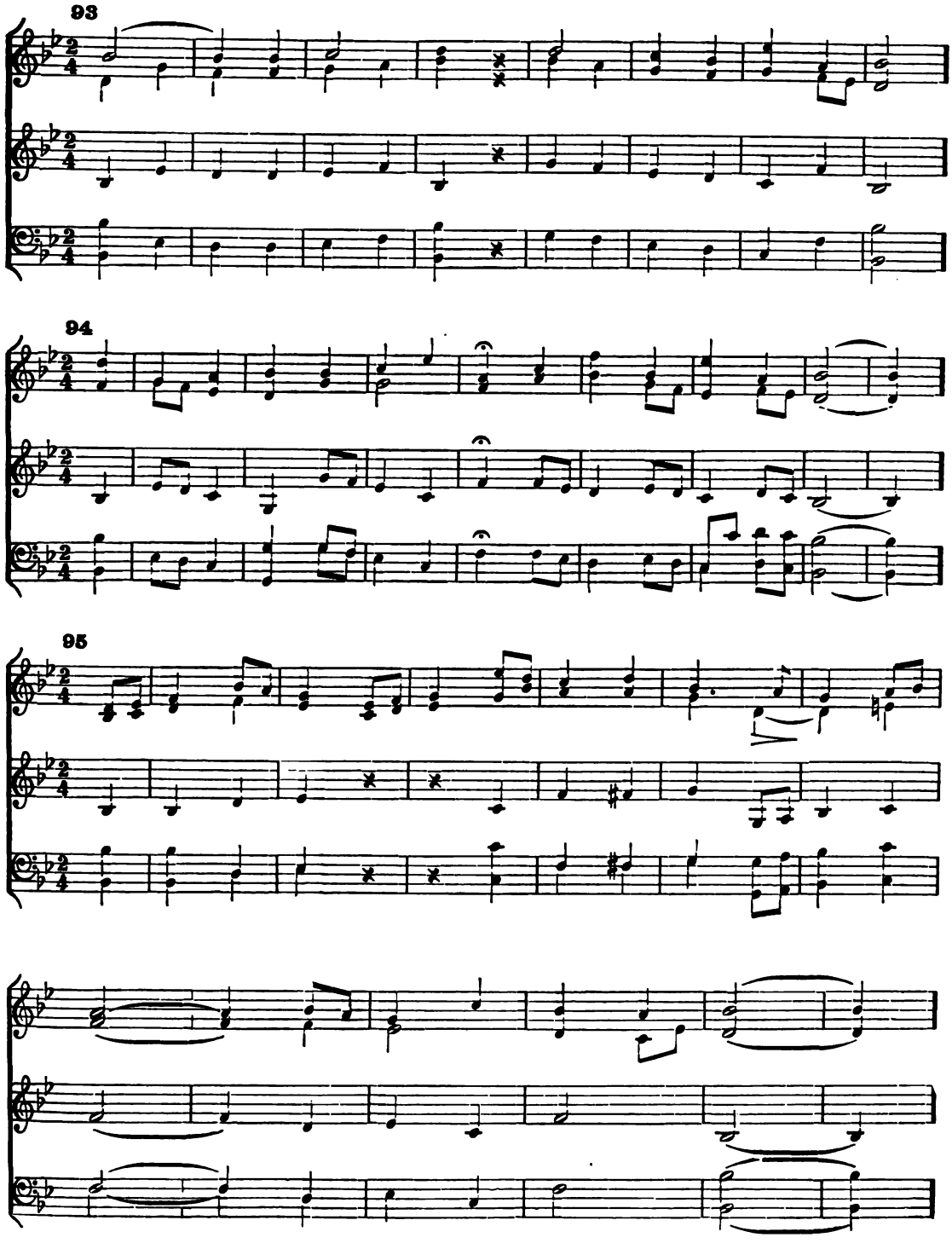
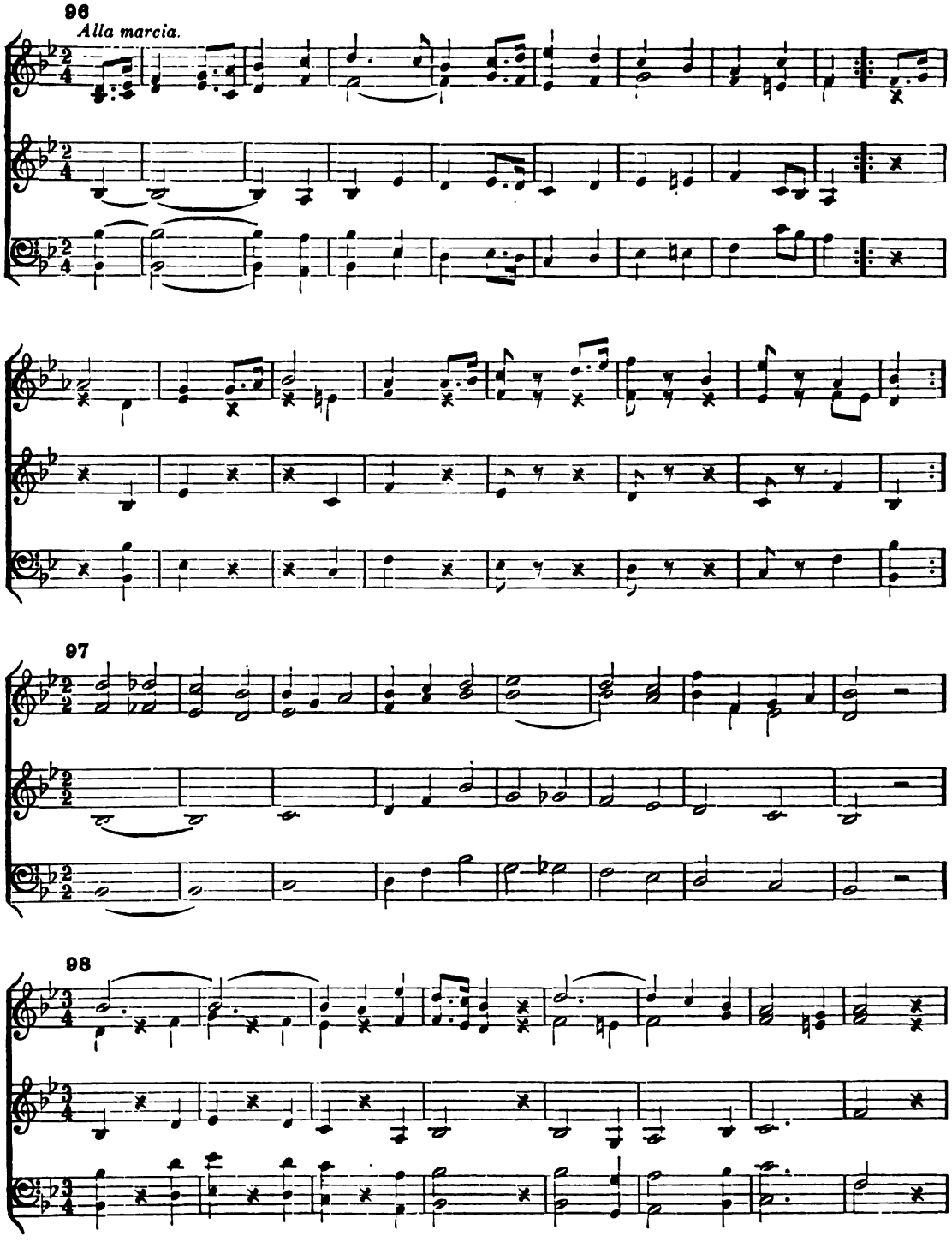
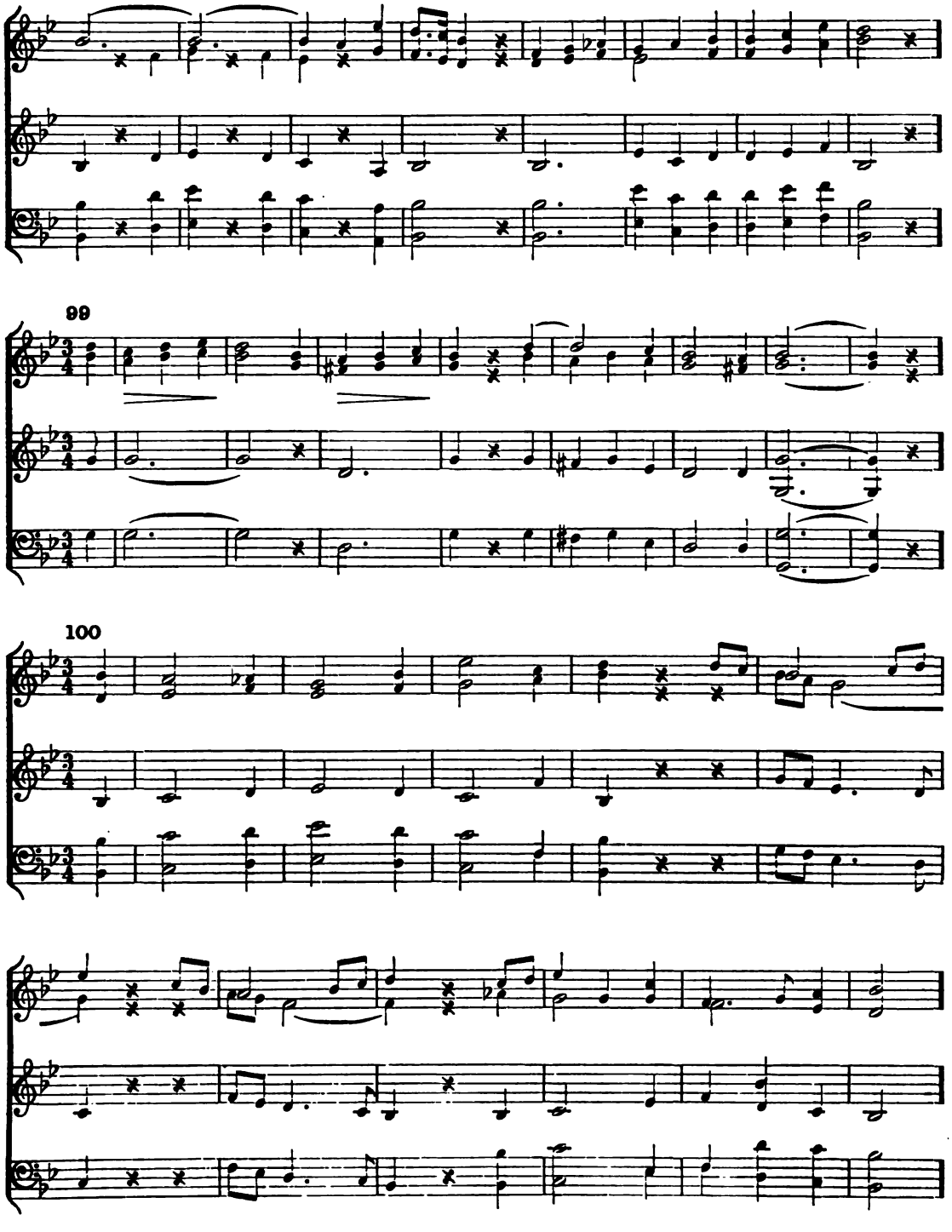
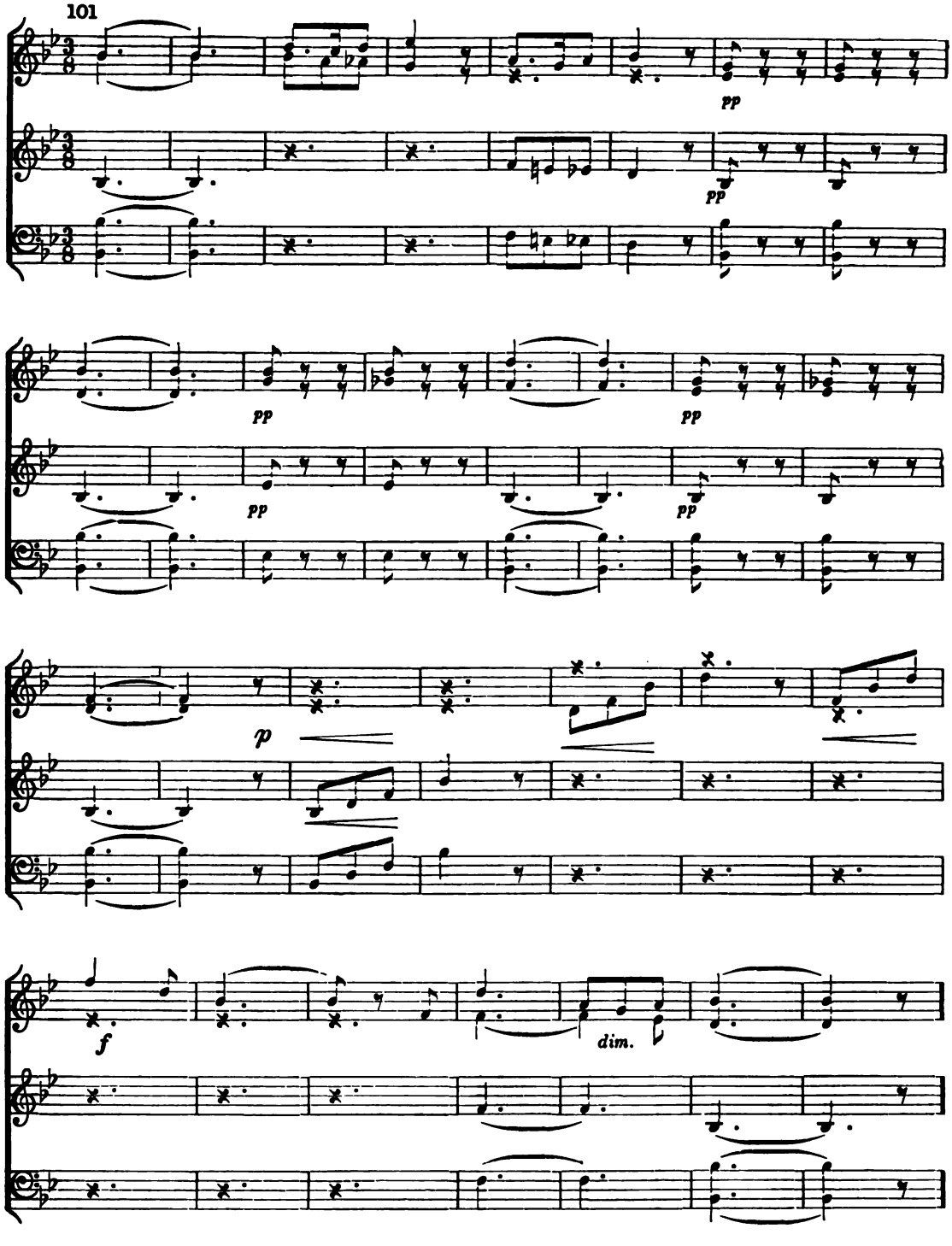
Ascending.

Descending.

THE ENHARMONIC SCALE.

EXERCISES IN TIME.

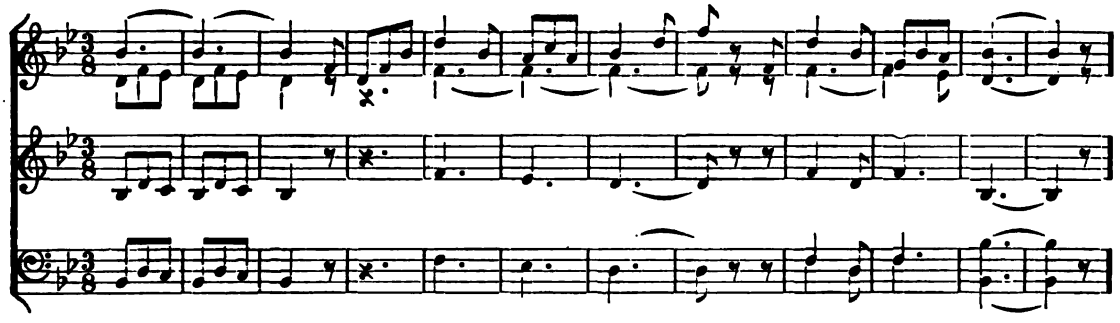
DIVIDED (VARIOUS FRACTIONAL) PULSATIONS.

78
79
Lä lä lä lä lä lä lä . . . . . lä lä lä lä lä lä lä . . . . . .
Lä lä lä lä lä lä lä . . . . . lä lä lä lä lä lä lä . . . . . .
80
81

82
83
84
cres.
dim.
cres.
dim.
85
Marcato.
p
cres.
f
p
cres.
f

86
87
88
89

90
91
Leggiero e piano.
Sostenuto.

92

Key of B♭.

The Diatonic Scale.

The Chromatic Scale.

The large notes are those of the Diatonic (Major) Scale.
The small notes are the Chromatic deviations.

Ascending.

Descending.

The Enharmonic Scale.

93
94
95

96
Alla marcia.
97
98

99
100

101
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
pp
p
f
dim.

102

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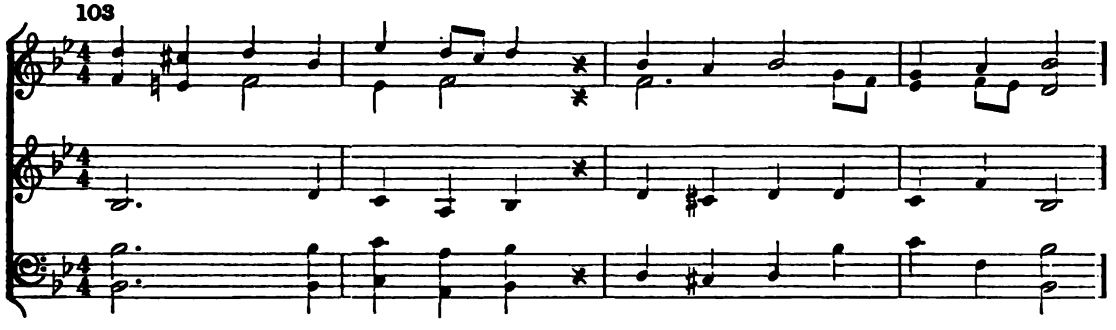
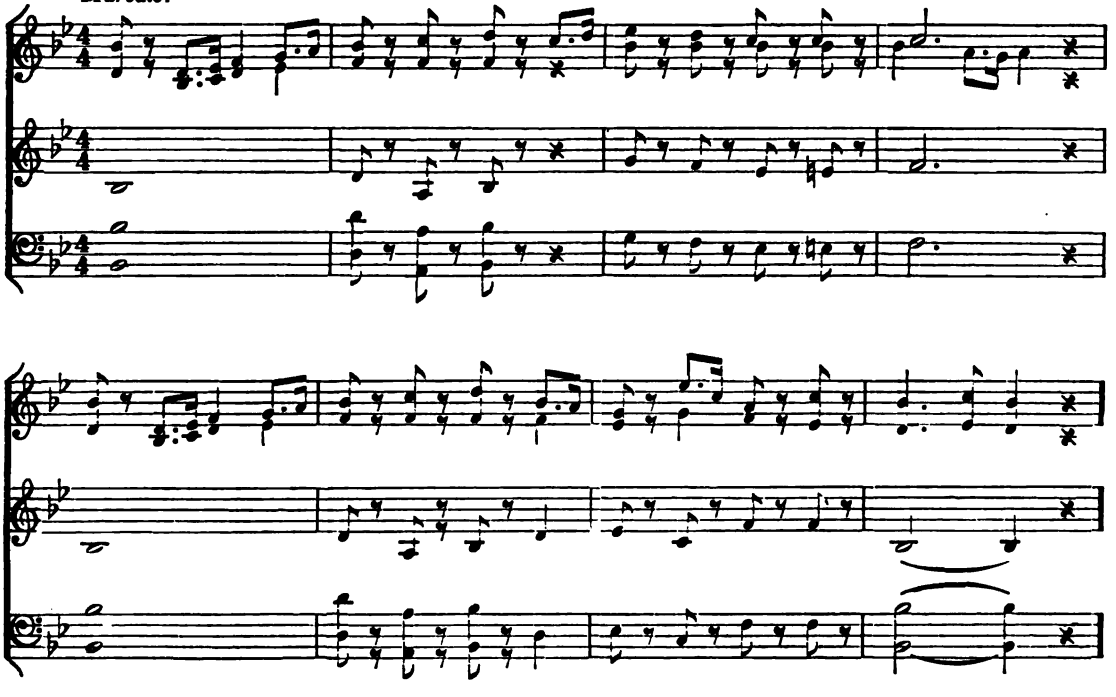

104

Marcato.

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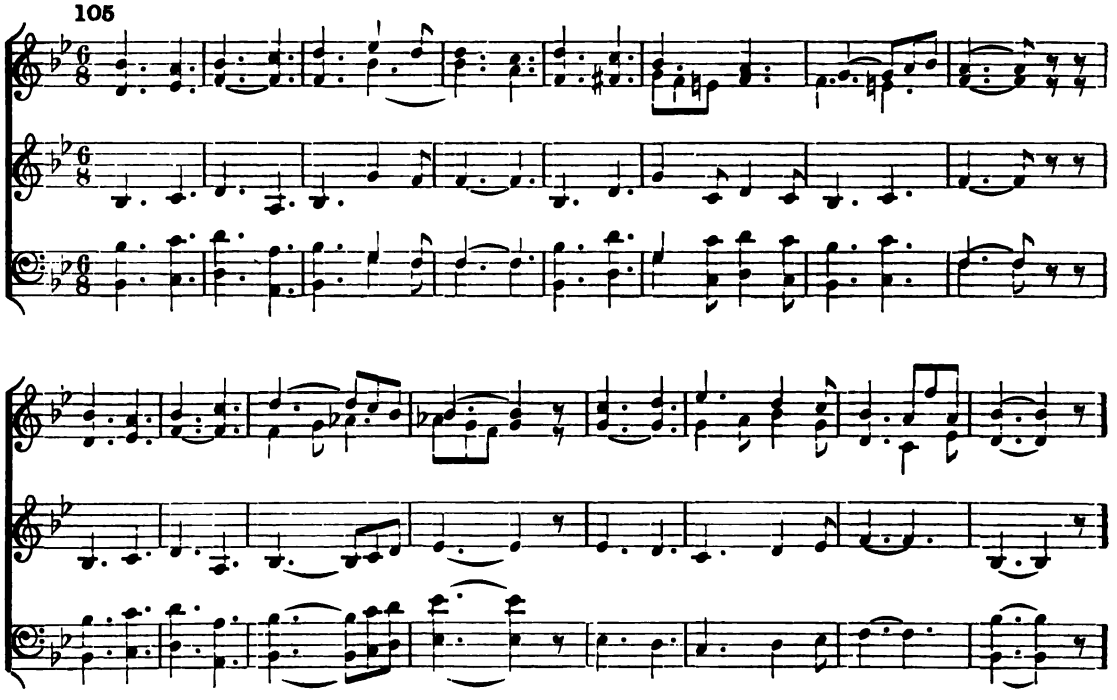
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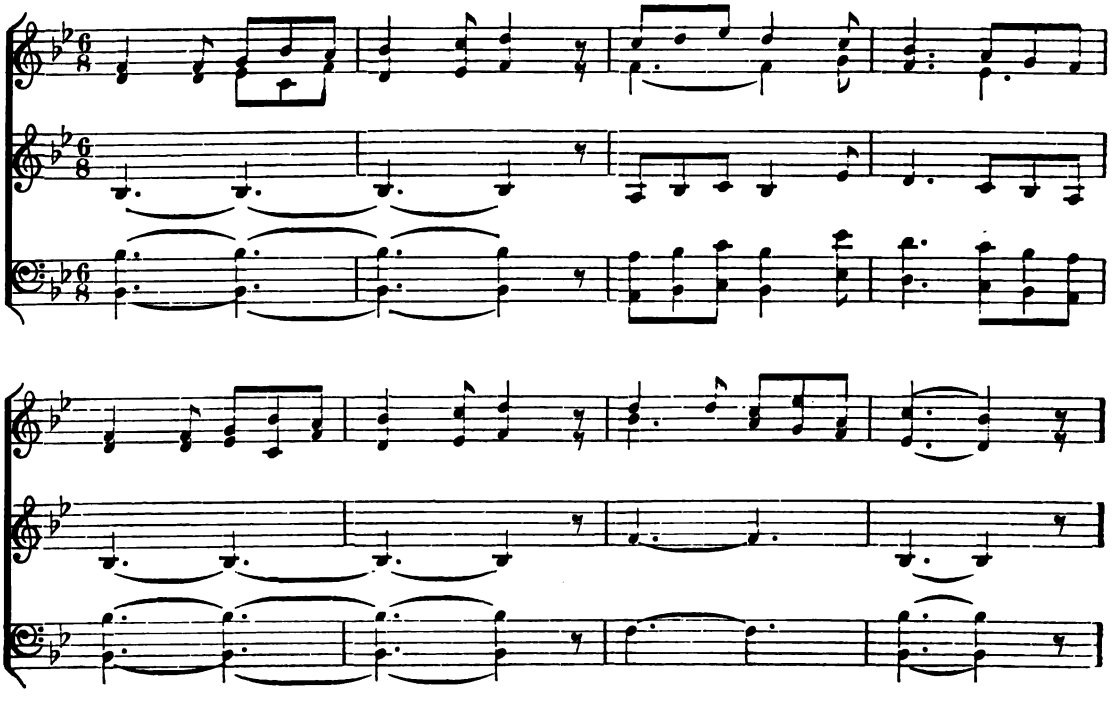
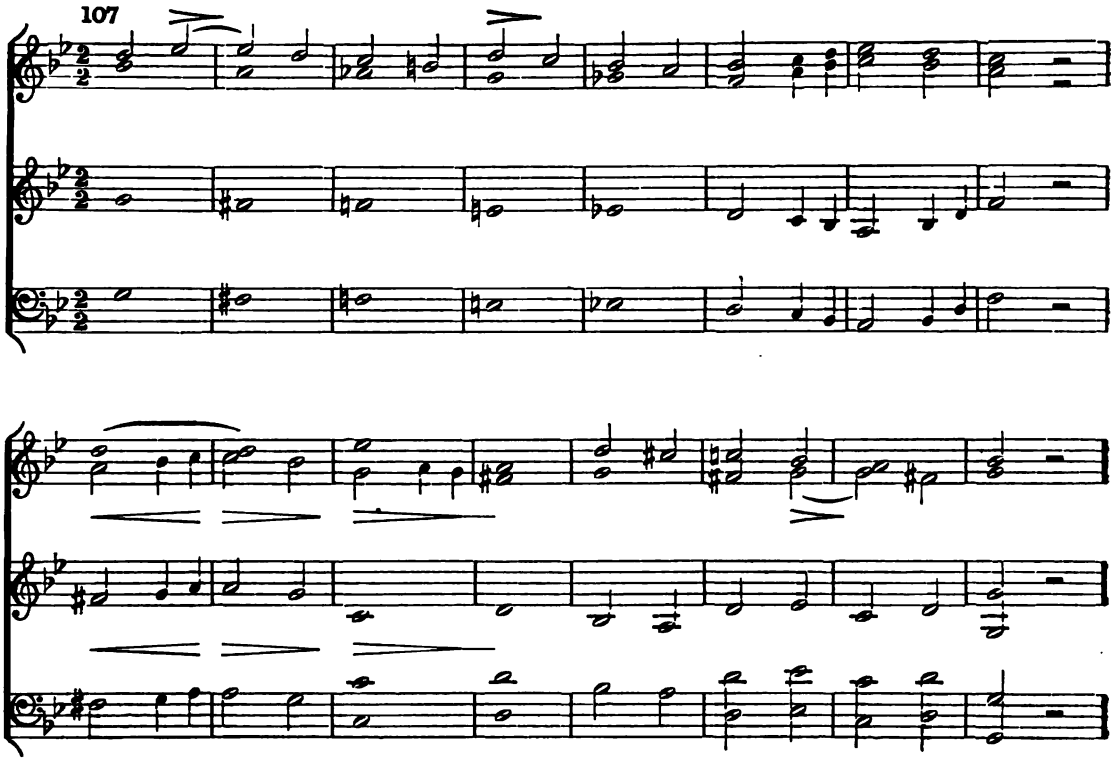
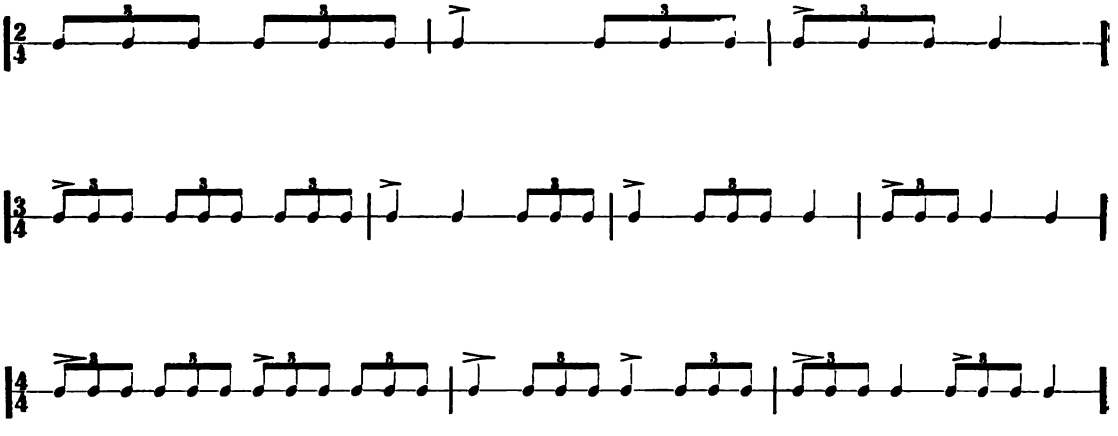
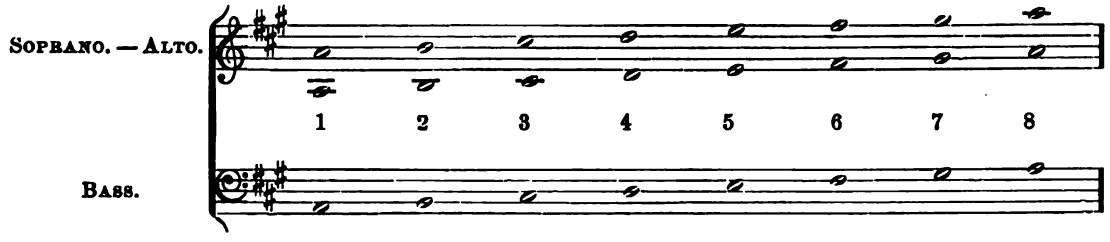
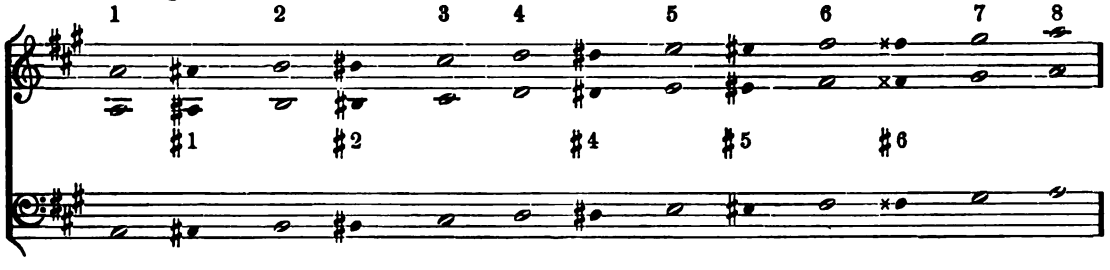
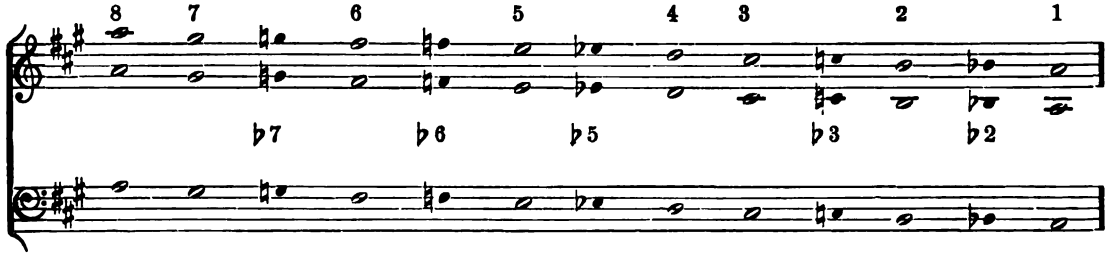

EXERCISES IN TIME.

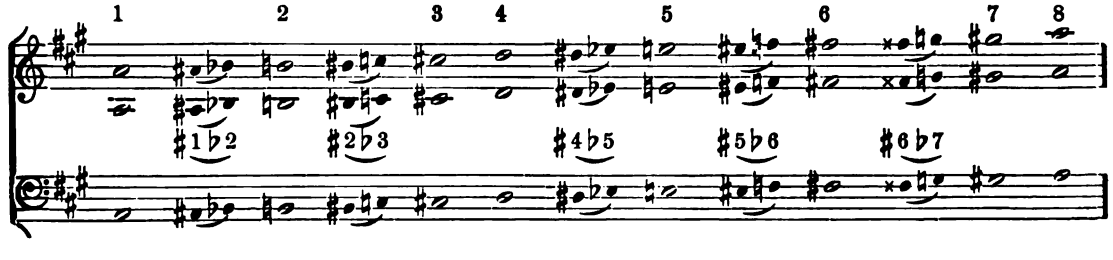
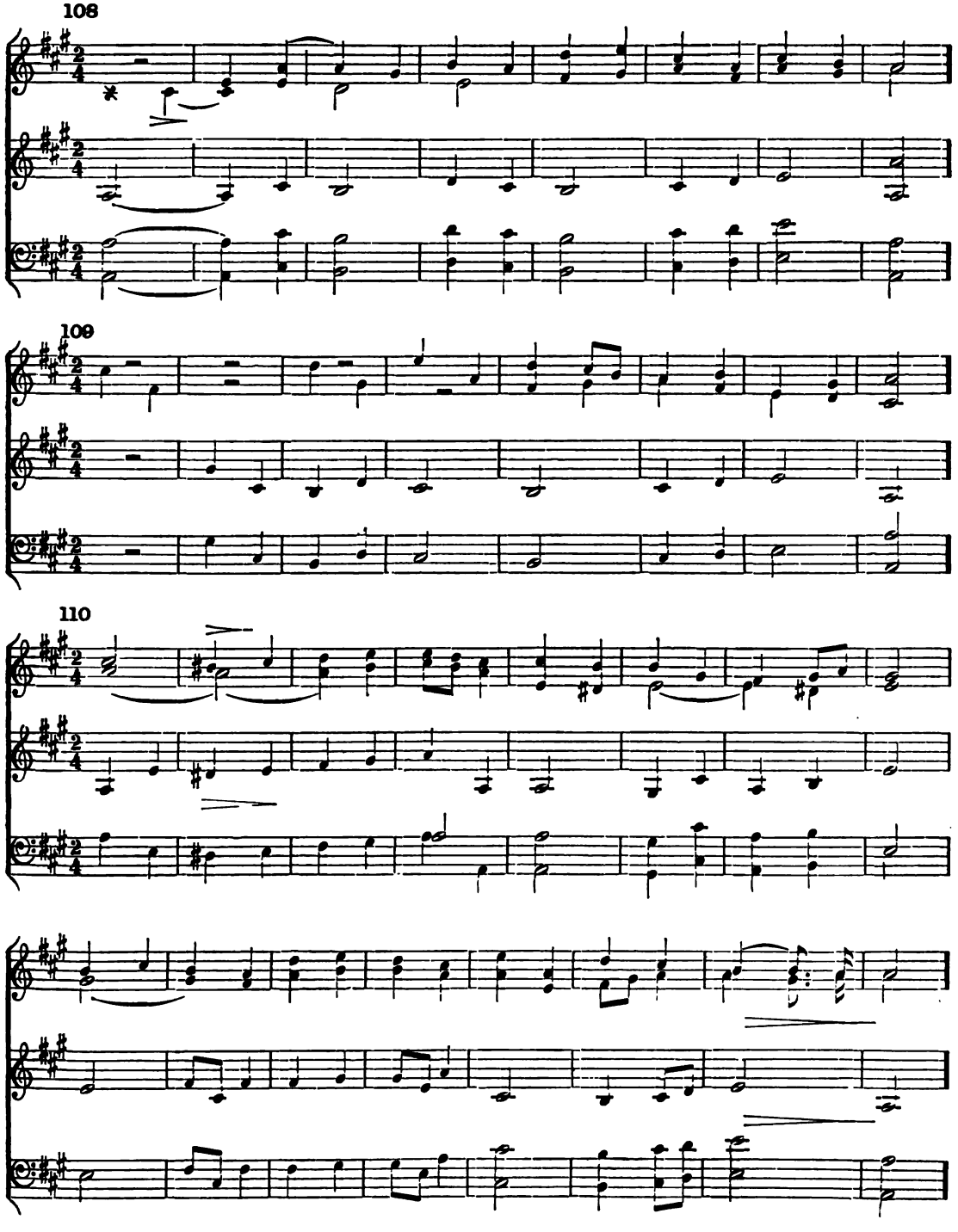
The Triplet.

KEY OF A.

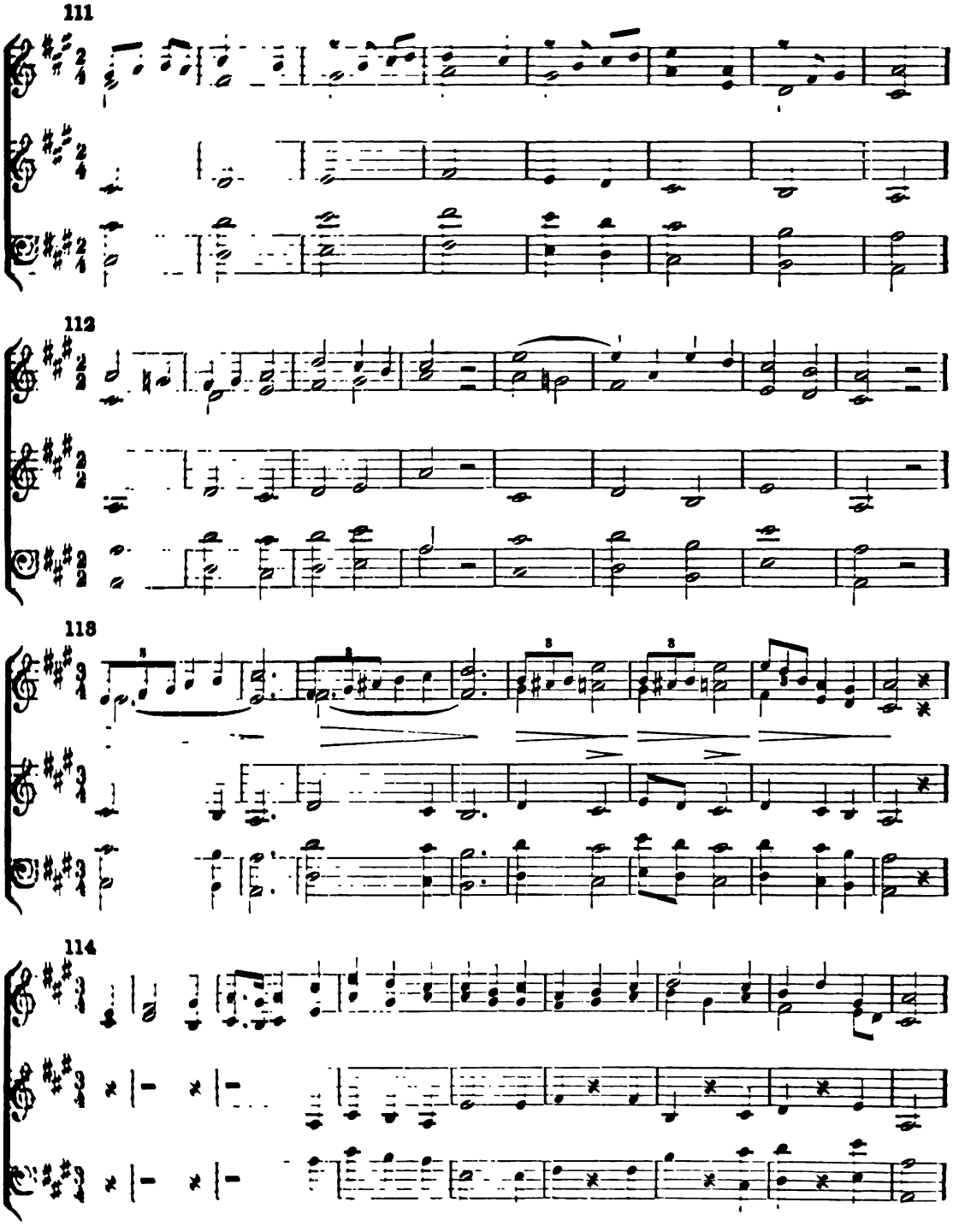
THE DIATONIC SCALE.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

The large notes are those of the Diatonic (Major) Scale.

The small notes are the Chromatic deviations.

Ascending.

Descending.

THE ENHARMONIC SCALE.



108
109
110

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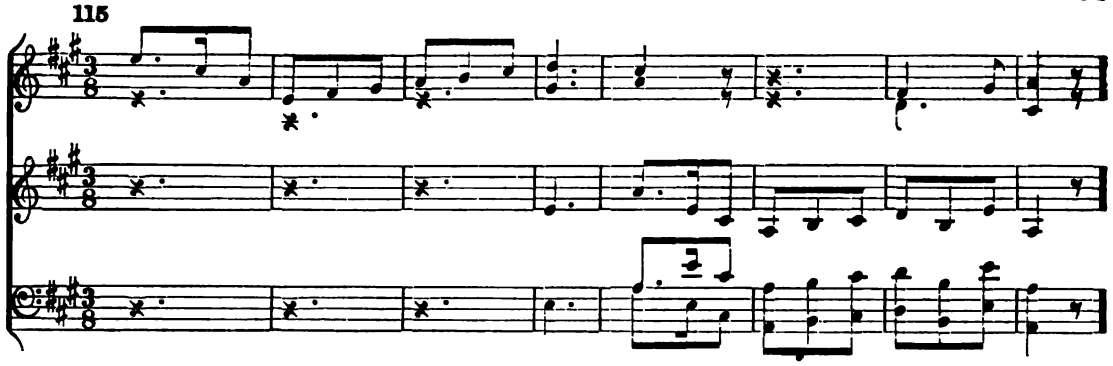
112
113
114

115

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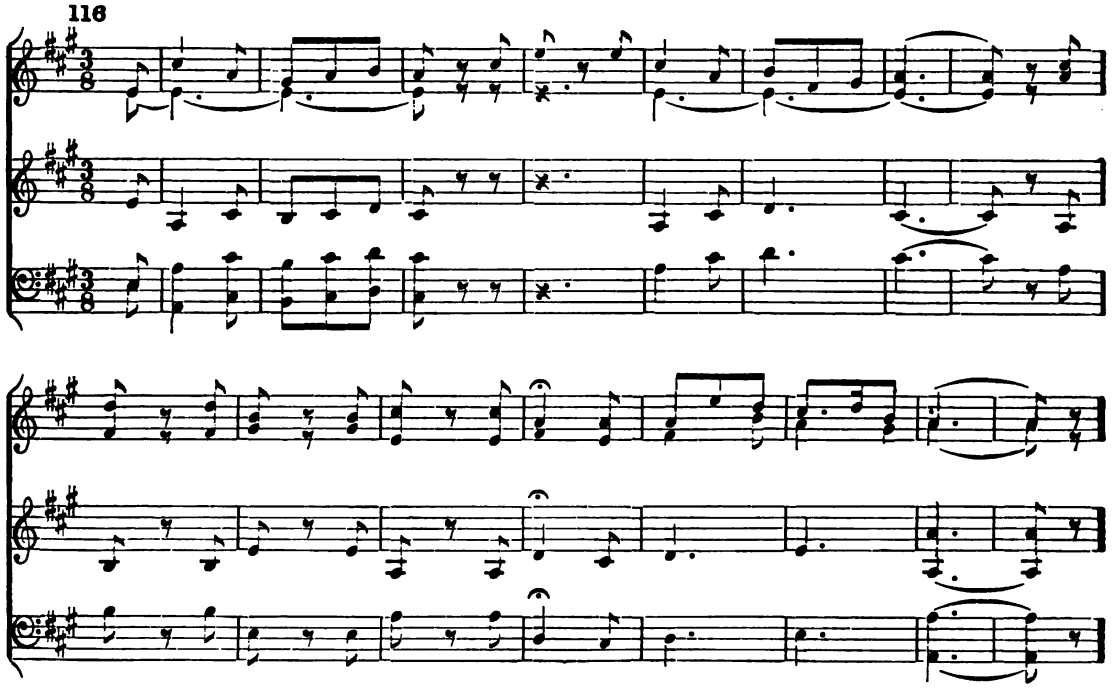
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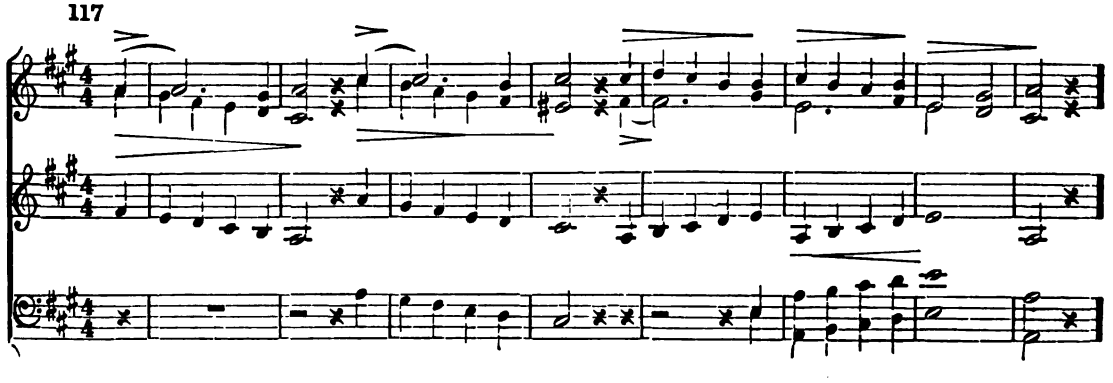
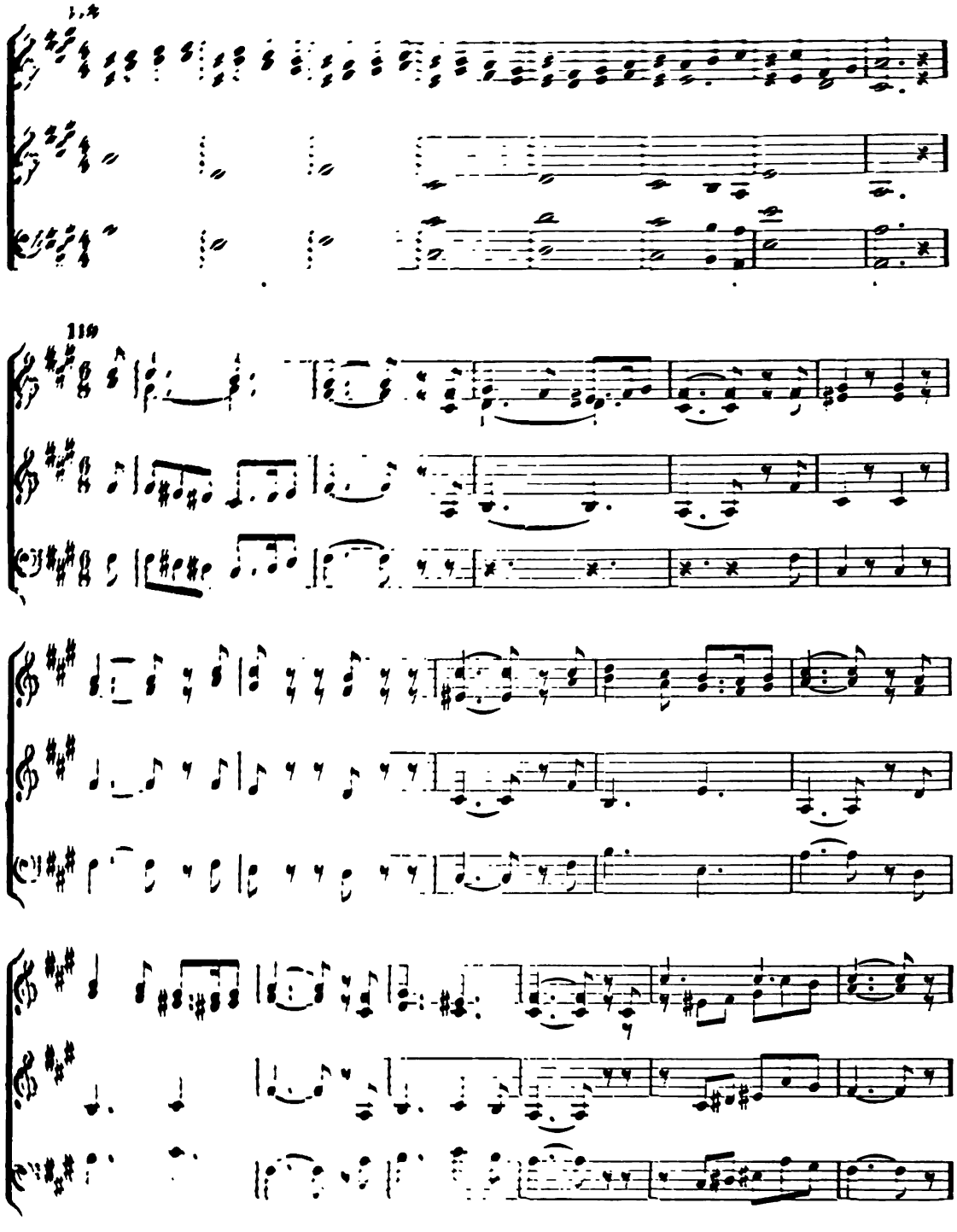
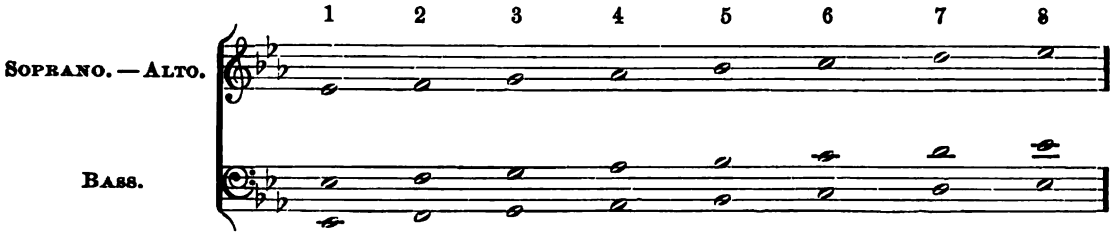
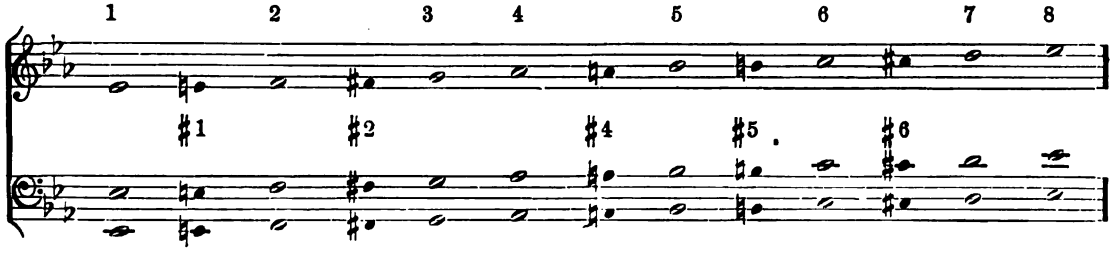
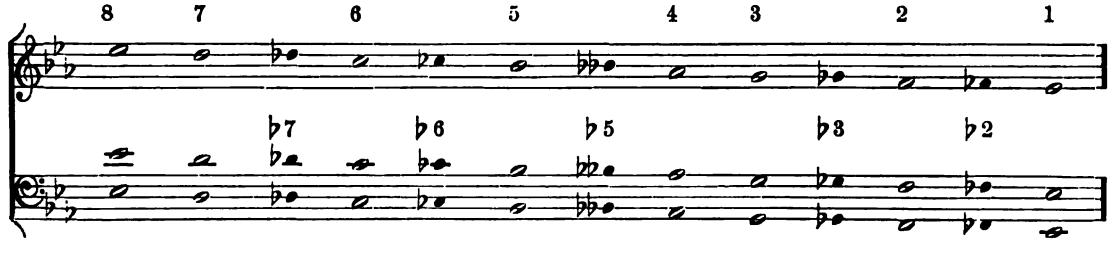
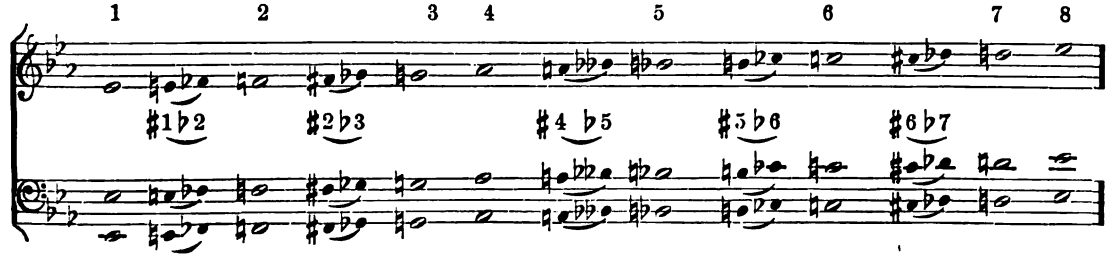
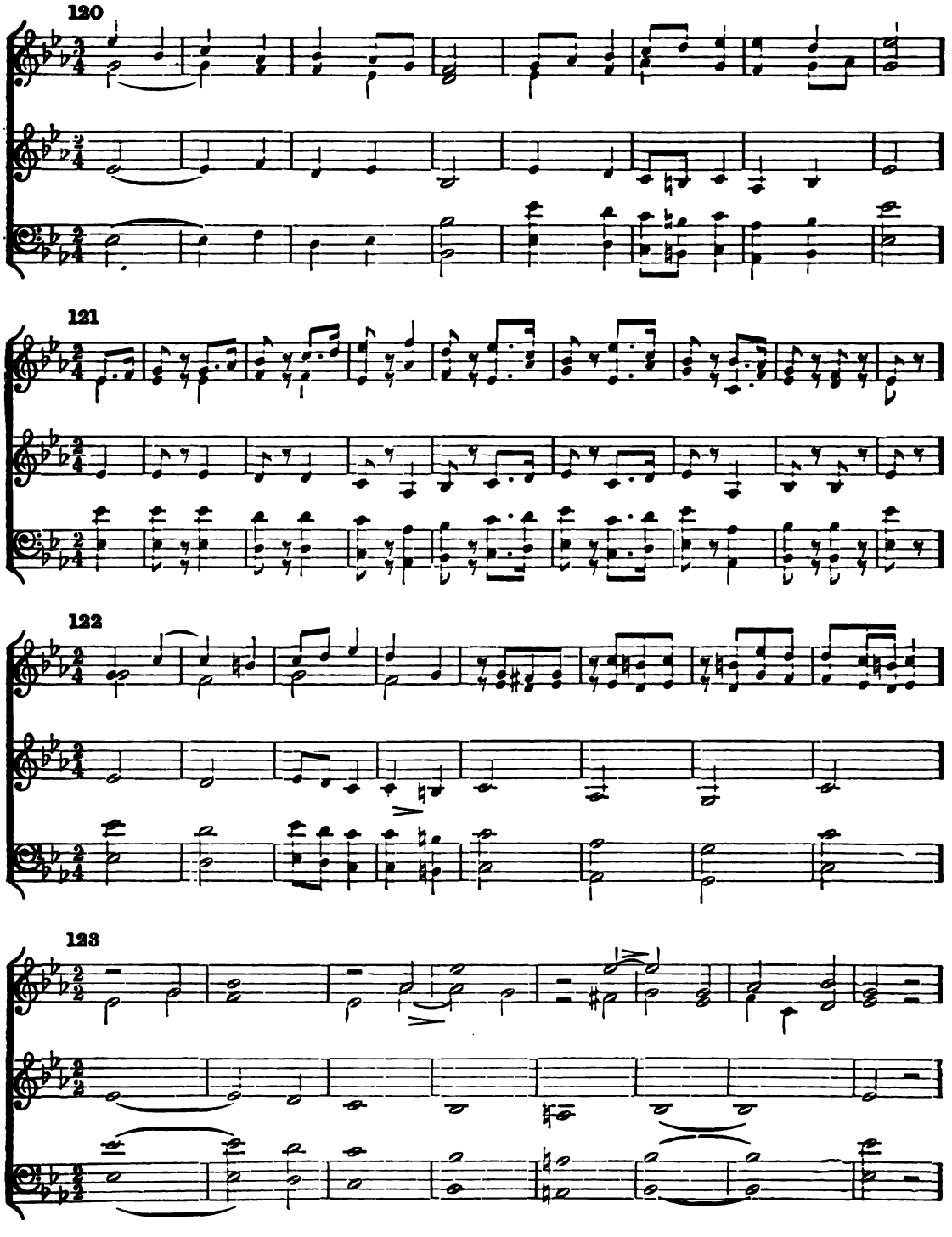

KEY OF E♭.

THE DIATONIC SCALE.

THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

The large notes are those of the Diatonic (Major) Scale.
The small notes are the Chromatic deviations.

Ascending.

Descending.

THE ENHARMONIC SCALE.



120
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122
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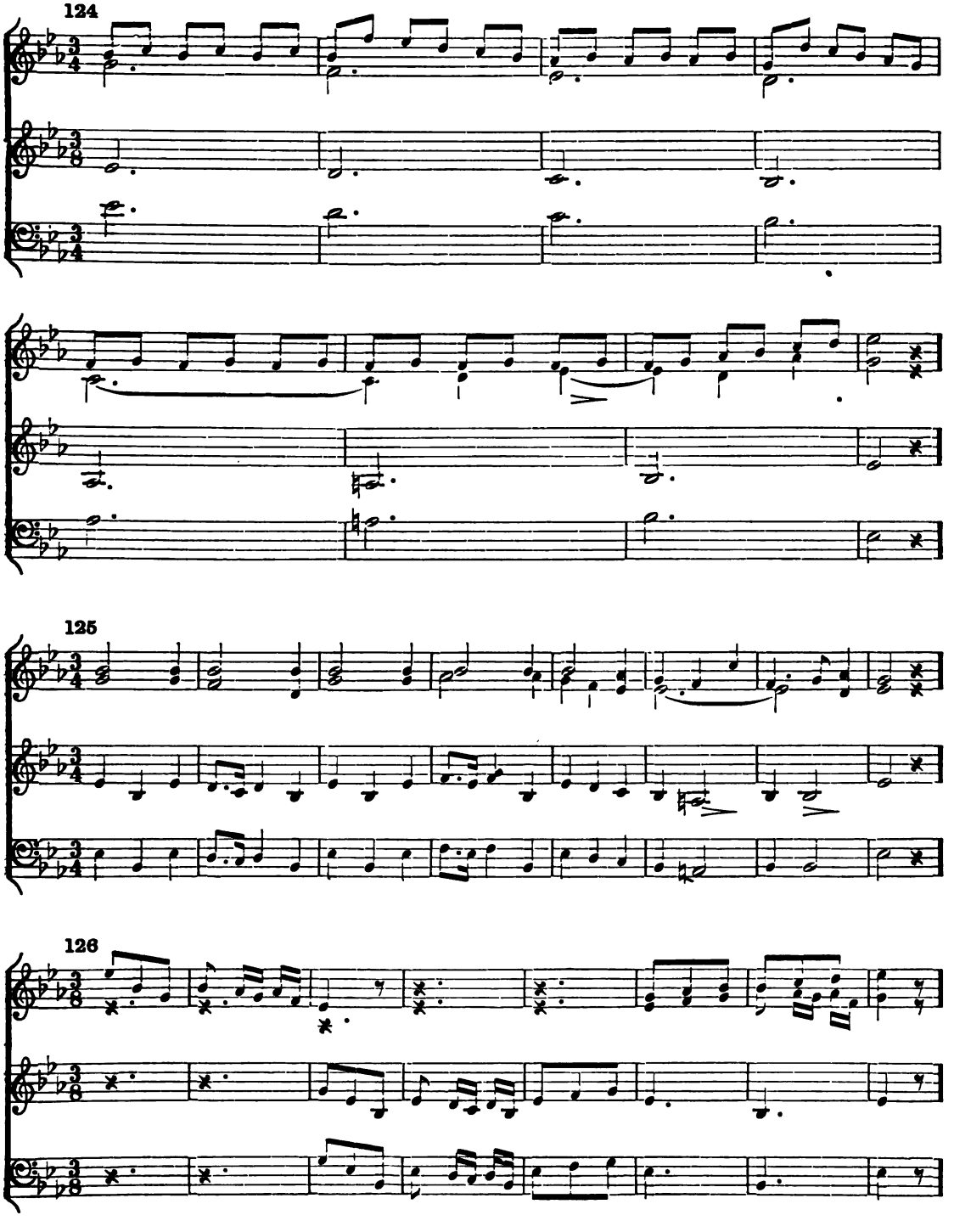
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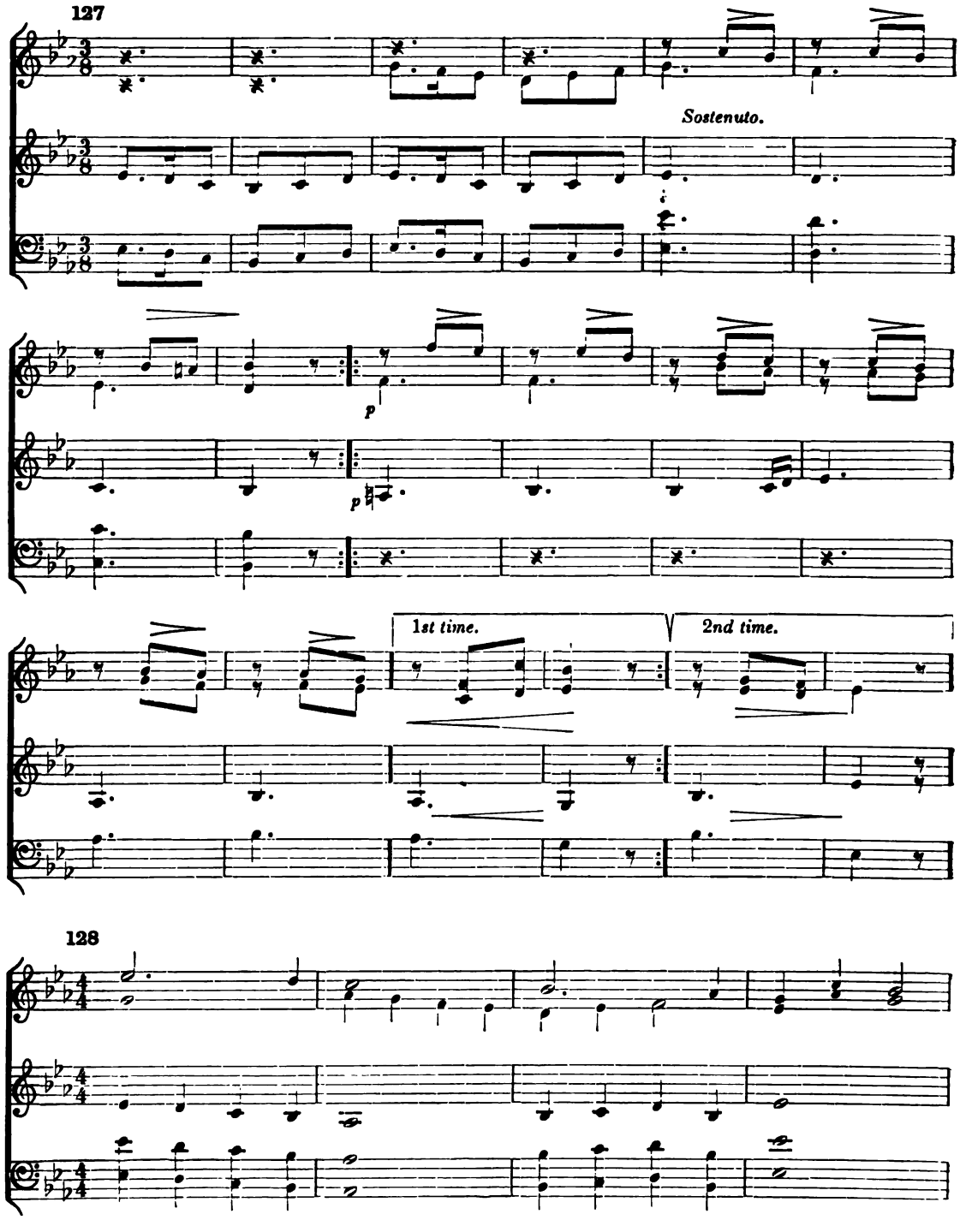
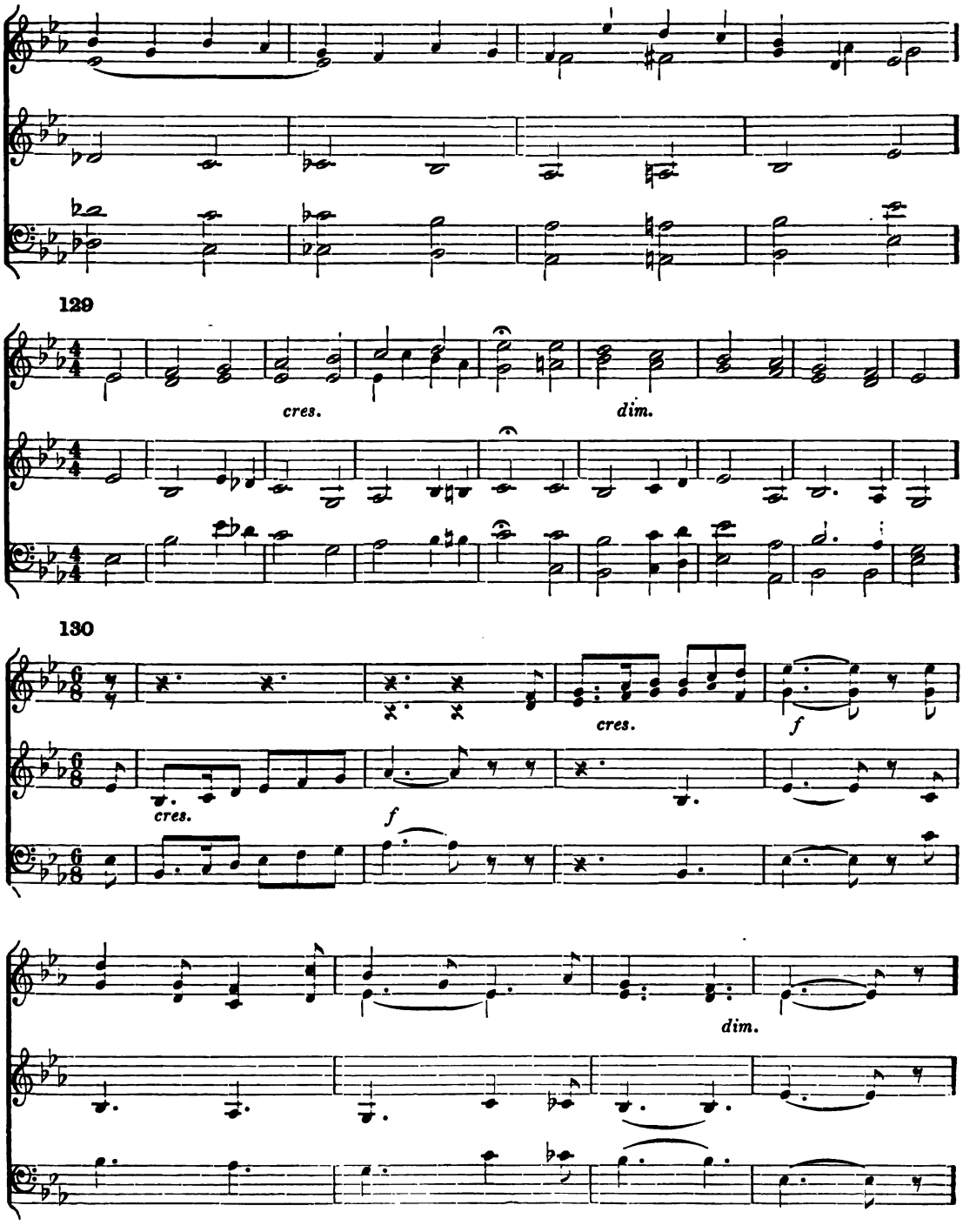
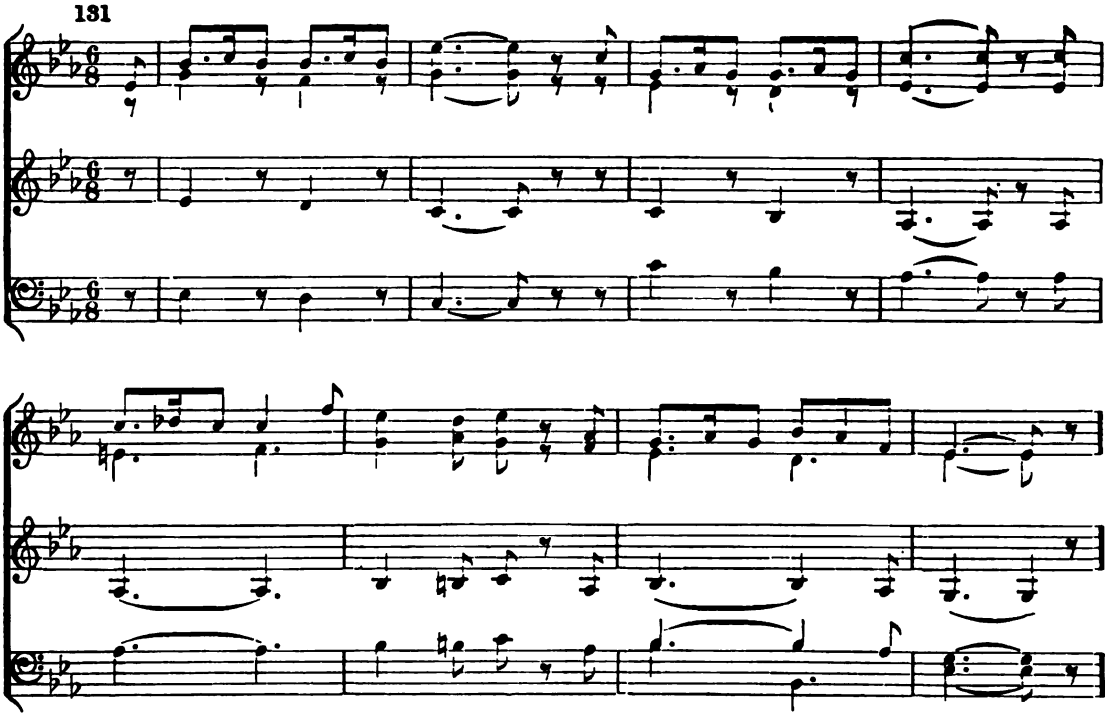
126

127
Sostenuto.
p
p
1st time.
2nd time.
128

129
cres.
dim.
130
cres.
f
cres.
f
dim.

131

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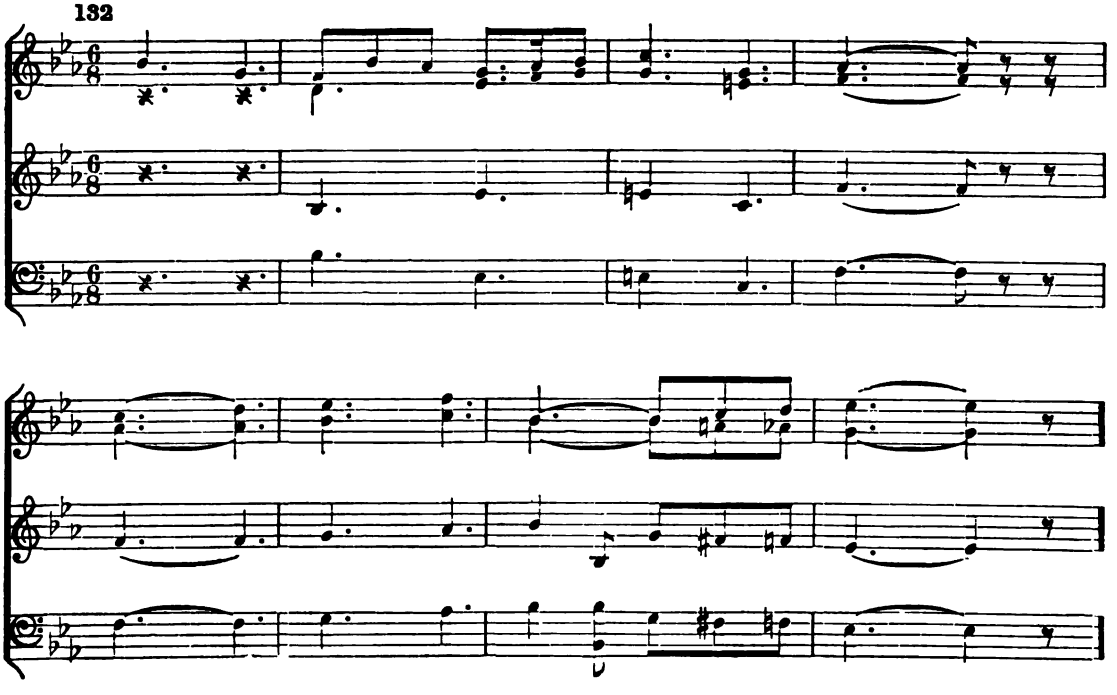
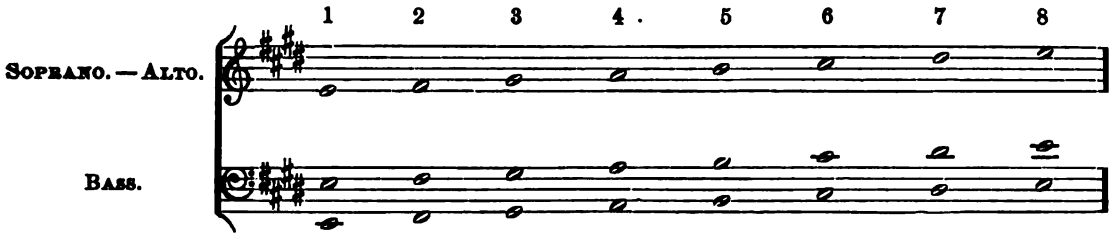
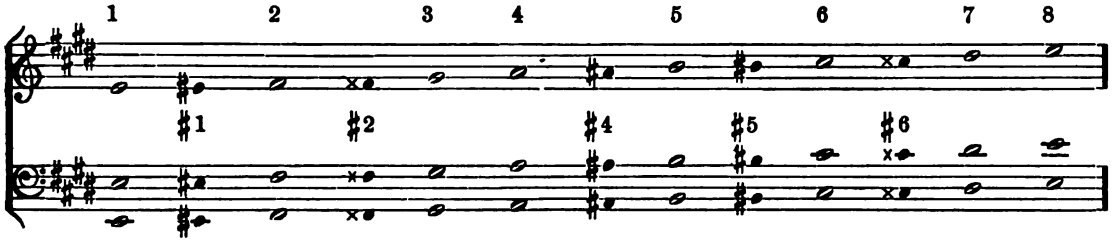
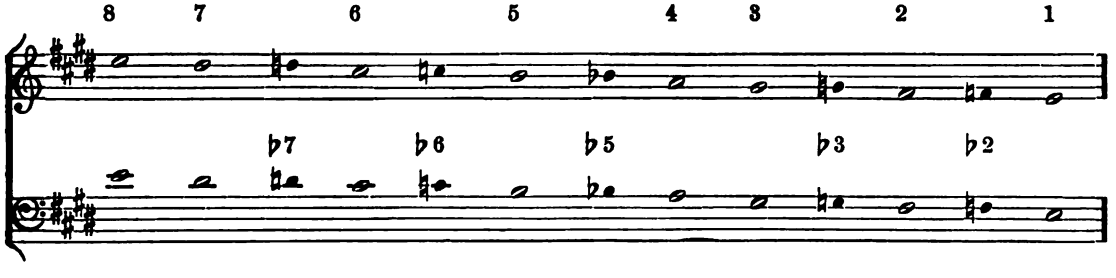
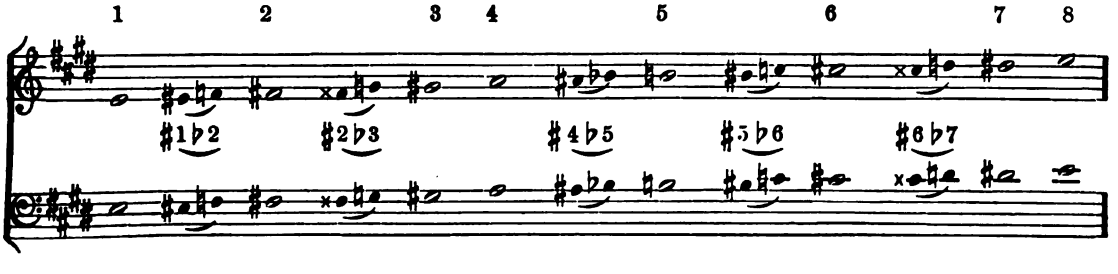
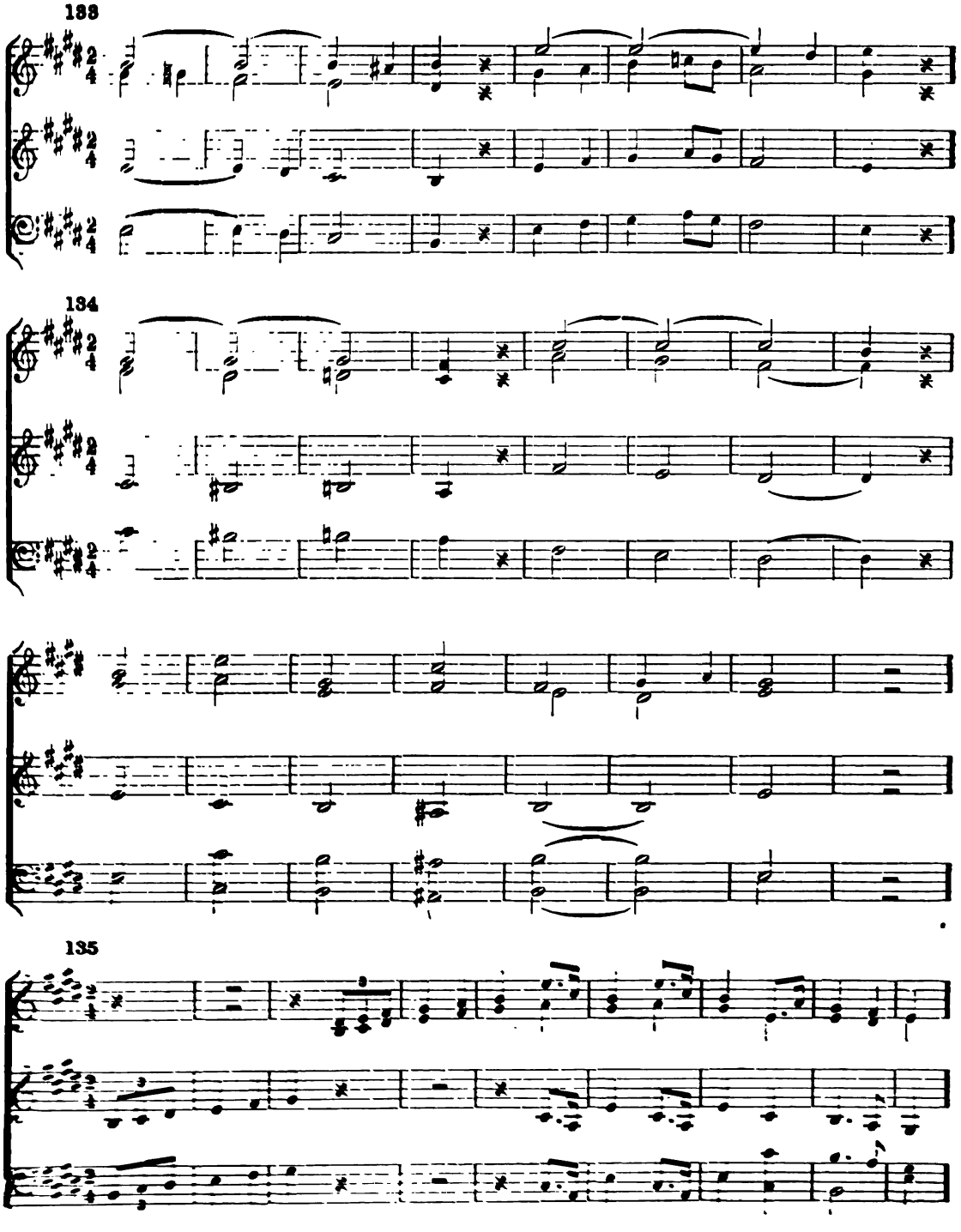

Key of E.

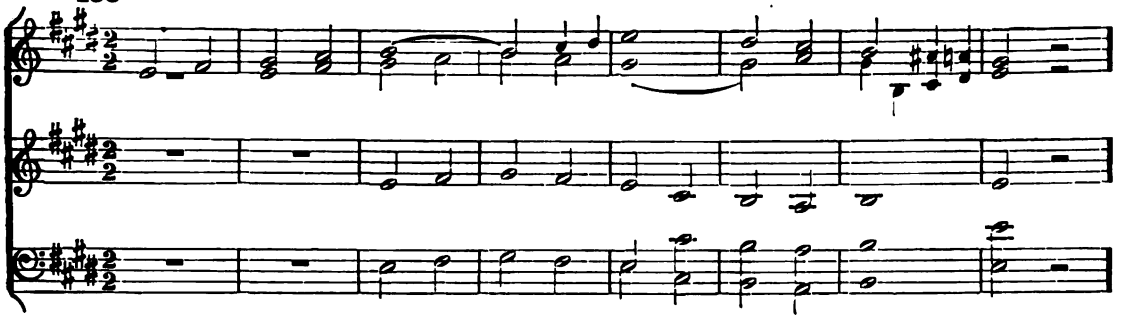
The Diatonic Scale.

The Chromatic Scale.

The large notes are those of the Diatonic (Major) Scale.
The small notes are the Chromatic deviations.

Ascending.

Descending.

The Enharmonic Scale.



133
134
135

136

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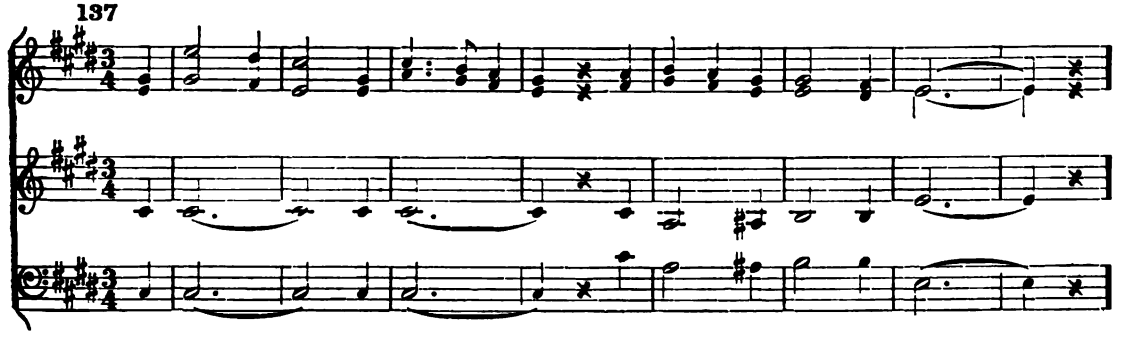
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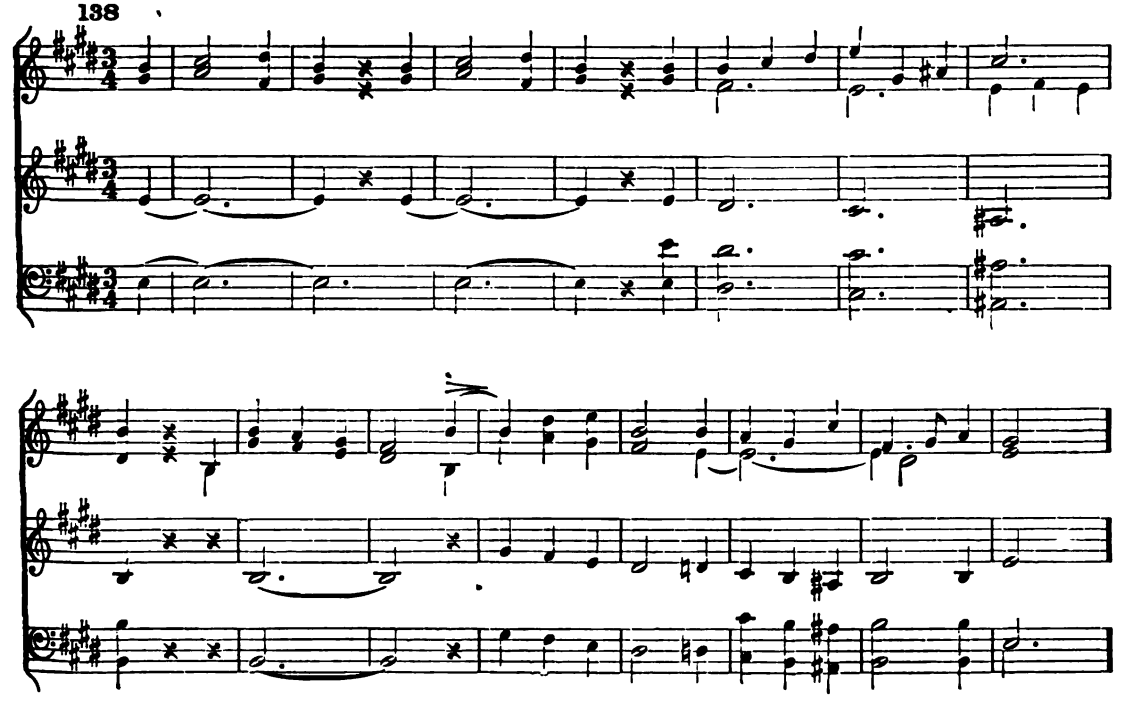
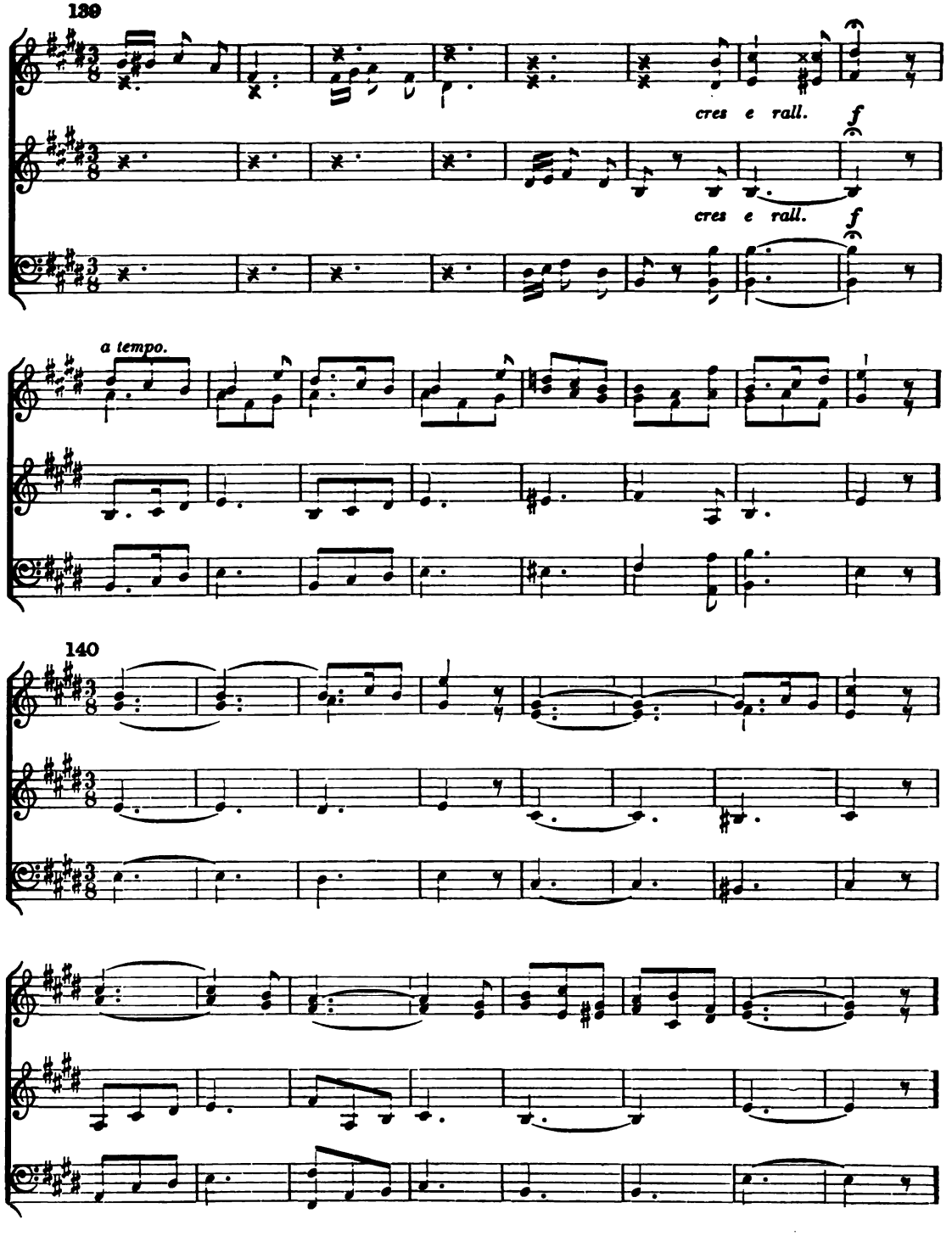
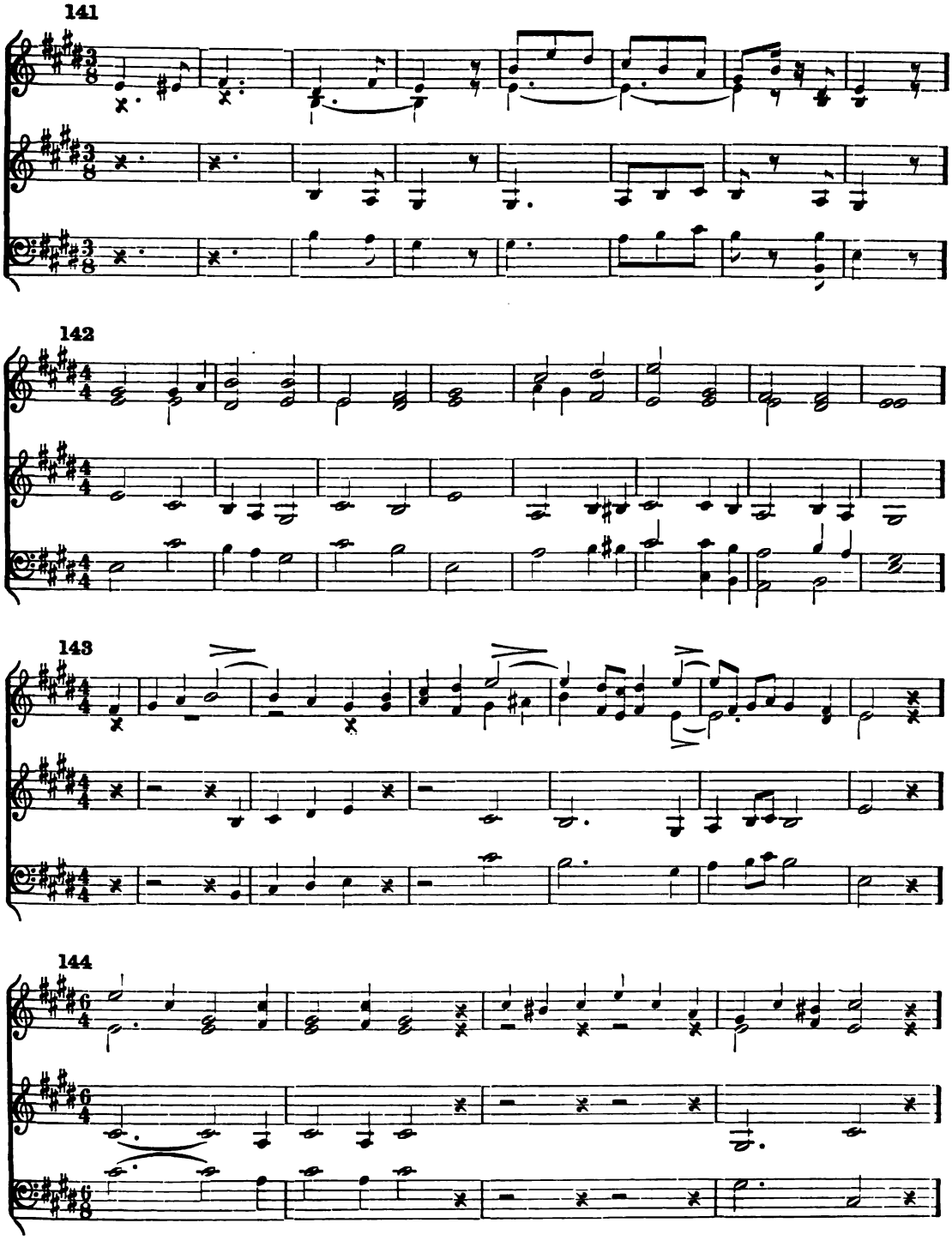

139
cres e rall.
f
cres e rall.
f
a tempo.
140

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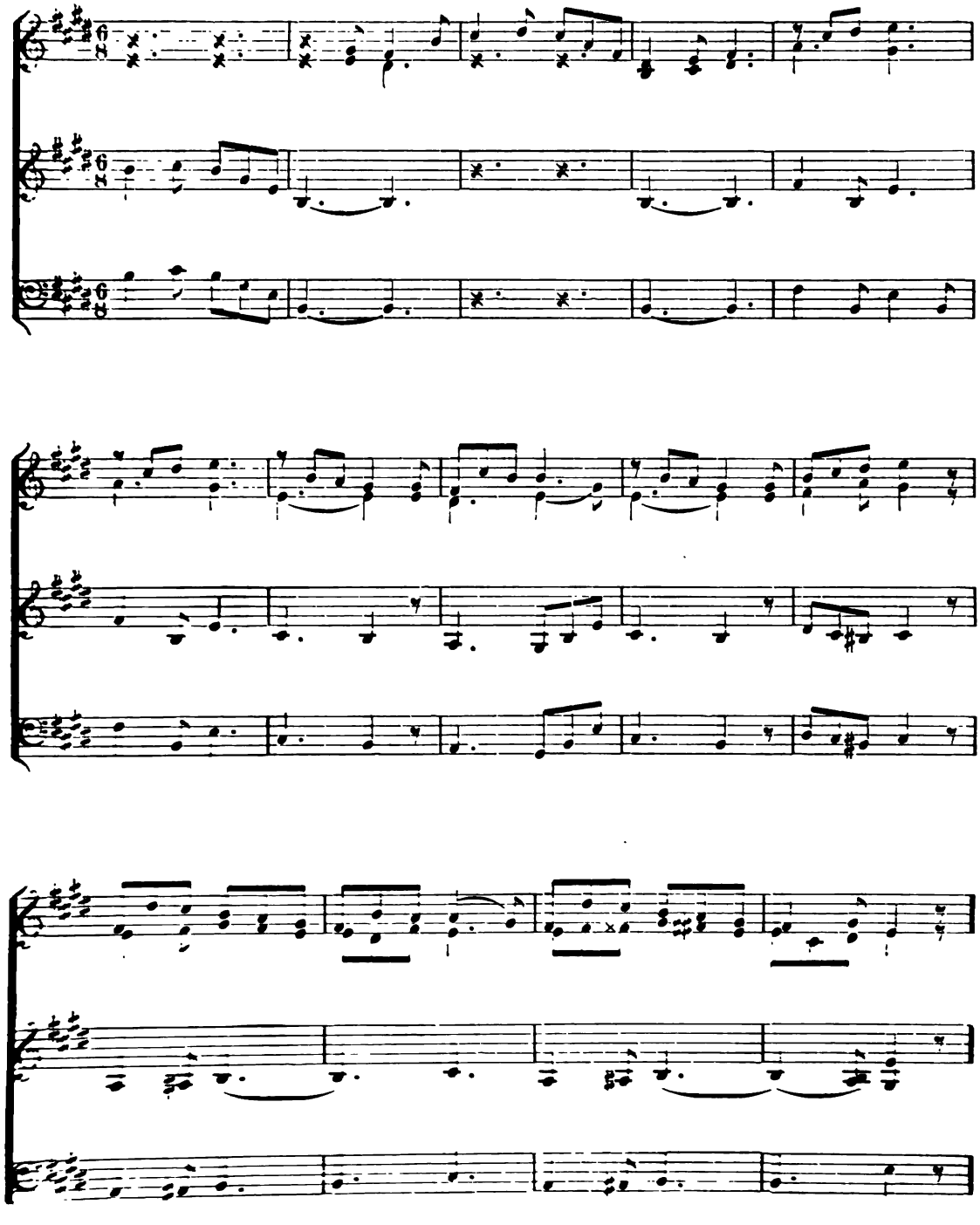
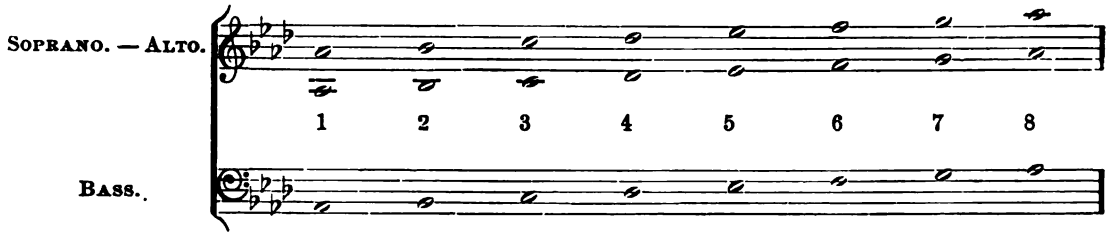
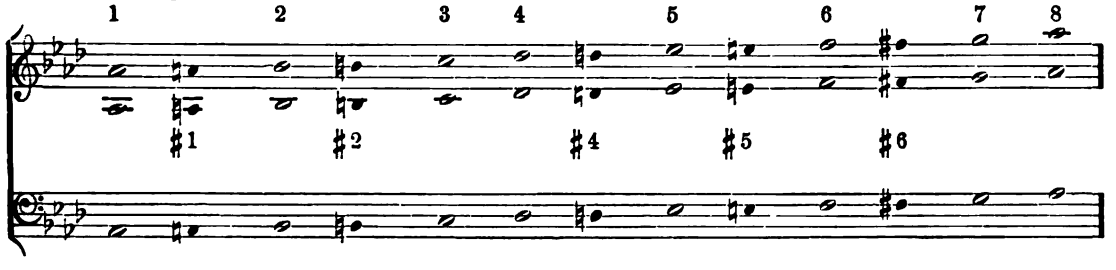
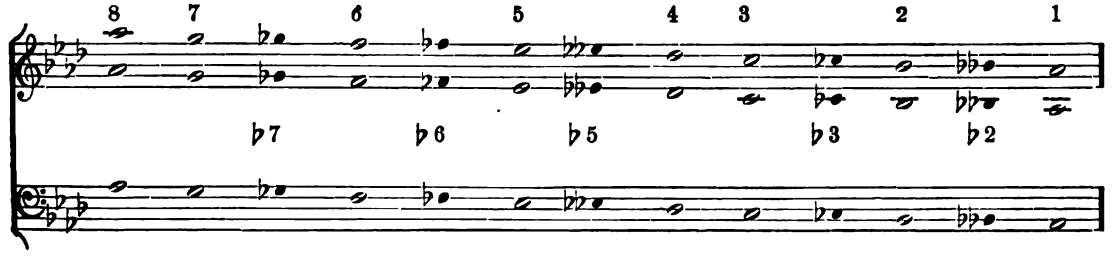
145

KEY OF A♭.

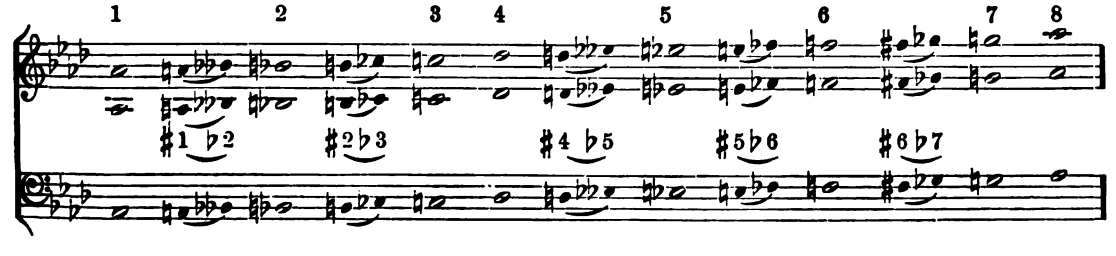
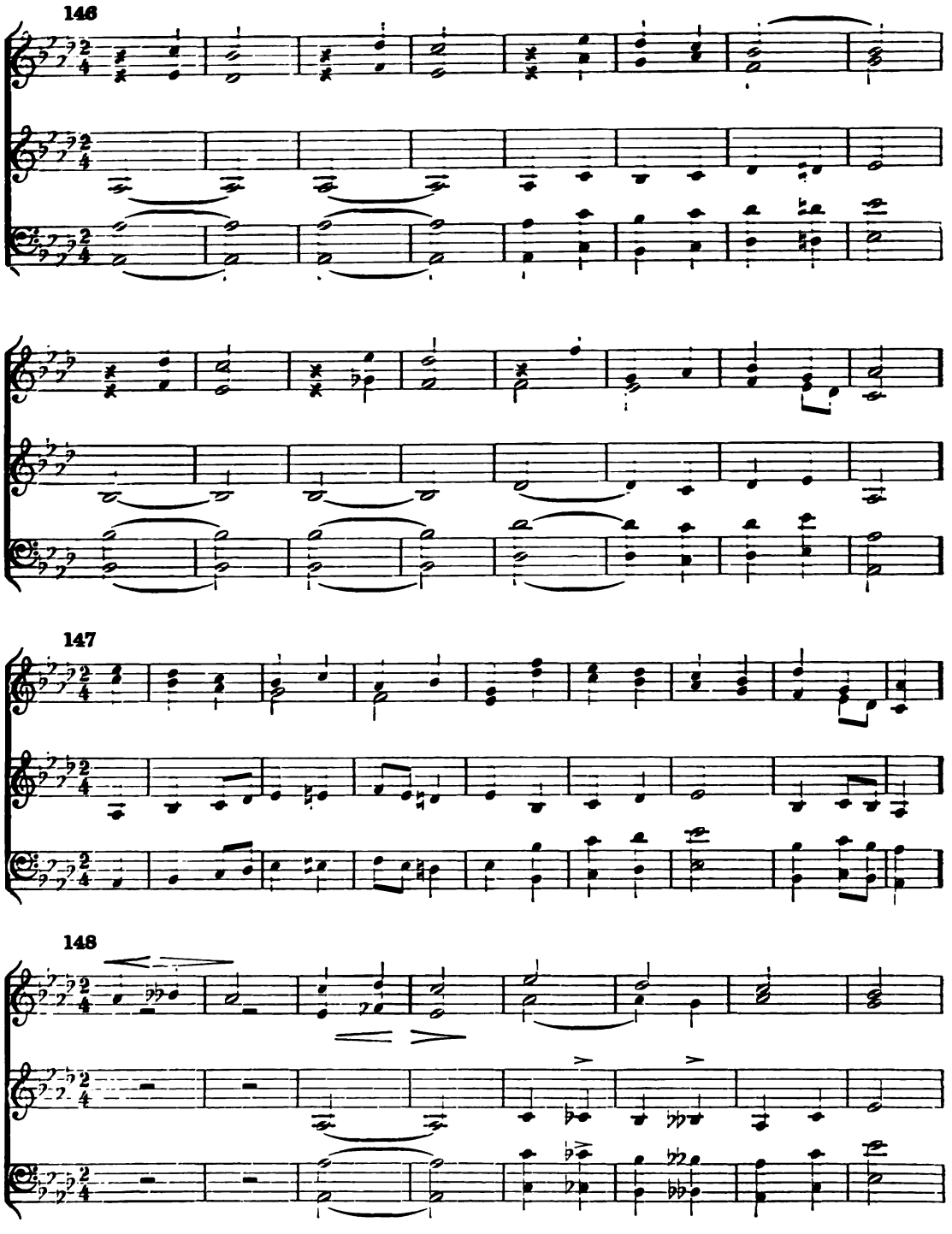
THE DIATONIC SCALE.



THE CHROMATIC SCALE.

The large notes are those of the Diatonic (Major) Scale.
The small notes are the Chromatic deviations.

Ascending.

Descending.

THE ENHARMONIC SCALE.



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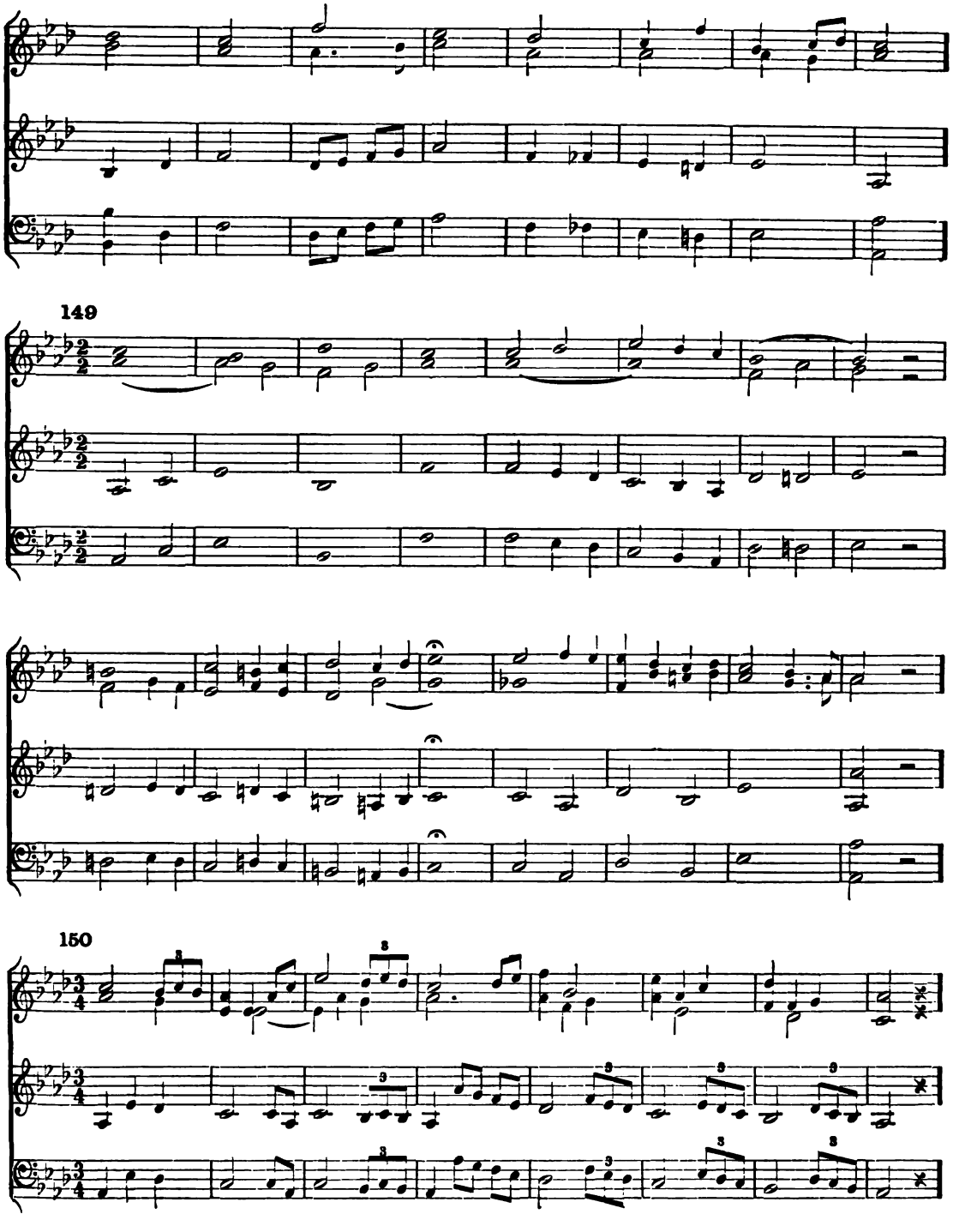
147
148

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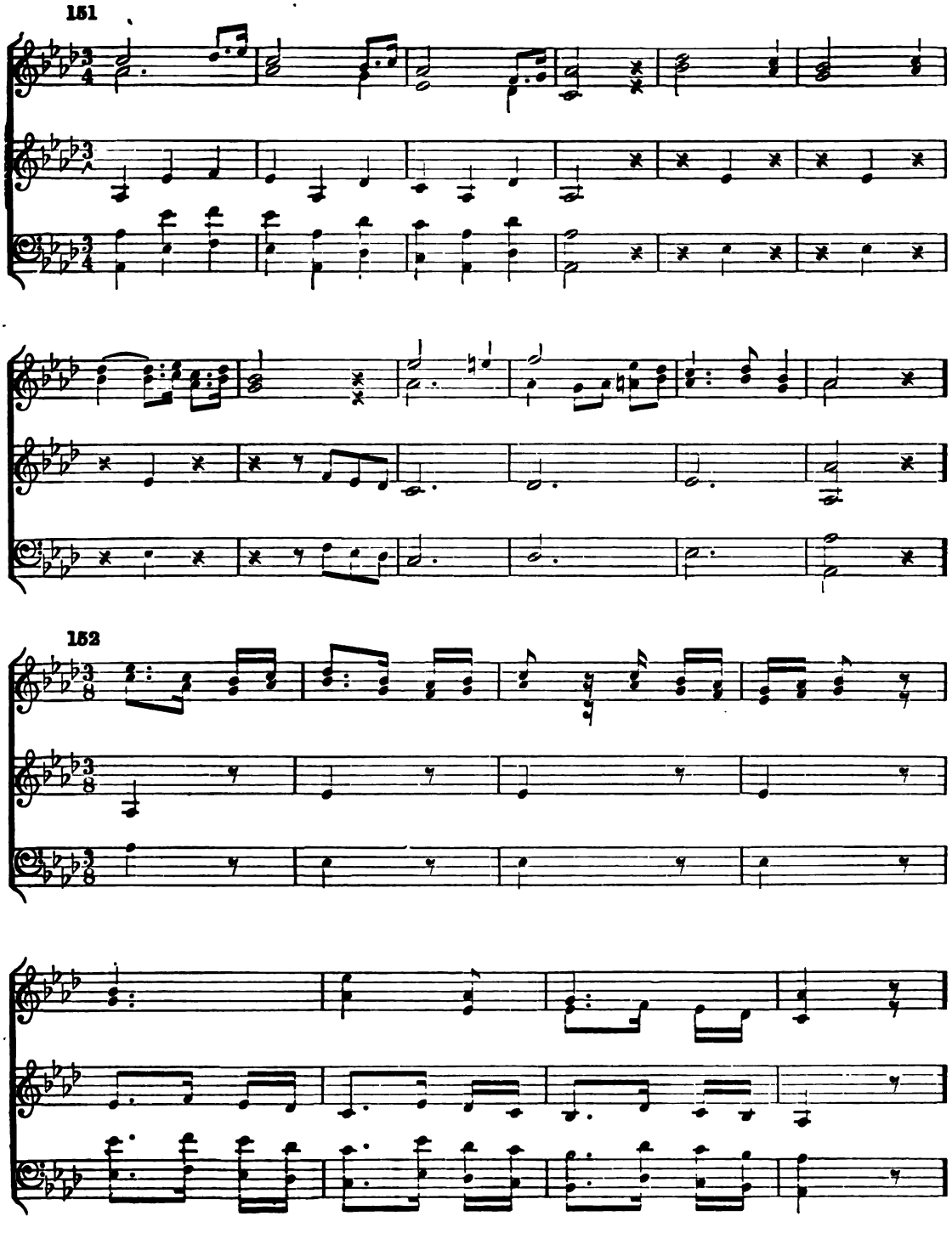
150

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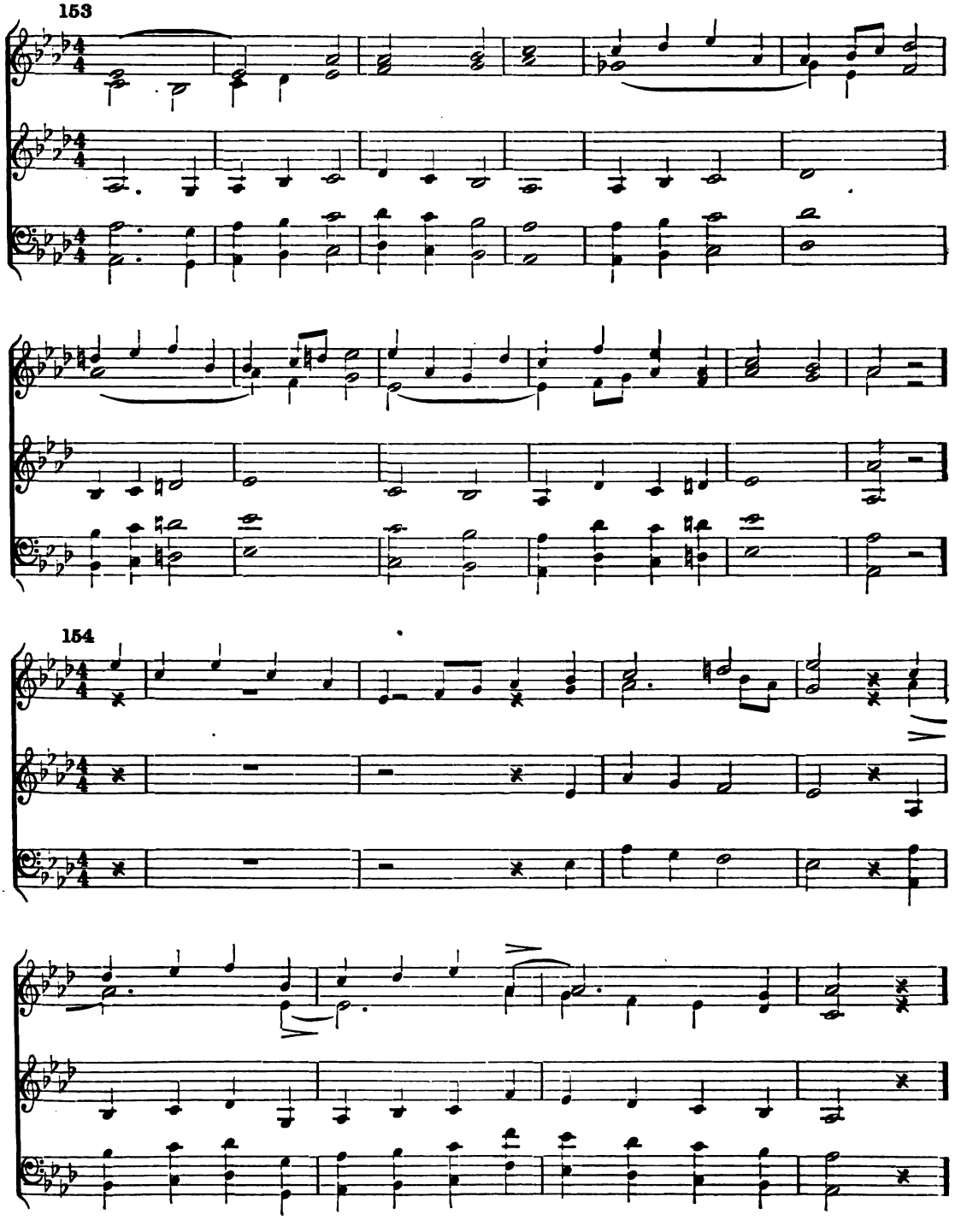
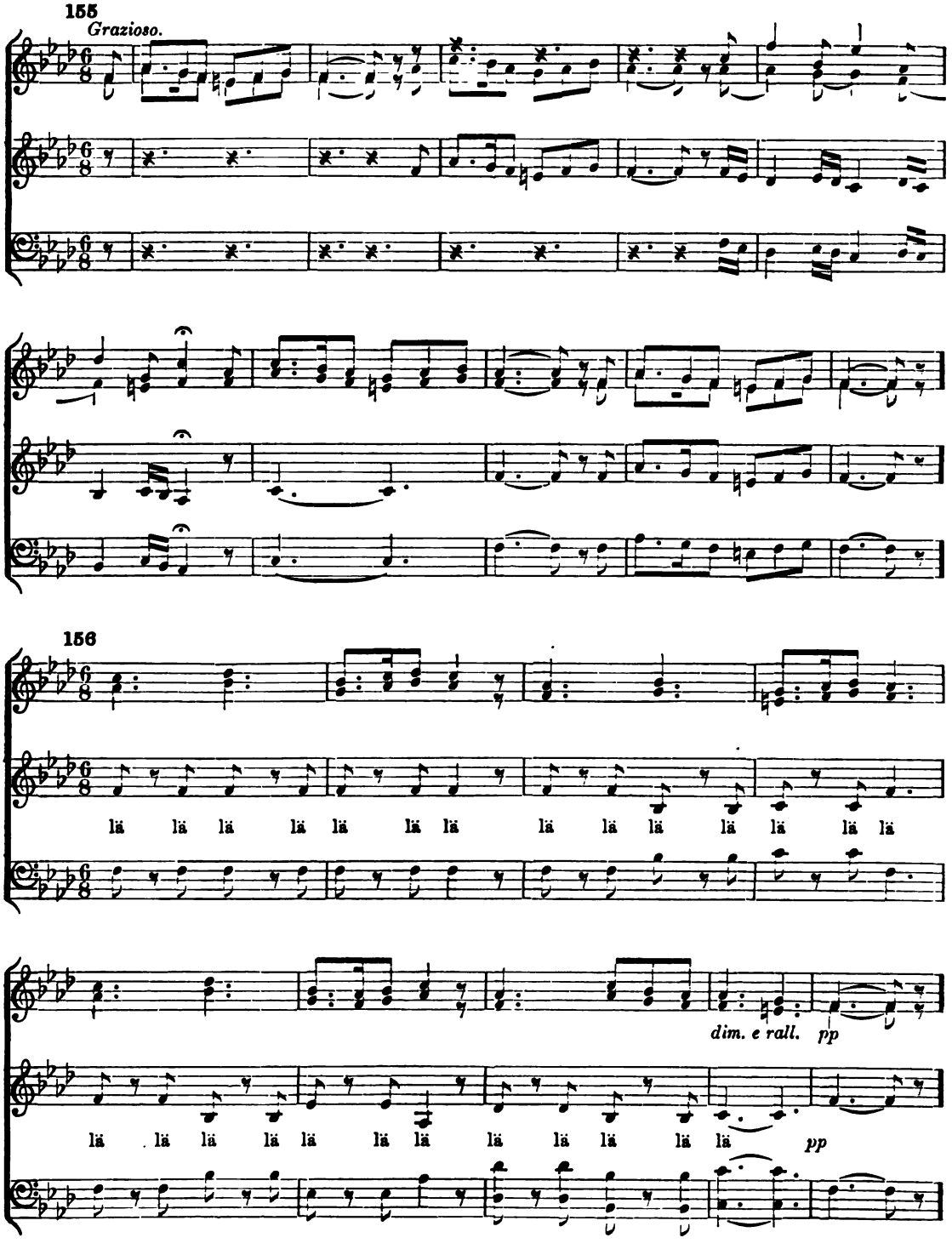
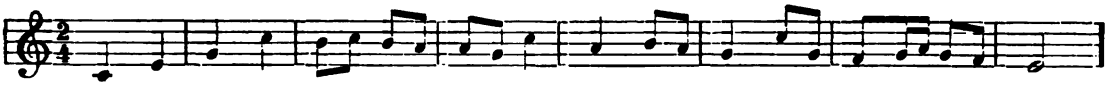

153
154

155
Grazioso.
156
lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä
dim. e rall.
pp
lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä lä
pp

C.

Recapitulation.

157

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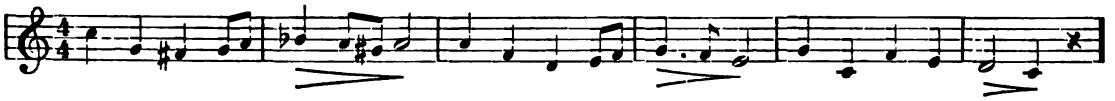
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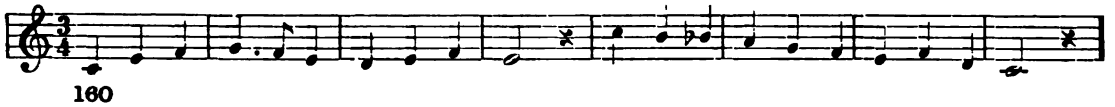
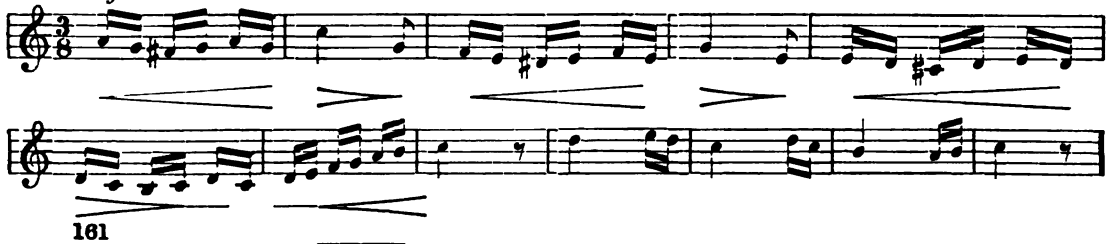

160

Allegretto.

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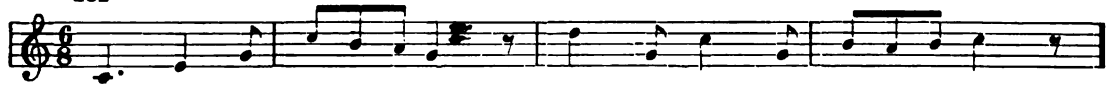
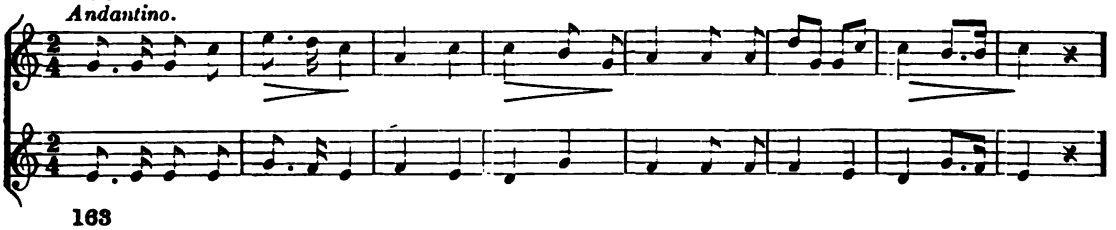
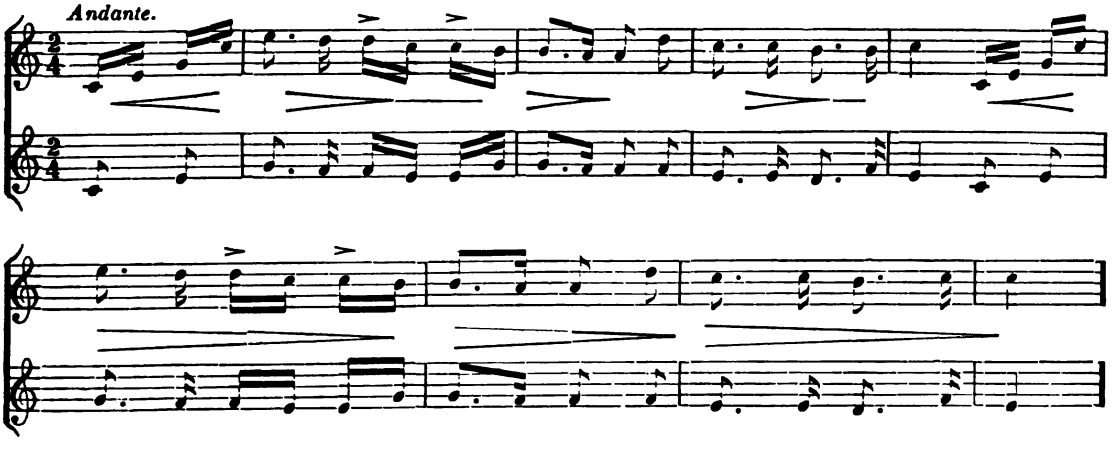
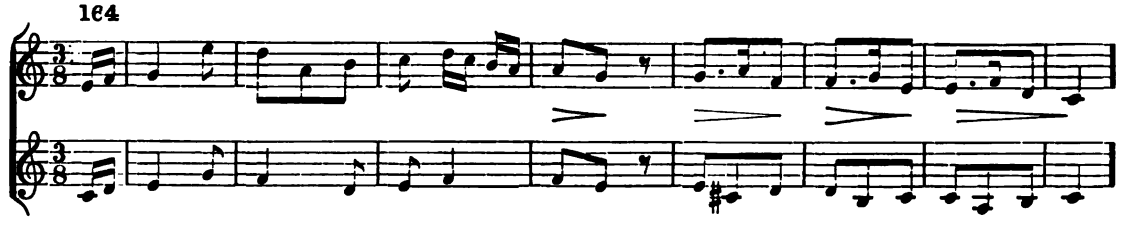

162

Andantino.

163

Andante.

C.

164

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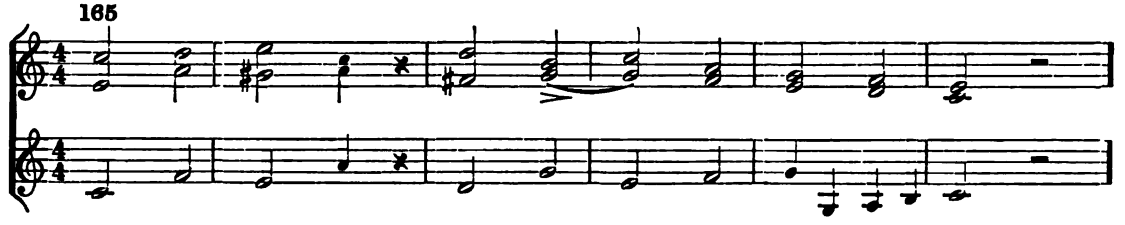
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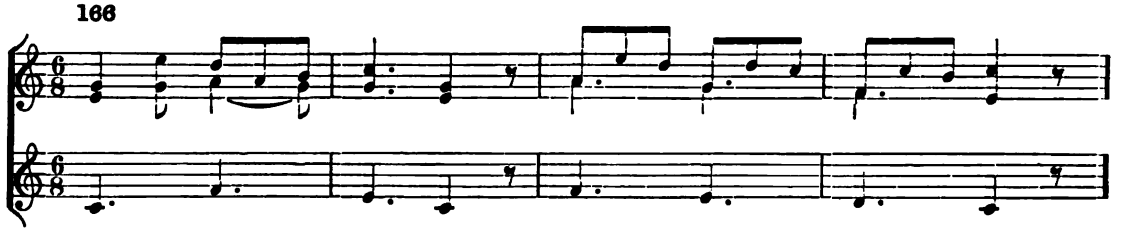
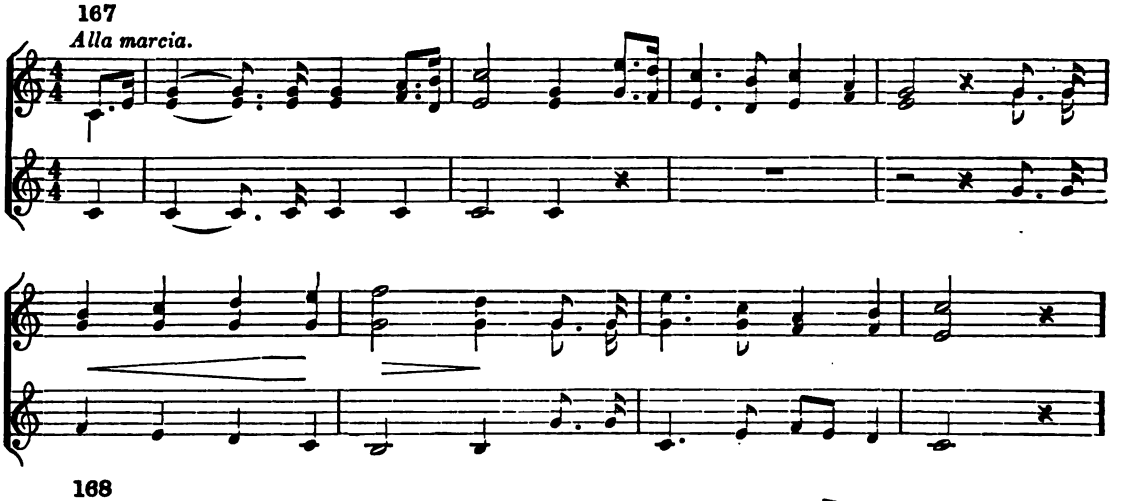

167

Alla marcia.

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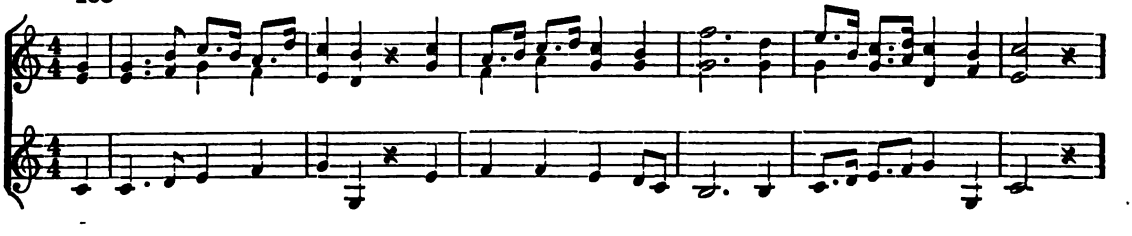
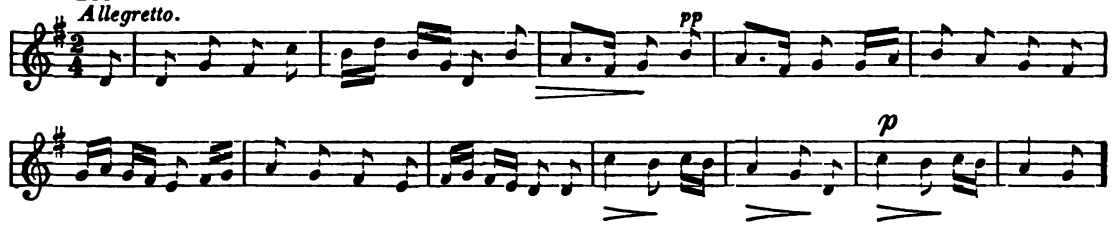

G.

169

Allegretto.

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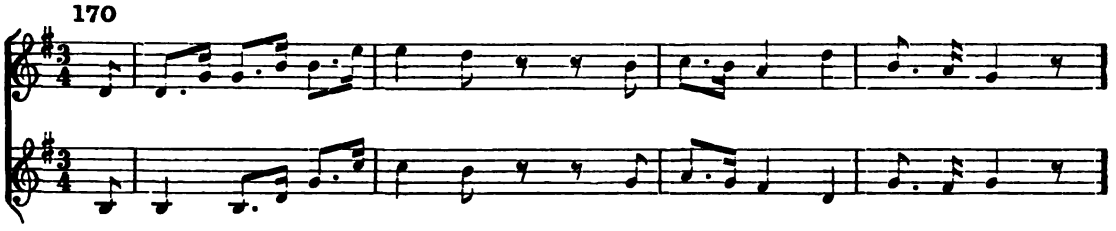
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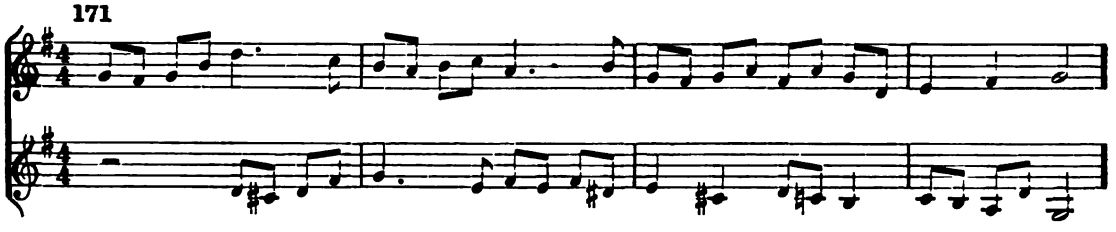
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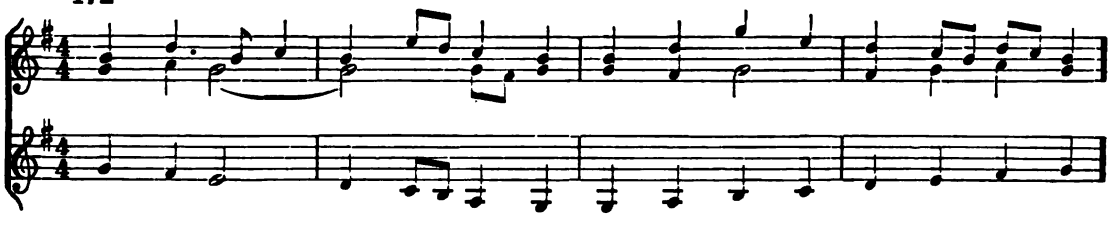
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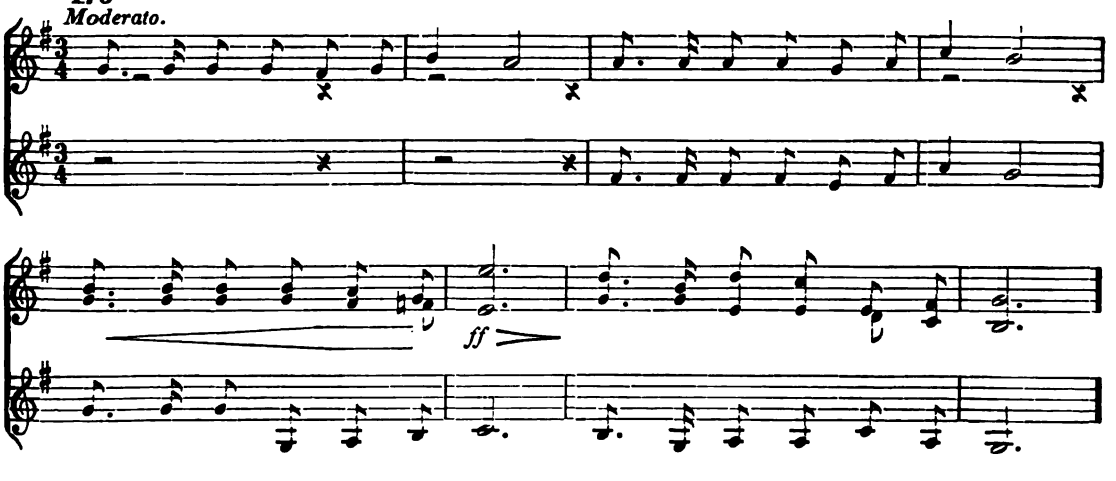
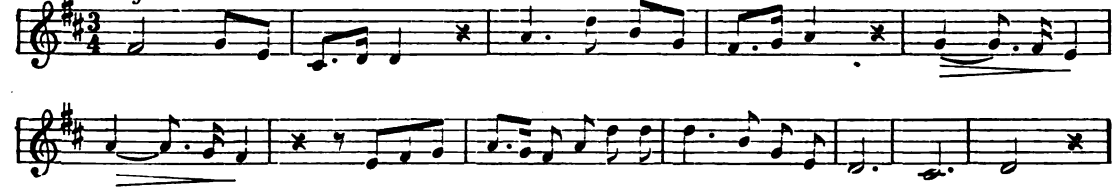
Moderato.

D.

174

Larghetto.

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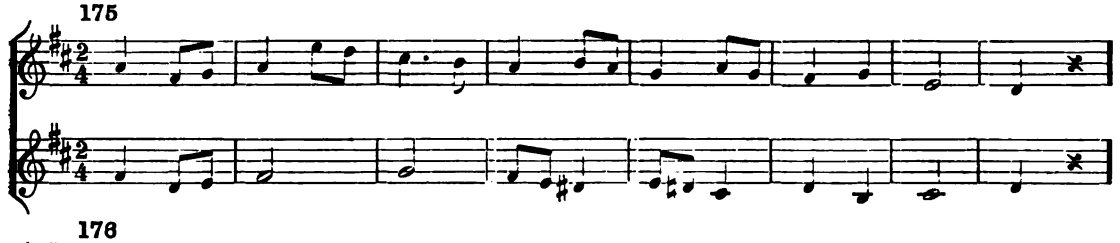
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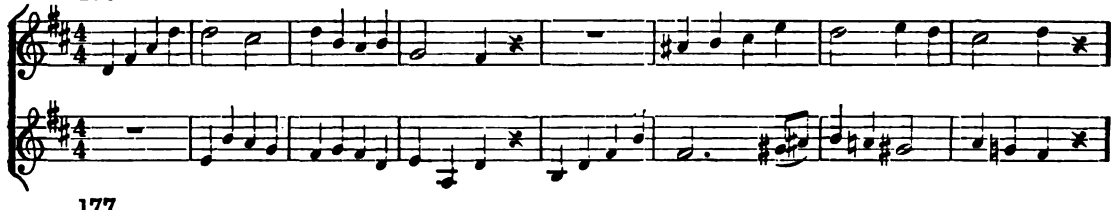
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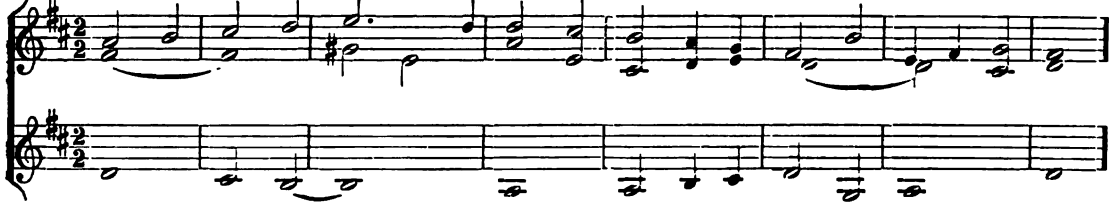
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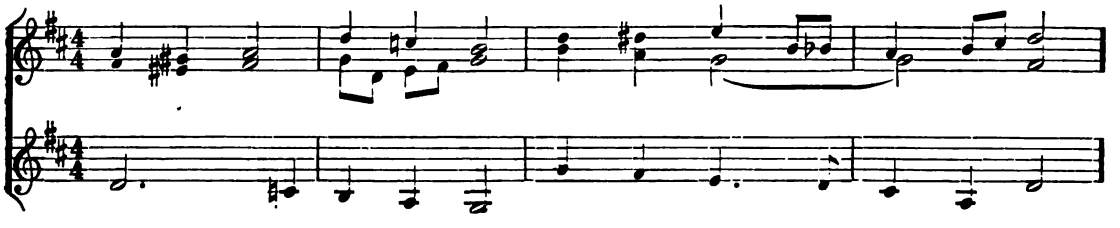
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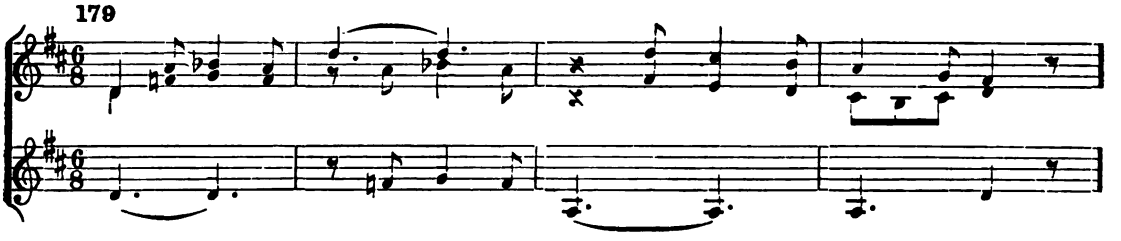
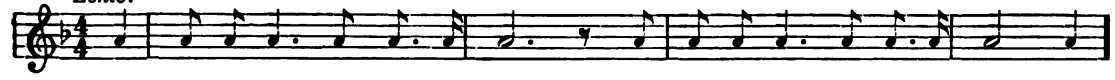


F.

180

Lento.

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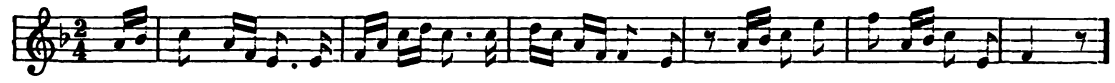
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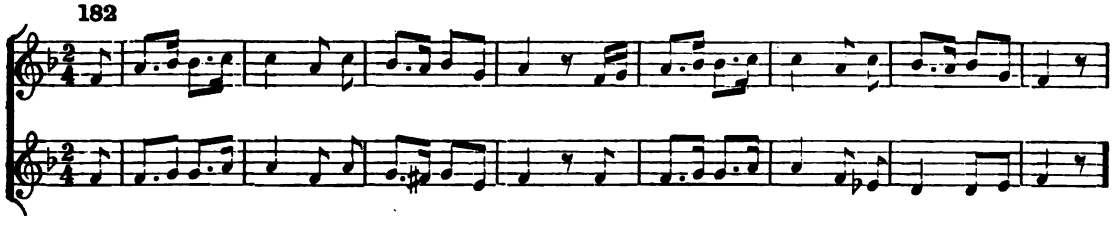
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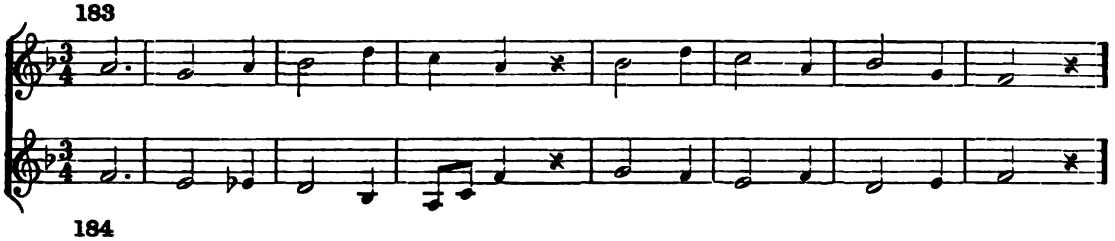
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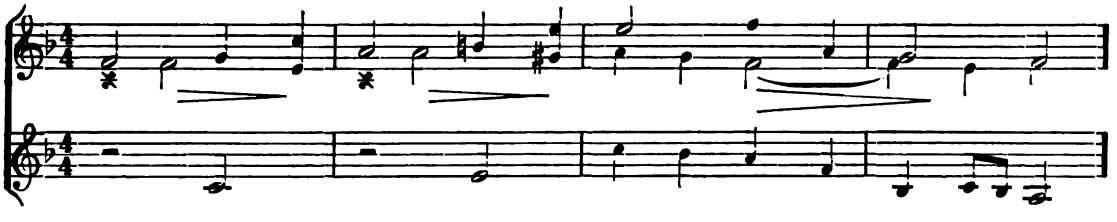
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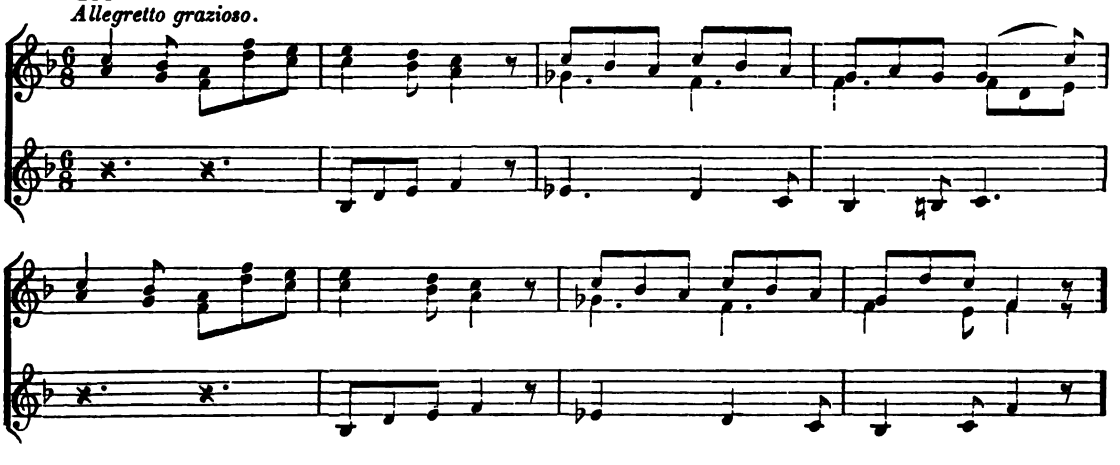
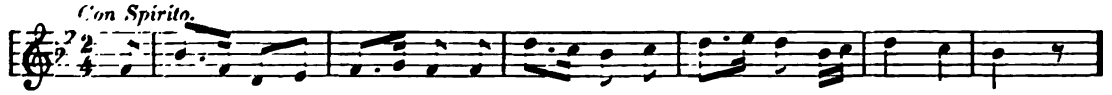
Allegretto grazioso.

B 7.

186

Con Spirito.

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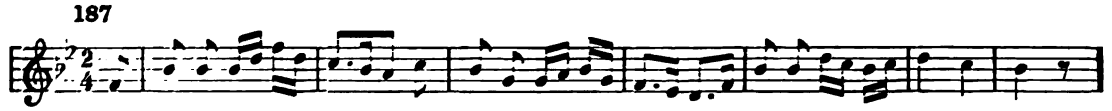
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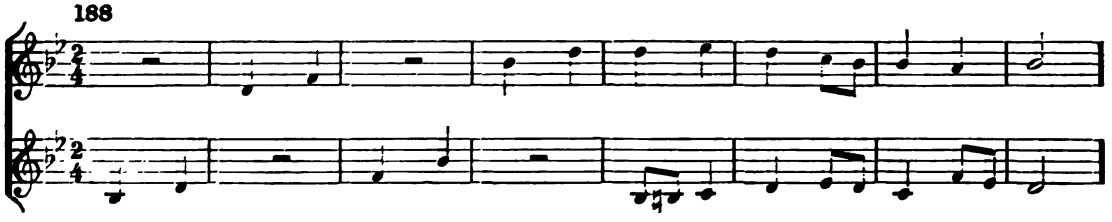
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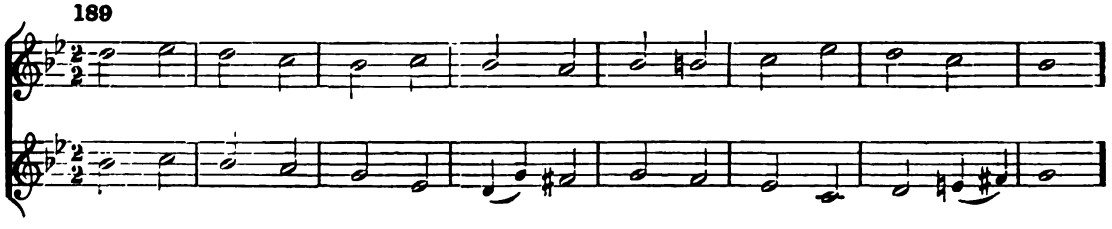
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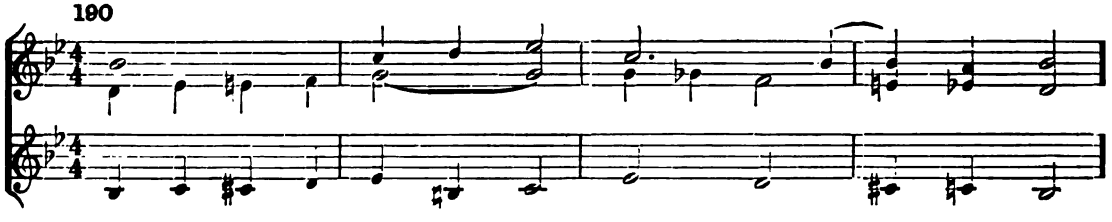
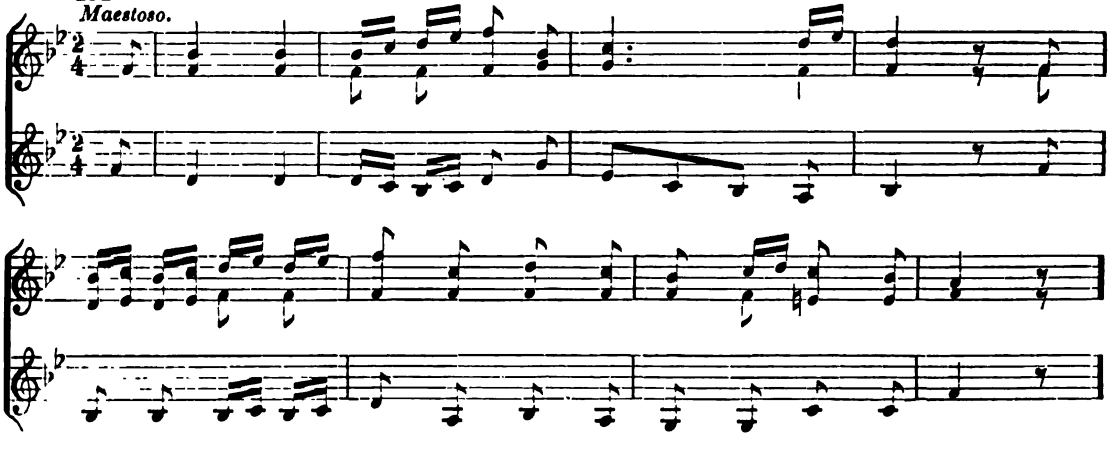

191

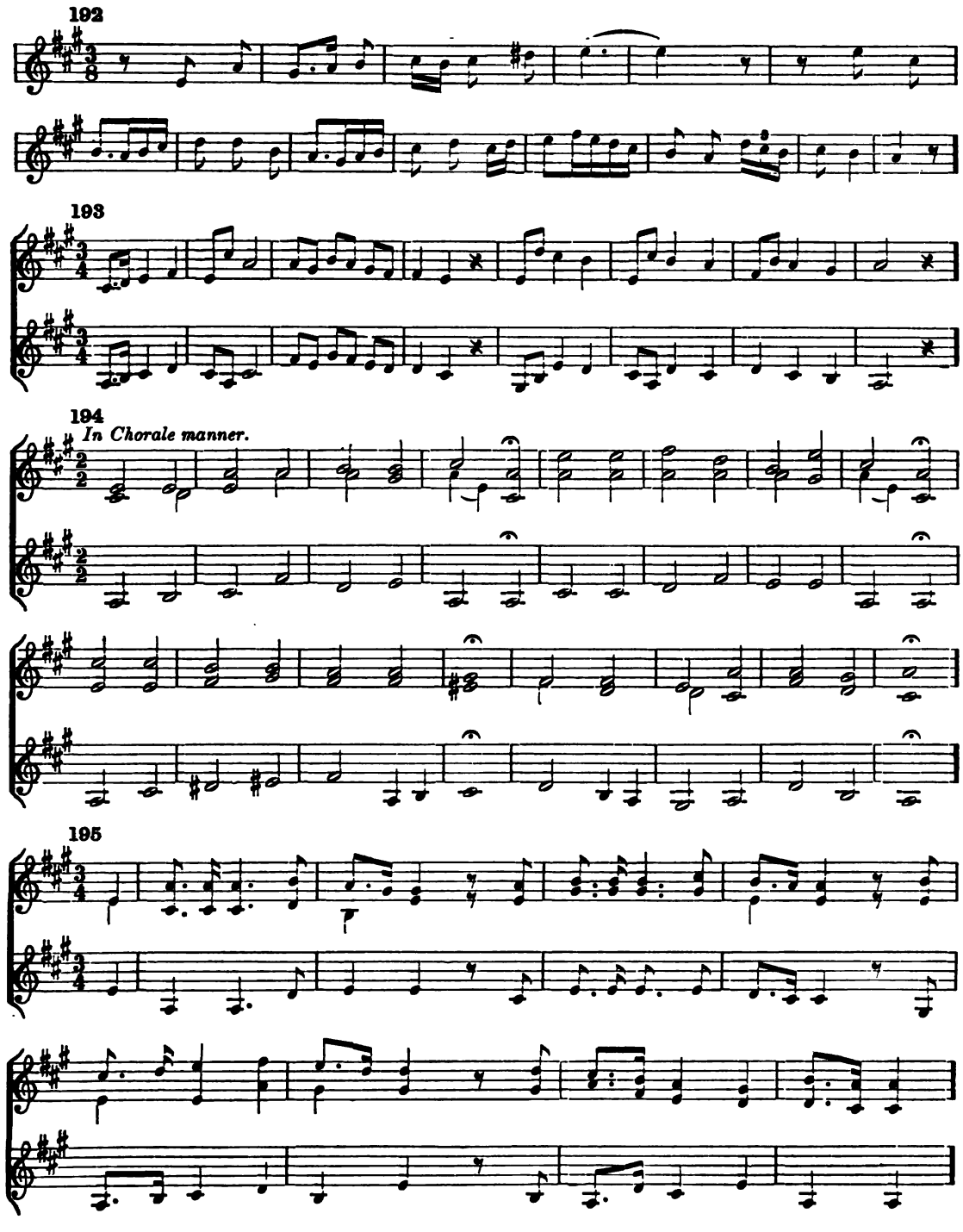
Maestoso.

A.

192

193

194

In Chorale manner.

195

E♭.

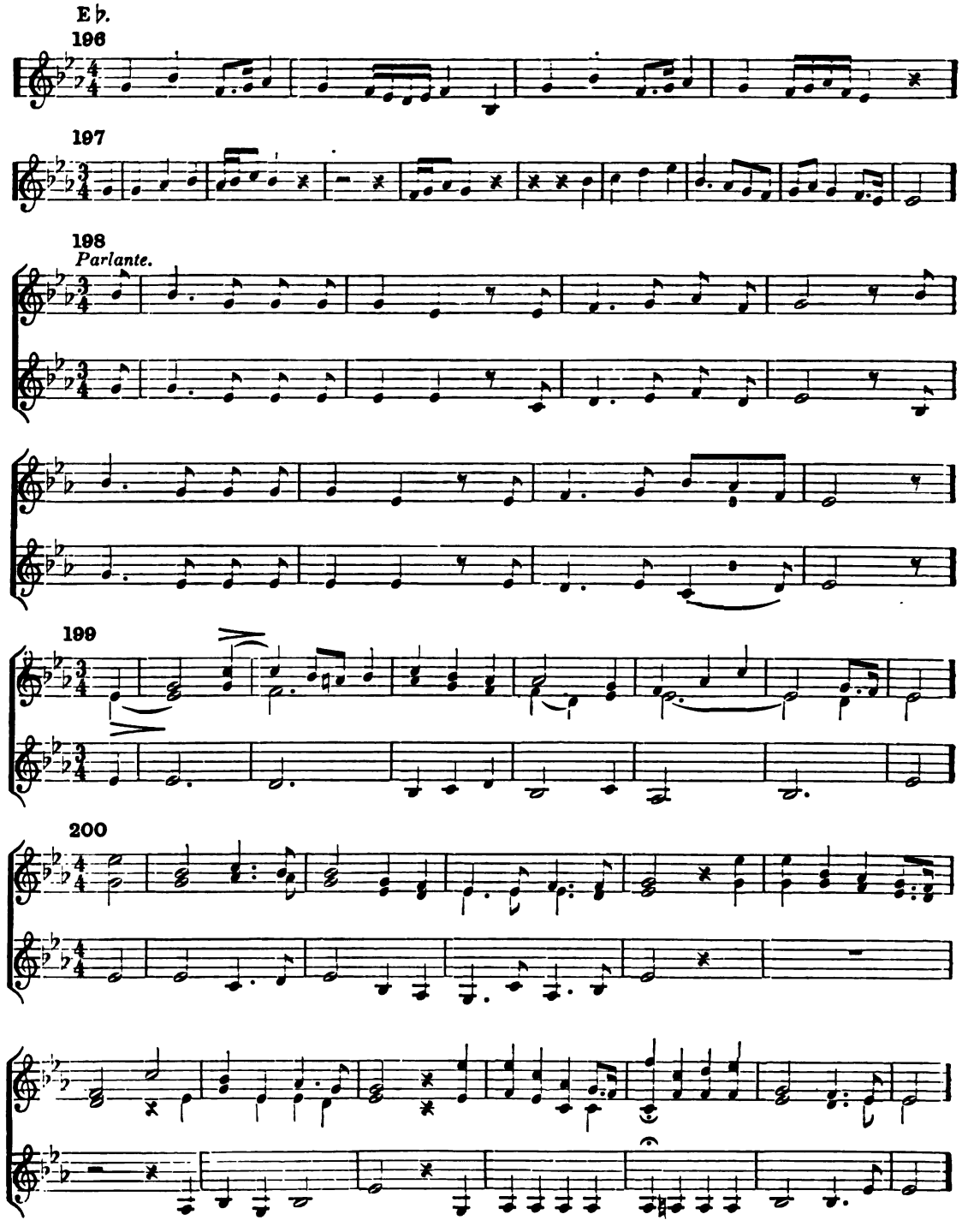
196

197

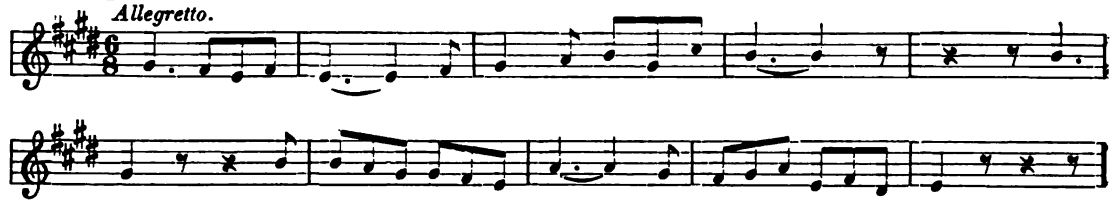
198

Parlante.

199

200

E.

201

Allegretto.

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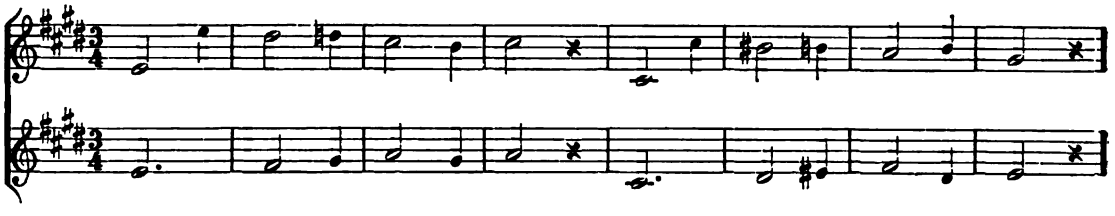
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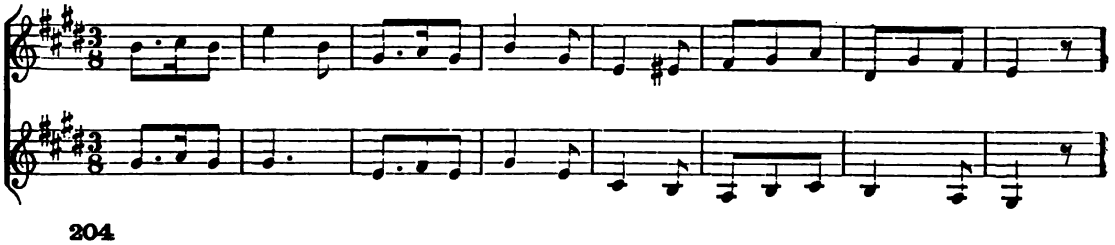
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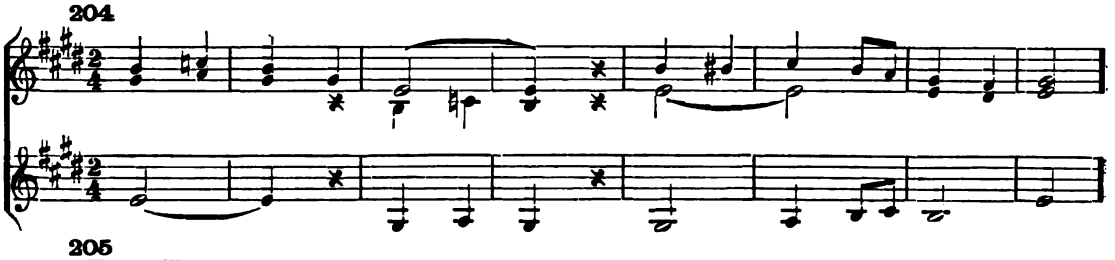
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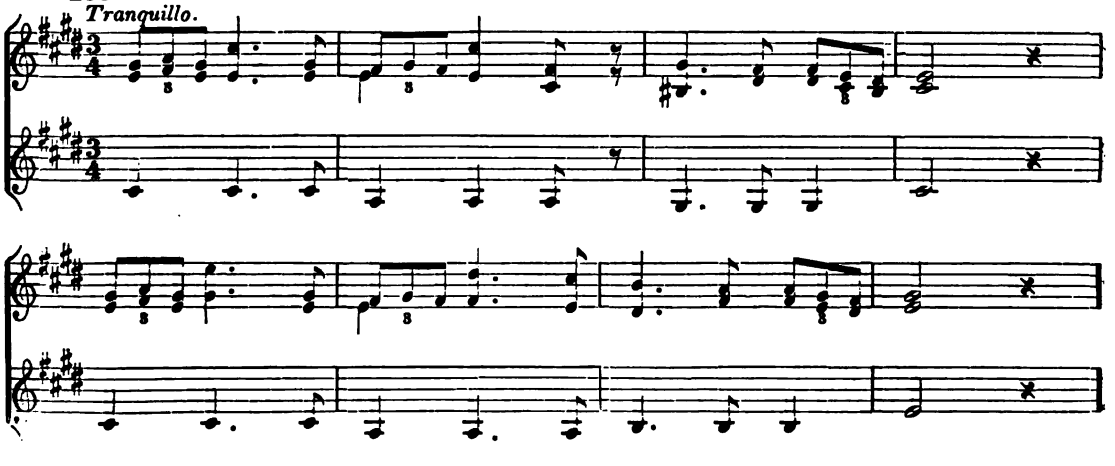
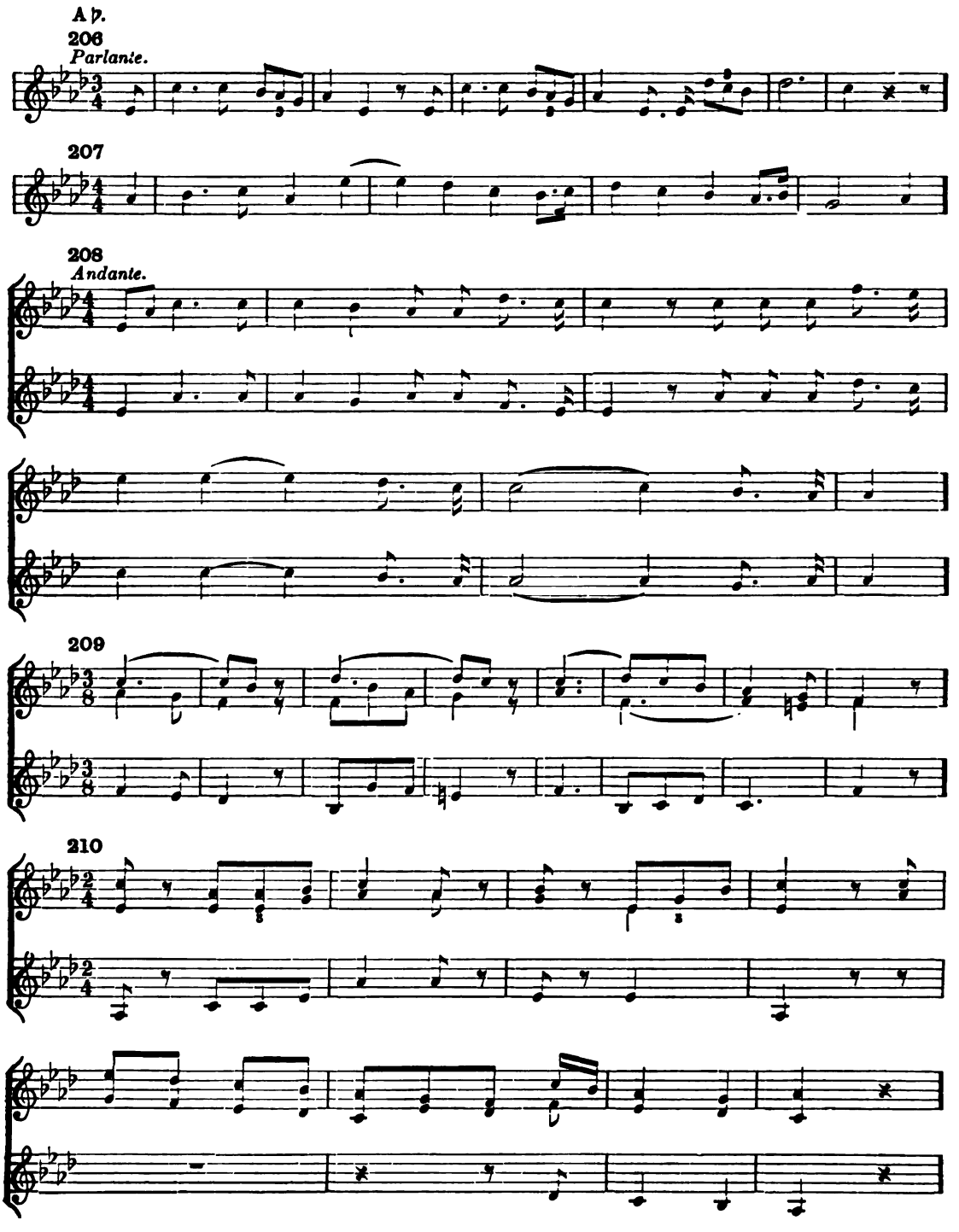
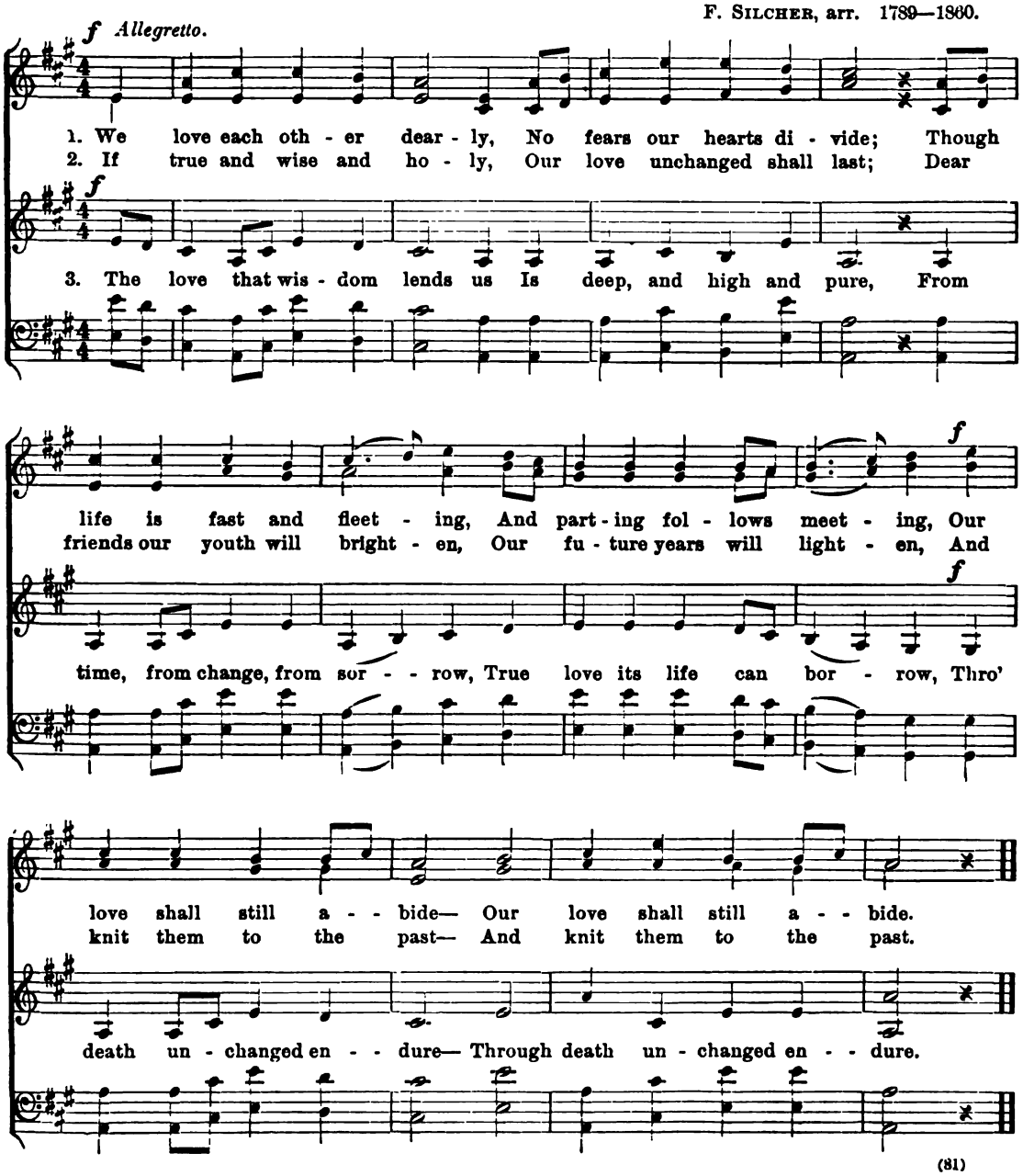
Tranquillo.

A♭.
206
Parlante.
207
208
Andante.
209
210

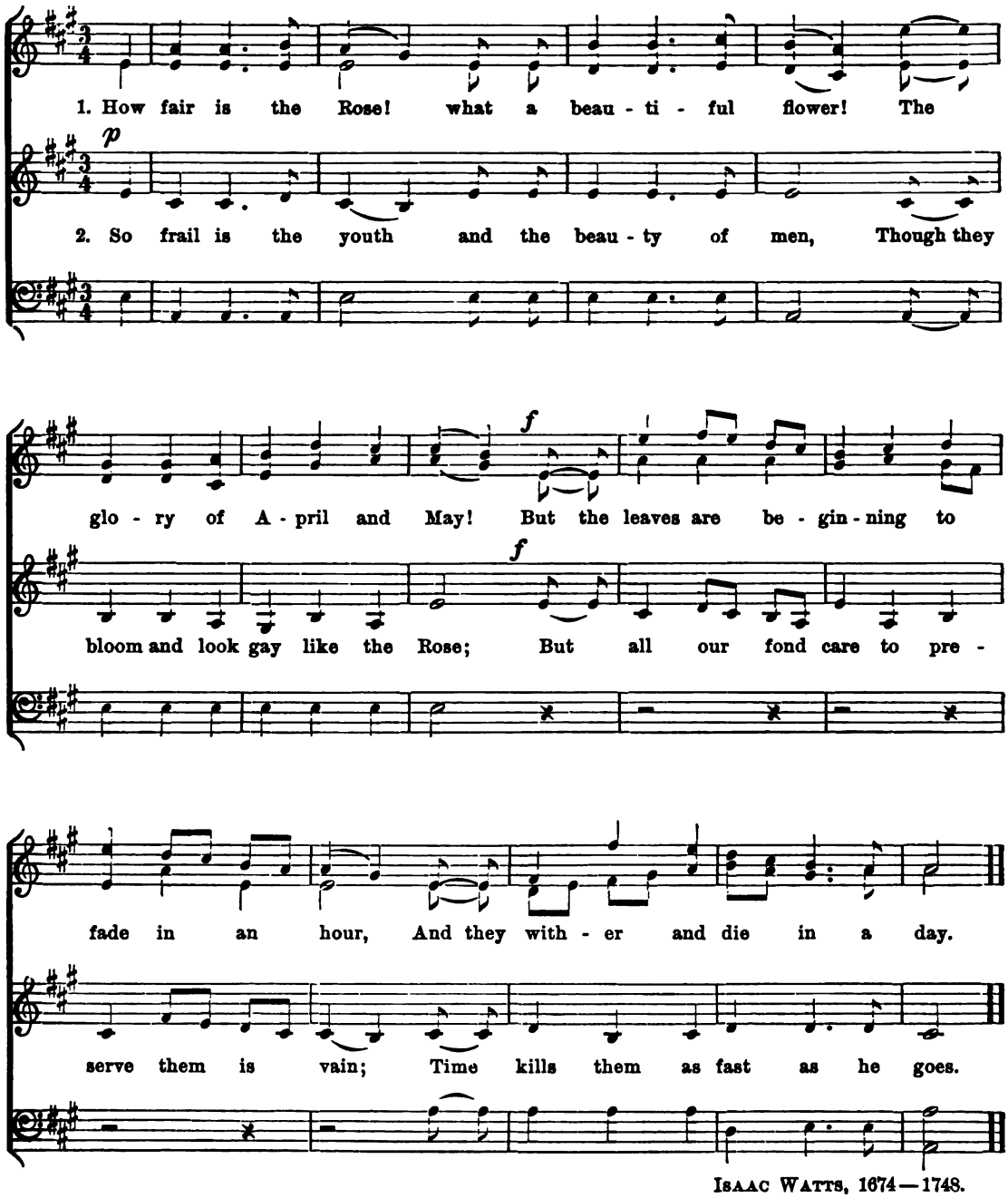
Part-Songs and Choruses.

BOOK III. PART II.

SCHOOL FRIENDS.

F. SILCHER, arr. 1789—1860.

f Allegretto.
1. We love each oth - er dear - ly, No fears our hearts di - vide; Though
2. If true and wise and ho - ly, Our love unchanged shall last; Dear
f
3. The love that wis - dom lends us Is deep, and high and pure, From
life is fast and fleet - ing, And part - ing fol - lows meet - ing, Our
friends our youth will bright - en, Our fu - ture years will light - en, And
f
time, from change, from sor - - row, True love its life can bor - row, Thro'
f
love shall still a - - bide— Our love shall still a - - bide.
knit them to the past— And knit them to the past.
death un - changed en - - dure— Through death un - changed en - - dure.

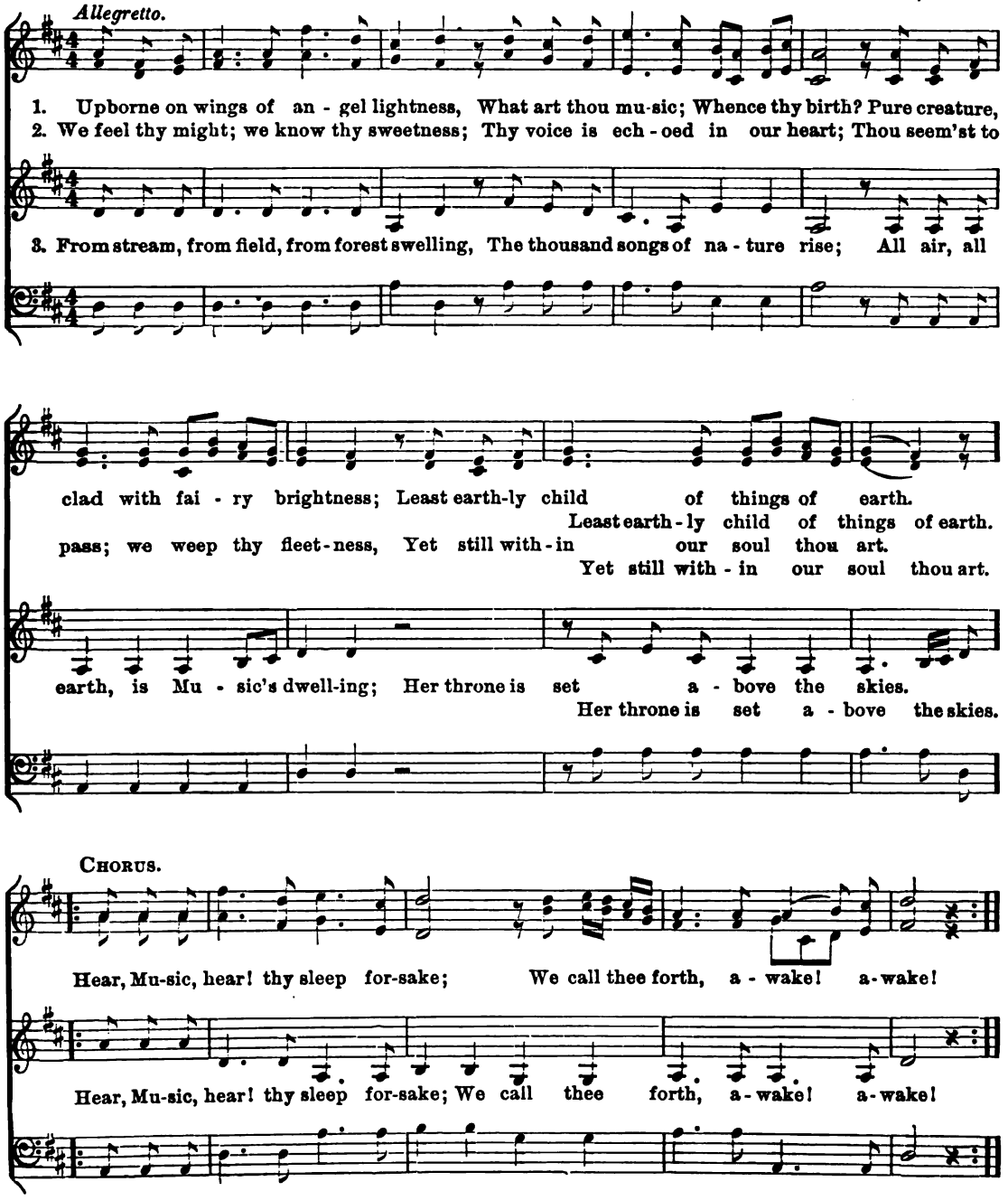
THE ROSE.

J. TILLEARD.

1. How fair is the Rose! what a beau - ti - ful flower! The
p
2. So frail is the youth and the beau - ty of men, Though they
glo - ry of A - pril and May! But the leaves are be - gin - ning to
f
bloom and look gay like the Rose; But all our fond care to pre -
f
fade in an hour, And they with - er and die in a day.
serve them is vain; Time kills them as fast as he goes.

ISAAC WATTS, 1674—1748.

UPBORNE ON WINGS.

TRIO OR SEMI-CHORUS. GERMAN SONG, arr.

Allegretto.

1. Upborne on wings of an - gel lightness, What art thou mu-sic; Whence thy birth? Pure creature,
2. We feel thy might; we know thy sweetness; Thy voice is ech - oed in our heart; Thou seem'st to
3. From stream, from field, from forest swelling, The thousand songs of na - ture rise; All air, all
clad with fai - ry brightness; Least earth-ly child of things of earth.
Least earth - ly child of things of earth.
pass; we weep thy fleet - ness, Yet still with - in our soul thou art.
Yet still with - in our soul thou art.
earth, is Mu - sic's dwell-ing; Her throne is set a - bove the skies.
Her throne is set a - bove the skies.

CHORUS.

Hear, Mu-sic, hear! thy sleep for-sake; We call thee forth, a - wake! a-wake!
Hear, Mu-sic, hear! thy sleep for-sake; We call thee forth, a-wake! a-wake!

ALL HEARTS REJOICE.

Alla marcia

DONIZETTI, arr. 1798—1848.

1. All hearts re - joice, for Spring - time is here, Peace its sweet face dis -

2. Kissed by the sun the brook speeds a - long, Woo - ing each nod - ding

clos - - - es; Win - ter has gone and earth gen - tly smiles,

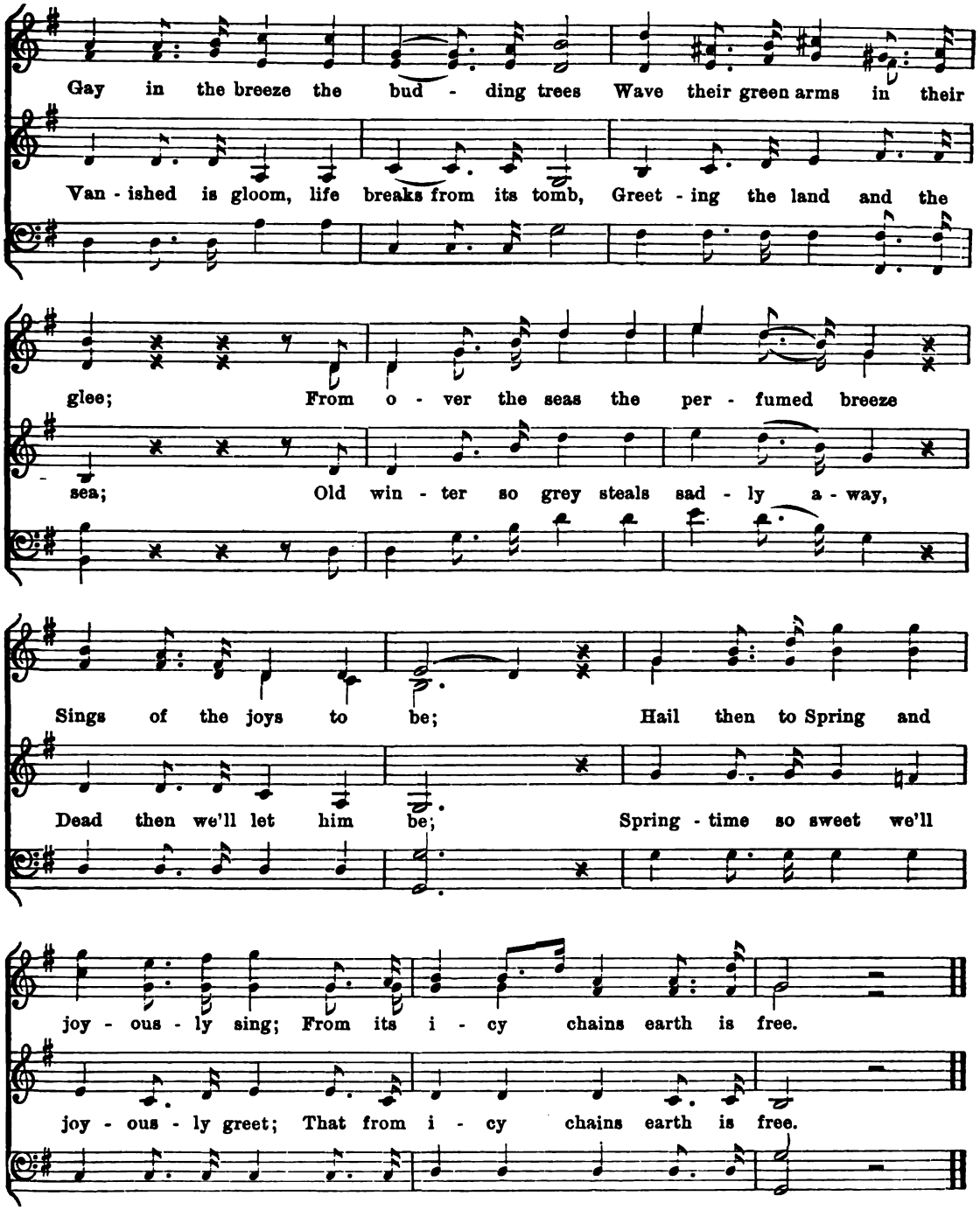
flow - - - er; The woods are a - bloom, the fields dain - ty glow,

Dream - ing of June and ro - - - ses. Float - ing in air, birds

Fresh from the gen - tle show - - - er. Sheep bells soft ring, larks

car - - - ol clear, Sing - ing of love and of du - - - - ty,

gai - - - ly sing, Hail - ing the world and its beau - - - ty,

ALL HEARTS REJOICE.

Gay in the breeze the bud - ding trees Wave their green arms in their
Van - ished is gloom, life breaks from its tomb, Greet - ing the land and the
glee; From o - ver the seas the per - fumed breeze
sea; Old win - ter so grey steals sad - ly a - way,
Sings of the joys to be; Hail then to Spring and
Dead then we'll let him be; Spring - time so sweet we'll
joy - ous - ly sing; From its i - cy chains earth is free.
joy - ous - ly greet; That from i - cy chains earth is free.

LORELEY.

F. SILCHER, arr. 1789—1860.

p Andante.

1. I know not what spell doth bind me, That I am so pen - sive to -
2. The lov - li - est maid - en is sit - ting So strange - ly beau - ti - ful

p

3. In his skiff the be - wil - dered boat - man Is seized with love's wild - est

day, From out of the past an old leg - end Is haunt-ing me with its
there, Her won - drous jew - els are glis - tening She combs her bright gold - en

woe, He sees not the treach - erous break - ers That men - ace his bark be -

lay, The air is cool in the twi - light, And calm - ly flows the
hair, With a gold - en comb she doth comb it, A song so wild she

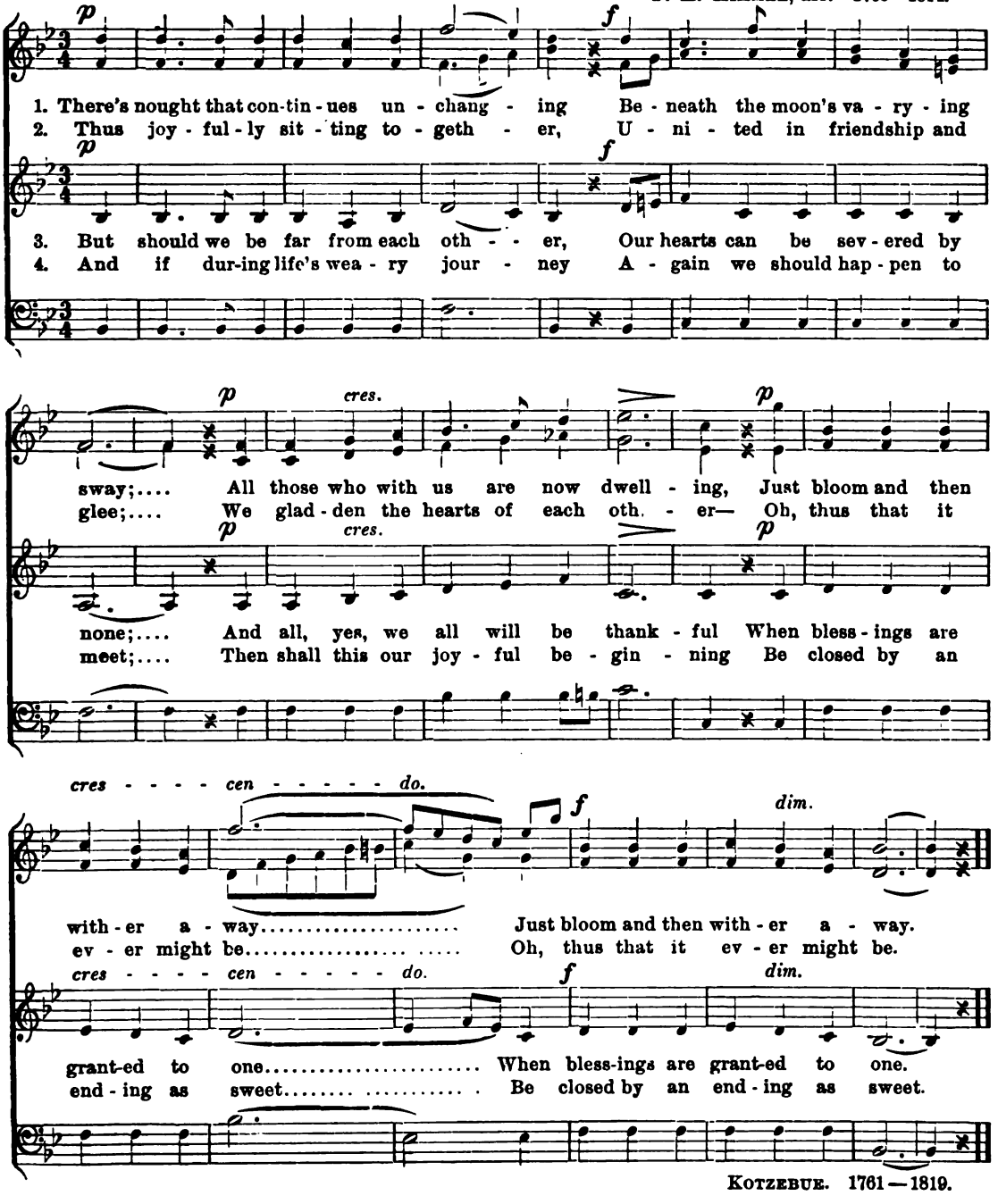
low; And soon will the waves o - ver-whelm him Be - neath the cur - rent

Rhine, The moun - tain tops are spark - ling In the crim-son evening sun - shine.
sings; There breathes some wierd mystic pow - er In ev - ery tone that rings.

strong; For fa - tal un - to the vic - - tim Is Lore - ley's sy - ren song.

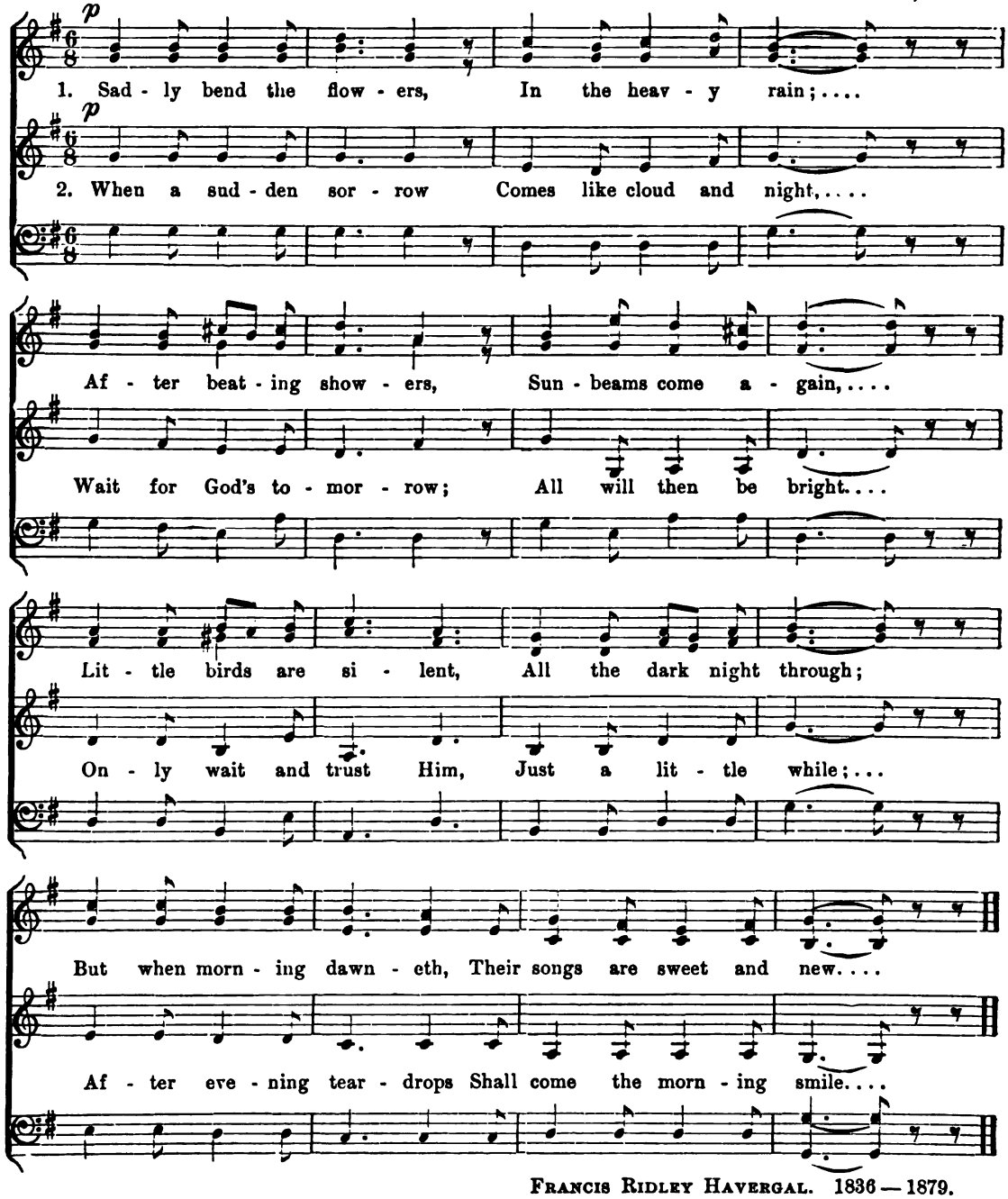
HEINE.

THERE'S NOUGHT THAT CONTINUES.

F. H. HIMMEL, arr. 1765—1814.

p
f
1. There's nought that con-tin-ues un - chang - ing Be - neath the moon's va - ry - ing
2. Thus joy - ful - ly sit - ting to - geth - er, U - ni - ted in friendship and
3. But should we be far from each oth - - er, Our hearts can be sev - ered by
4. And if dur-ing life's wea - ry jour - ney A - gain we should hap - pen to
cres.
sway;.... All those who with us are now dwell - ing, Just bloom and then
glee;.... We glad - den the hearts of each oth. - er— Oh, thus that it
none;.... And all, yes, we all will be thank - ful When bless - ings are
meet;.... Then shall this our joy - ful be - gin - ning Be closed by an
cres - - - - cen - - - - - do.
dim.
with - er a - way..... Just bloom and then with - er a - way.
ev - er might be..... Oh, thus that it ev - er might be.
grant-ed to one..... When bless-ings are grant-ed to one.
end - ing as sweet..... Be closed by an end - ing as sweet.

KOTZEBUE. 1761—1819.

TRUST.

Moderato. ALBERTO RANDEGGER, arr.

p
1. Sad - ly bend the flow - ers, In the heav - y rain; ....
p
2. When a sud - den sor - row Comes like cloud and night, ...
Af - ter beat - ing show - ers, Sun - beams come a - gain, ...
Wait for God's to - mor - row; All will then be bright....
Lit - tle birds are si - lent, All the dark night through;
On - ly wait and trust Him, Just a lit - tle while; ...
But when morn - ing dawn - eth, Their songs are sweet and new....
Af - ter eve - ning tear - drops Shall come the morn - ing smile....

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL. 1836 — 1879.

CEASE THIS DREAMING.

Allegretto. = ♩.

FRANZ ABT, arr. 1819—1885.

cres. *dim.*

1. Cease this dream - ing! cease this trem - bling! Still un - wea - ried strug - gle
2. Dare not tar - ry, though the pres - ent Scat - ter ros - es in thy
3. On - ward! on - ward! with thy sing - ing, 'Gainst the world's sharp griefs con - -

cres. *dim.*

4. Till thy brow the thick-leaved gar - land, Like a ha - lo shall sur - -
5. On - ward! then, through all op - pos - ing; On - ward! still through death's dark

mf

on; Though the strength should al - most fail thee, On - ward, be . . . . the
way; Though to thee, from out the o - cean, Sy - rens sing . . . their
- tend, Till up - on thy cheeks' hot burn - ing, Gold - en rays . . . from

mf

- round; Till the Spir - it's flame, all bright - ly, Hov - ering o'er . . . thee
pain, He must wres - tle on, un - yield - ing, Who the bliss . . . . of

f

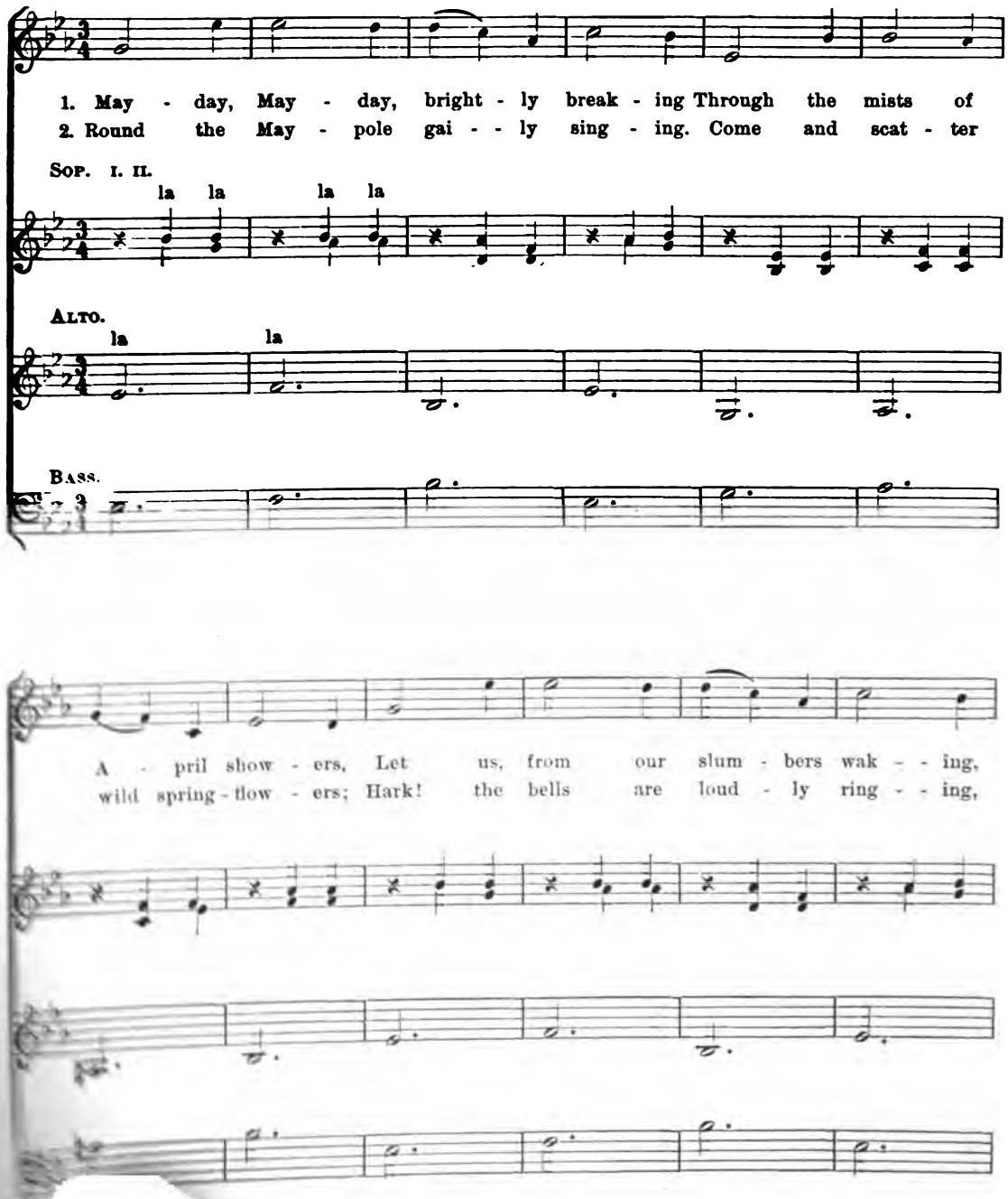
word a - lone— On - ward be . . . . . the word - a - lone.
lur - ing lay— Sy - rens sing . . . . their lur - - ing lay.
Heaven de - scend— Gold - en rays . . . . from Heaven de - scend.

f

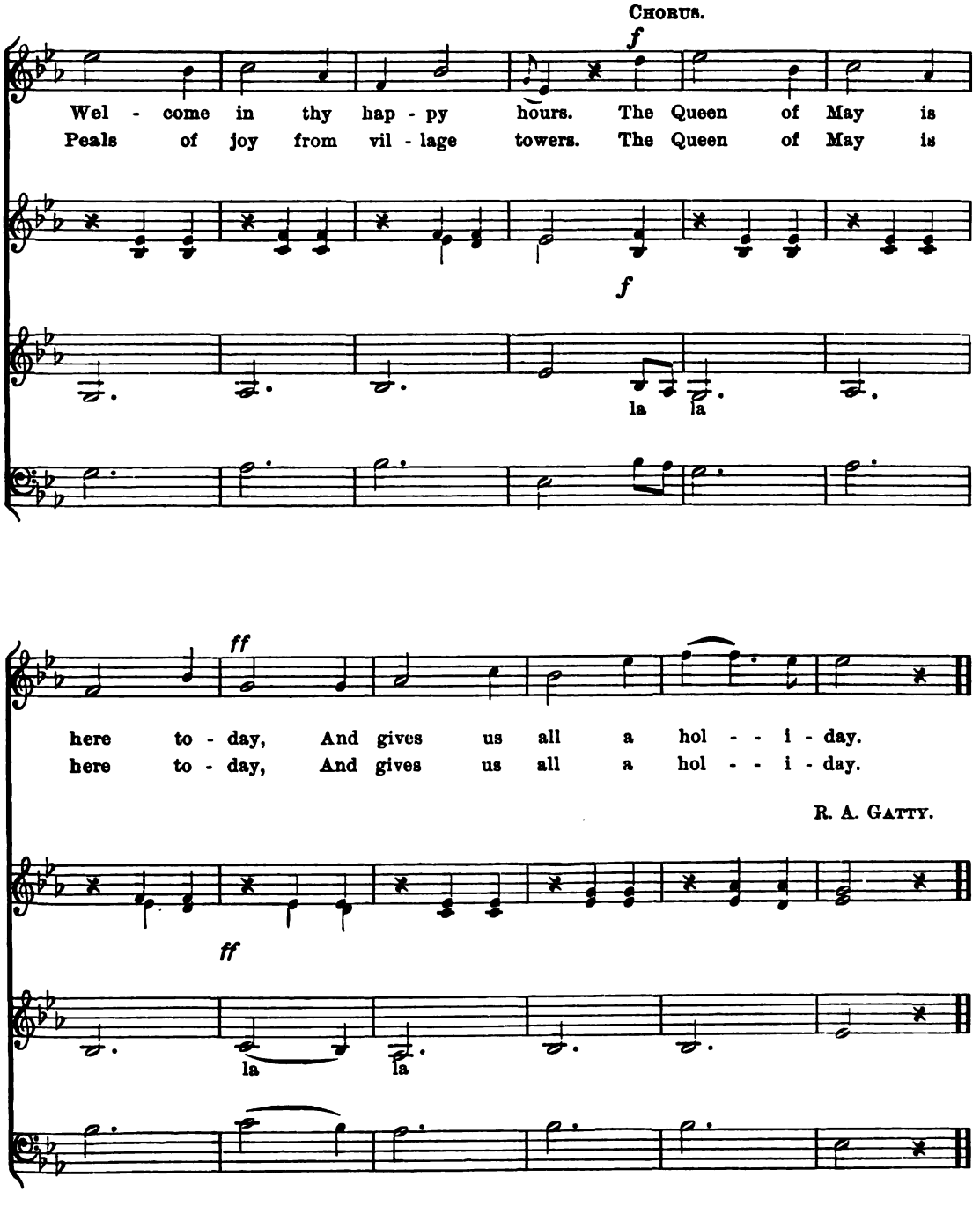
shall be found— Hov - ering o'er . . . . . thee shall . . . be found.
Heaven would gain— Who the bliss . . . . of Heaven would gain.

GRIBEL, tr. by W. W. C.

MAY-DAY.

VOICES IN UNISON. ALFRED S. GATTY, arr.

1. May - day, May - day, bright - ly break - ing Through the mists of
2. Round the May - pole gai - - ly sing - ing. Come and scat - ter
SOP. I. II.
la la la la
ALTO.
la la
BASS.
A - pril show - ers, Let us, from our slum - bers wak - - ing,
wild spring - flow - ers; Hark! the bells are loud - ly ring - - ing,

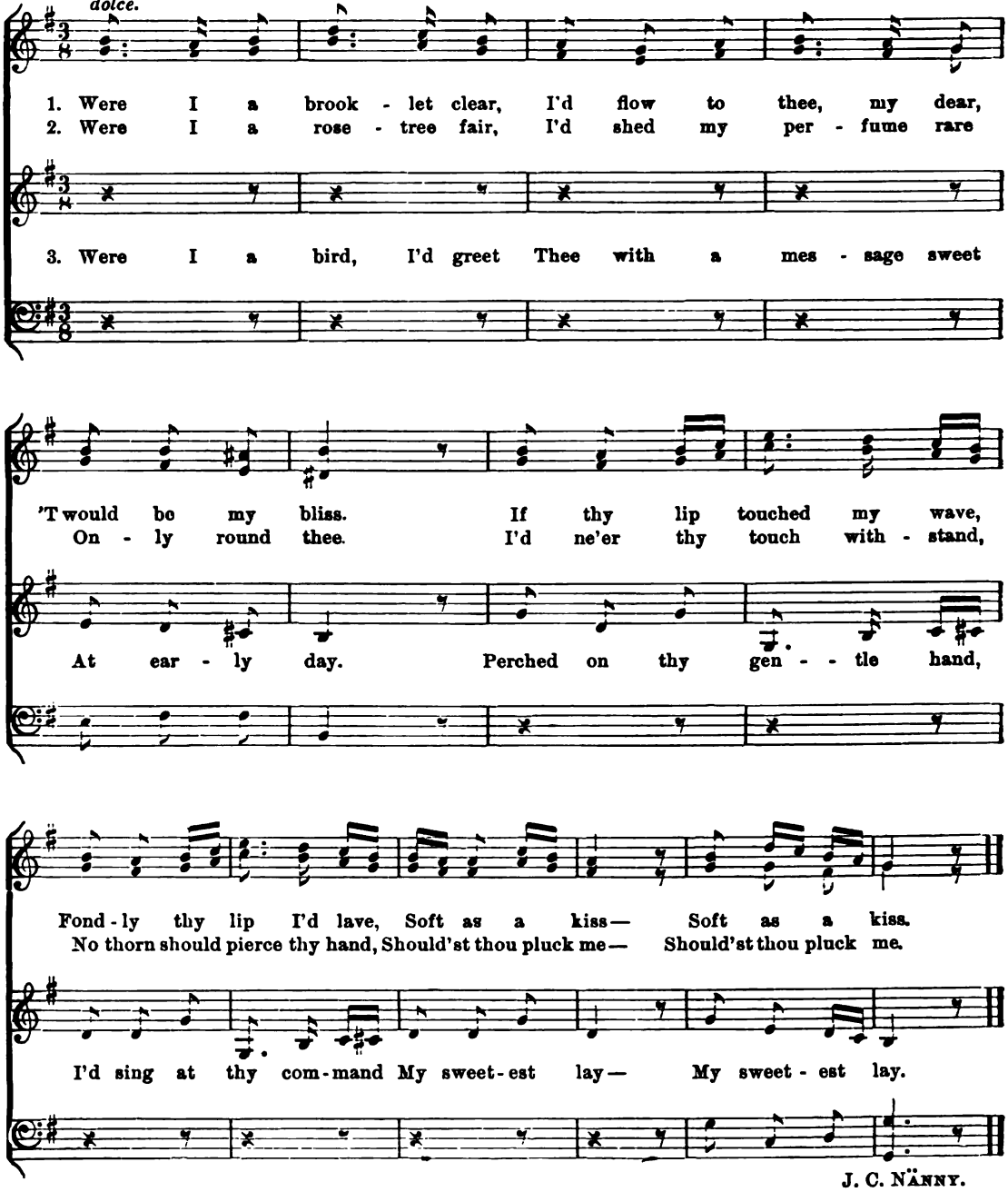
MAY-DAY.

CHORUS.

f
Wel - come in thy hap - py hours. The Queen of May is
Peals of joy from vil - lage towers. The Queen of May is
f
la la
ff
here to - day, And gives us all a hol - - i - day.
here to - day, And gives us all a hol - - i - day.
ff
la la

R. A. GATTY.

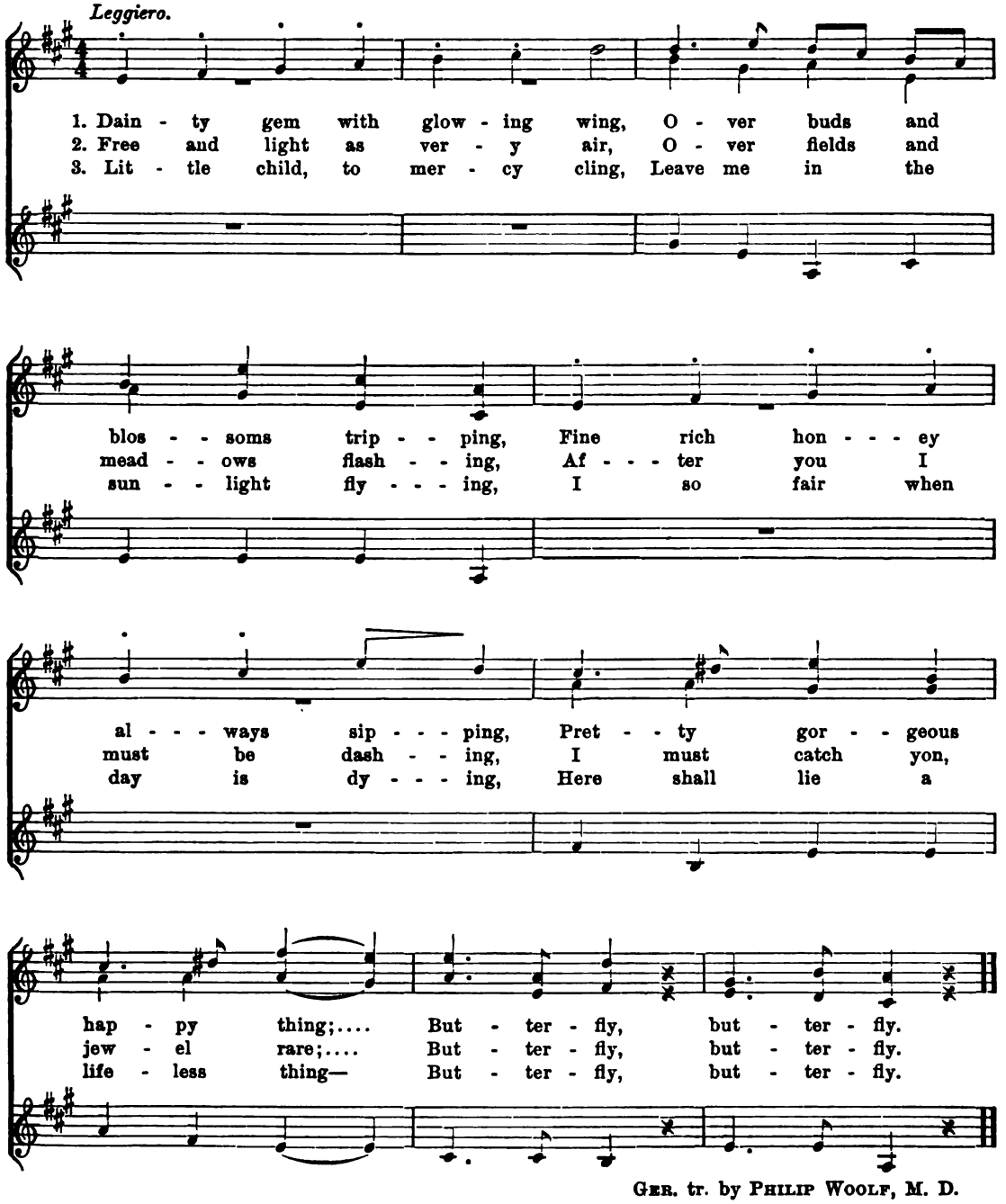
WERE I A BROOKLET CLEAR.

Allegretto moderato. *dolce.*

GERMAN.

1. Were I a brook - let clear, I'd flow to thee, my dear,
2. Were I a rose - tree fair, I'd shed my per - fume rare
3. Were I a bird, I'd greet Thee with a mes - sage sweet
'T would be my bliss. If thy lip touched my wave,
On - ly round thee. I'd ne'er thy touch with - stand,
At ear - ly day. Perched on thy gen - - tle hand,
Fond - ly thy lip I'd lave, Soft as a kiss— Soft as a kiss.
No thorn should pierce thy hand, Should'st thou pluck me— Should'st thou pluck me.
I'd sing at thy com - mand My sweet - est lay— My sweet - est lay.

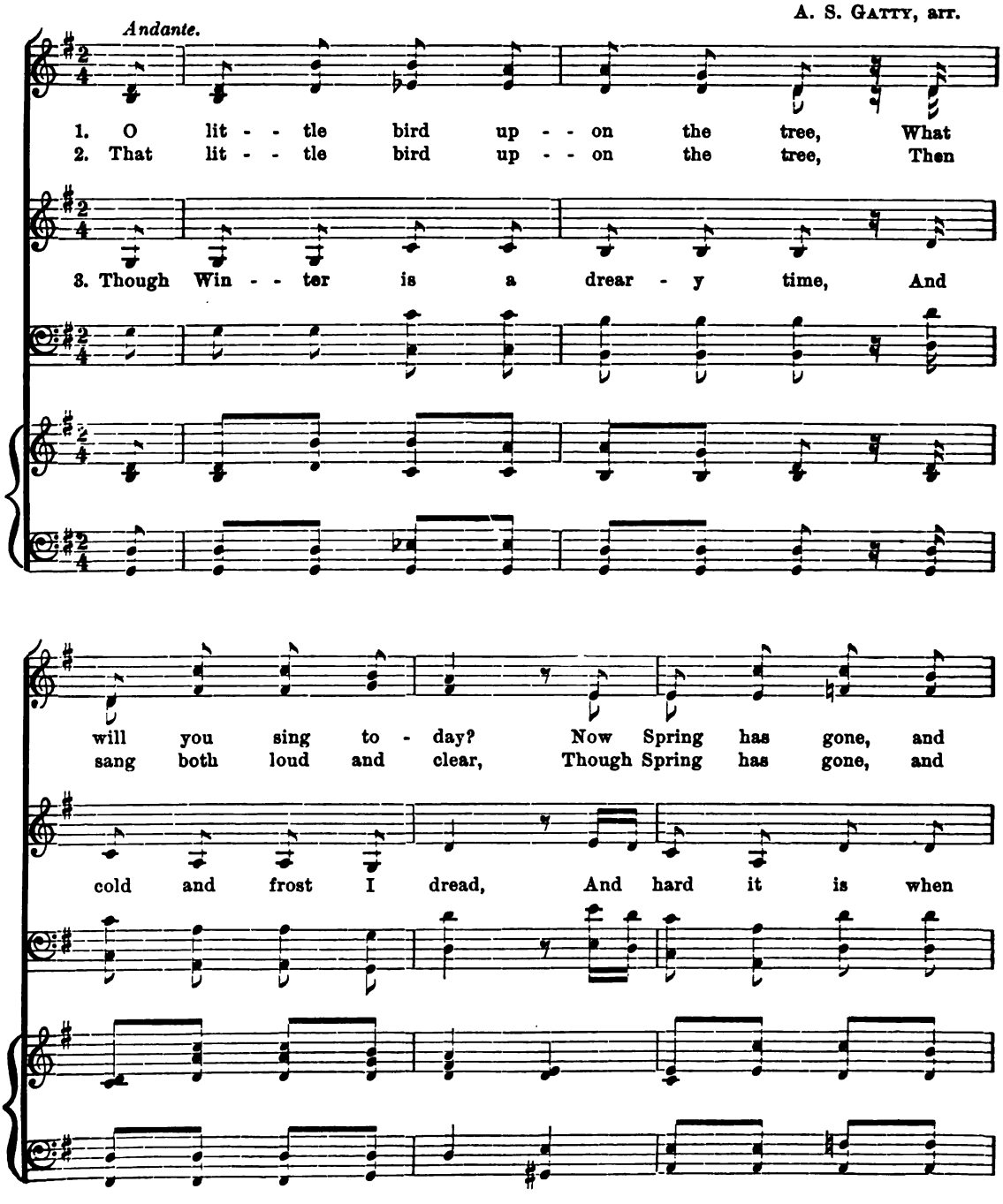
J. C. NÄNNY.

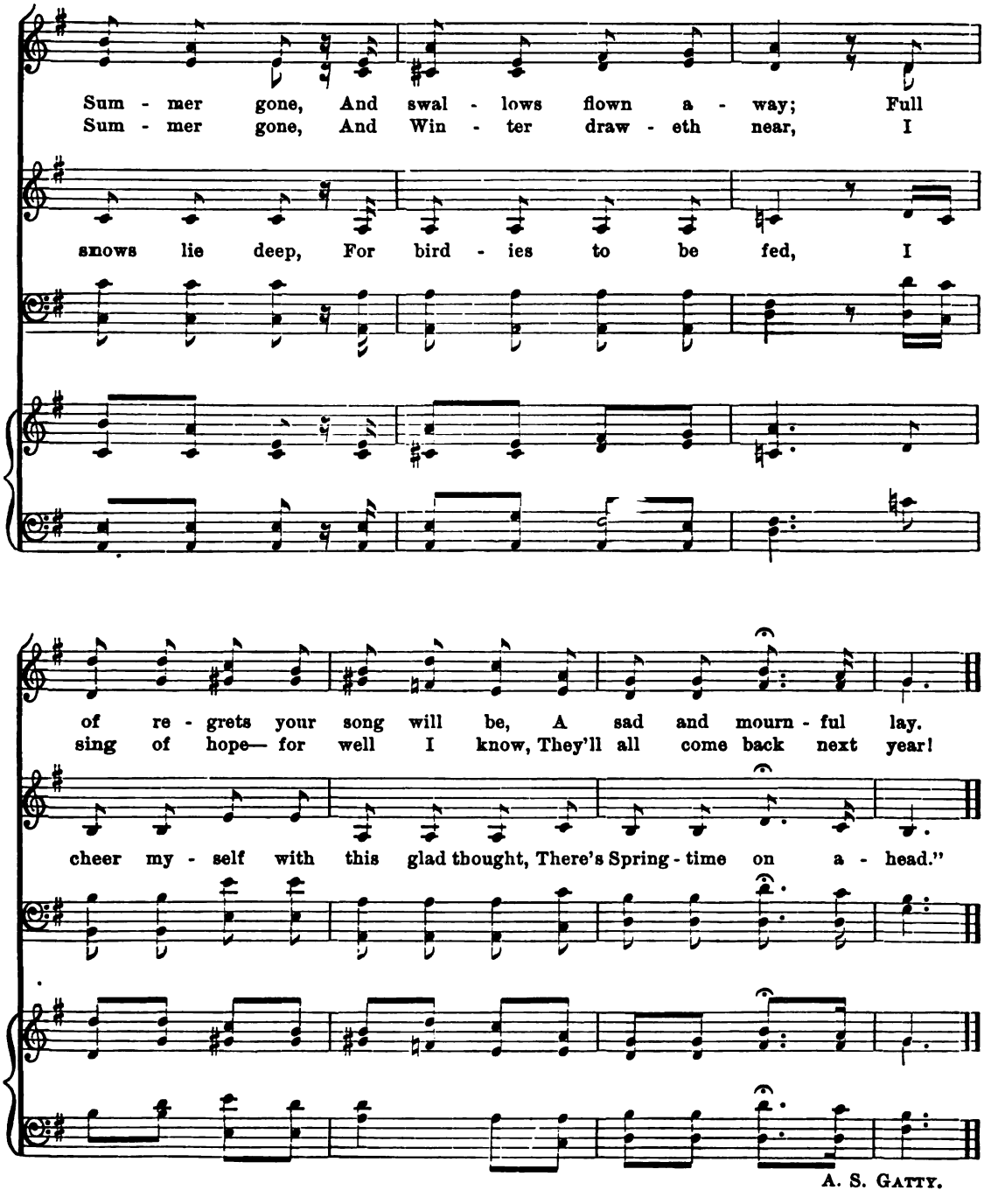
BUTTERFLY.


Leggiero.
1. Dain - ty gem with glow - ing wing, O - ver buds and
2. Free and light as ver - y air, O - ver fields and
3. Lit - tle child, to mer - cy cling, Leave me in the
blos - - soms trip - - ping, Fine rich hon - - - ey
mead - - ows flash - - ing, Af - - - ter you I
sun - - light fly - - - ing, I so fair when
al - - - ways sip - - - ping, Pret - - ty gor - - geous
must be dash - - ing, I must catch yon,
day is dy - - - ing, Here shall lie a
hap - py thing;.... But - ter - fly, but - ter - fly.
jew - el rare;.... But - ter - fly, but - ter - fly.
life - less thing— But - ter - fly, but - ter - fly.

GER. tr. by PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

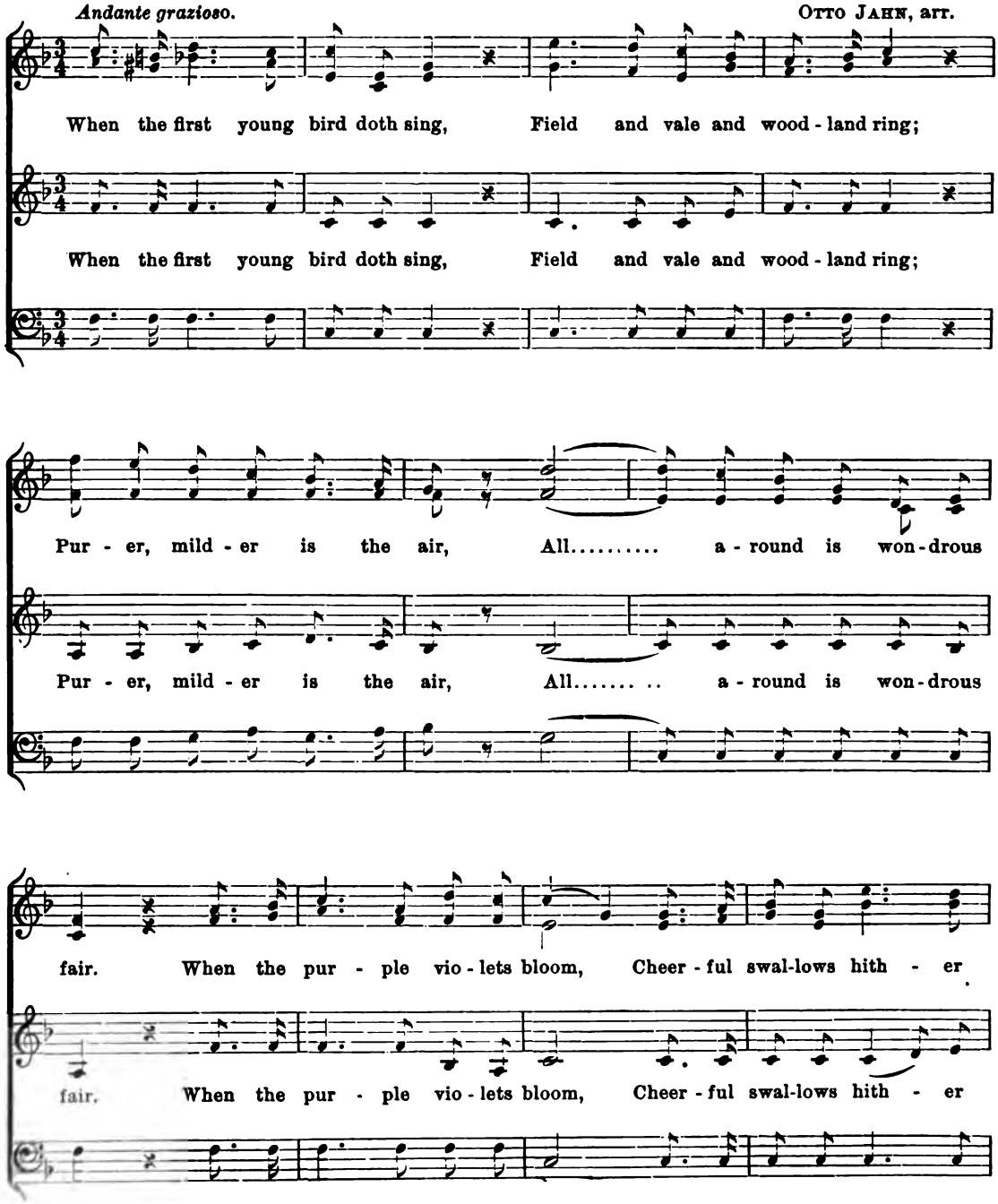
A. S. GATTY, arr.

Andante.
1. O lit - - tle bird up - - on the tree, What
2. That lit - - tle bird up - - on the tree, Then
3. Though Win - - ter is a drear - y time, And
will you sing to - day? Now Spring has gone, and
sang both loud and clear, Though Spring has gone, and
cold and frost I dread, And hard it is when

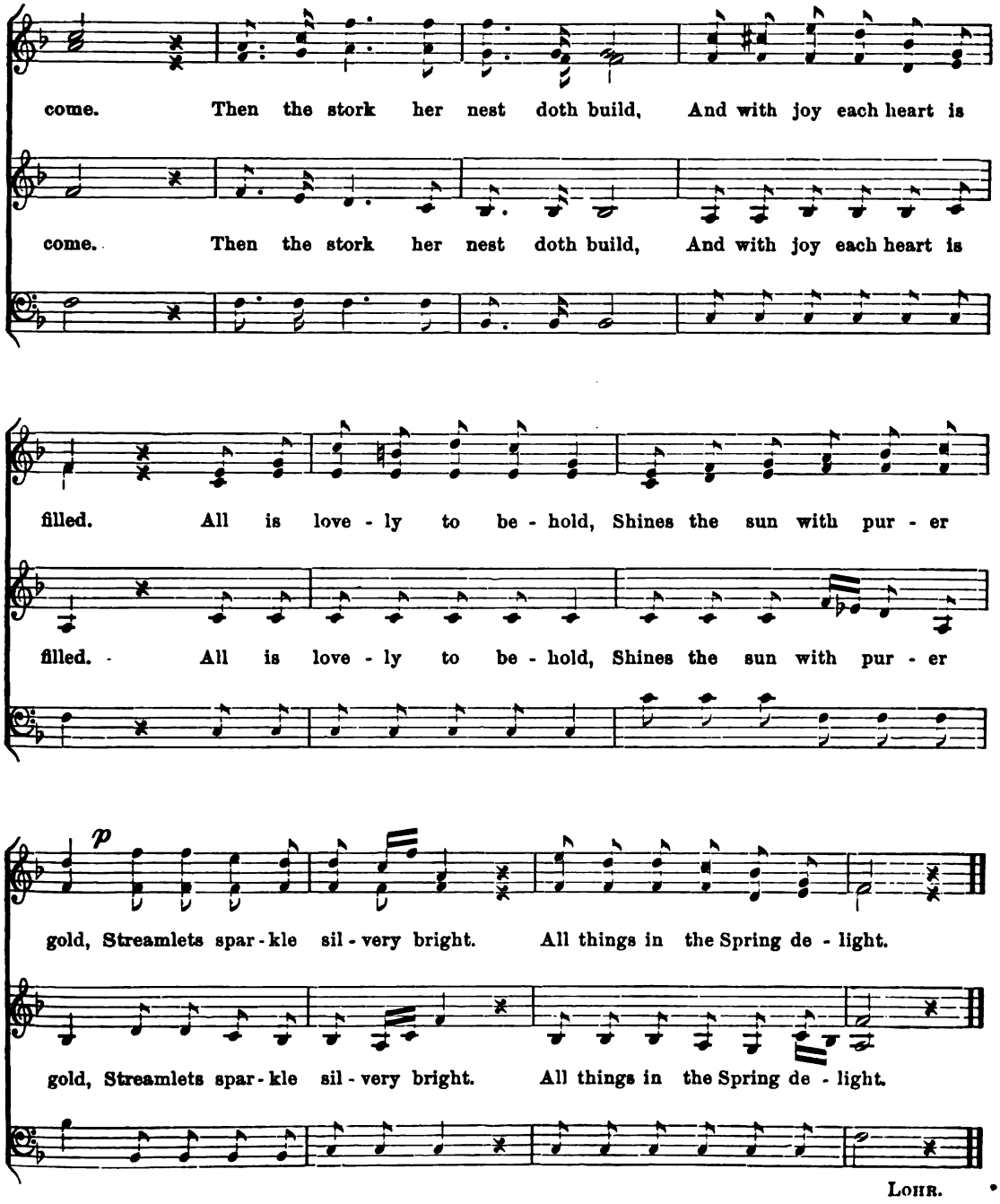
AN AUTUMN SONG.

Sum - mer gone, And swal - lows flown a - way; Full
Sum - mer gone, And Win - ter draw - eth near, I
snows lie deep, For bird - ies to be fed, I
of re - grets your song will be, A sad and mourn - ful lay.
sing of hope— for well I know, They'll all come back next year!
cheer my - self with this glad thought, There's Spring - time on a - head."

A. S. GATTY.

THE HERD-BOY'S SPRING SONG.

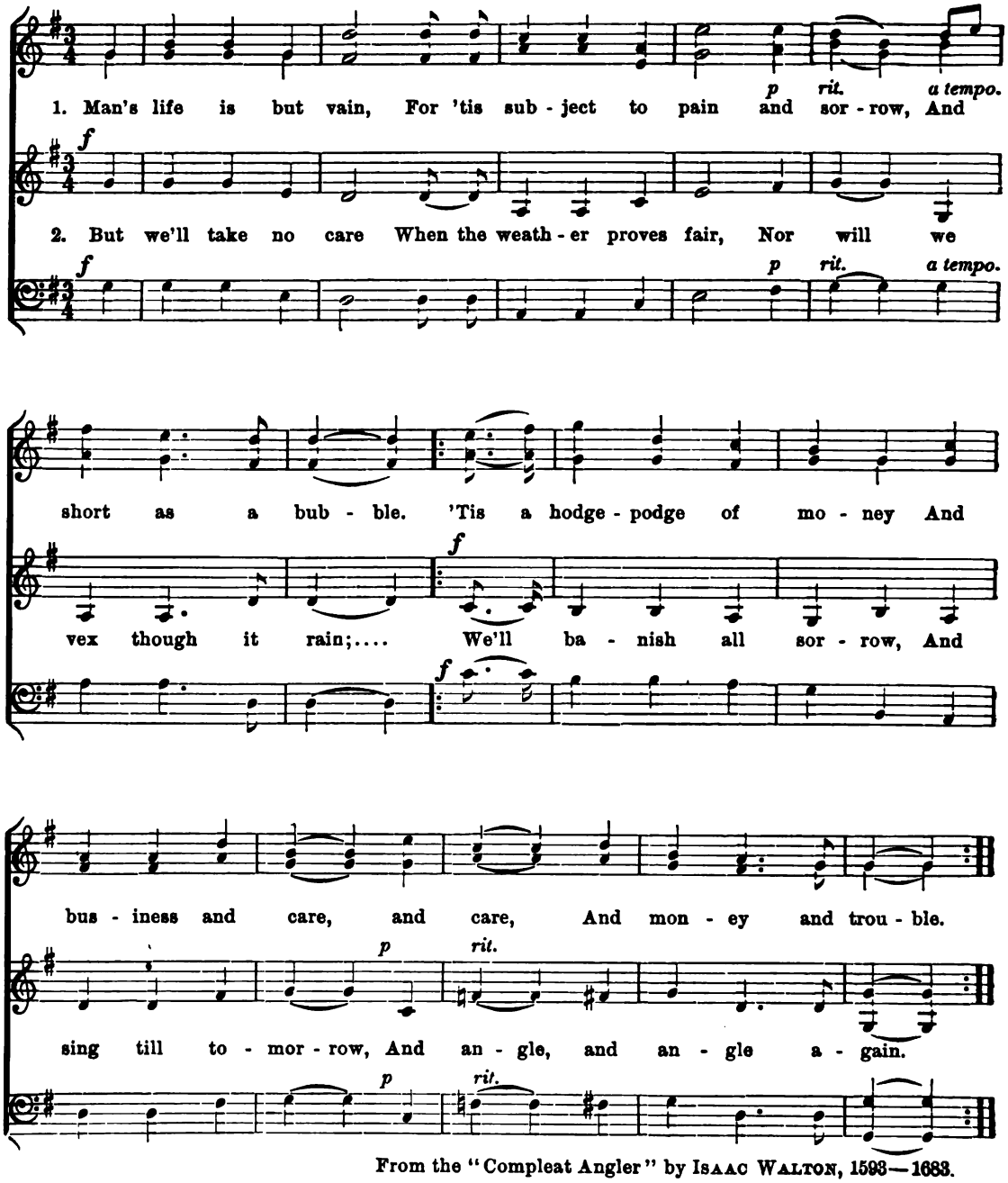
Andante grazioso. OTTO JAHN, arr.


When the first young bird doth sing, Field and vale and wood - land ring;
When the first young bird doth sing, Field and vale and wood - land ring;
Pur - er, mild - er is the air, All..... a - round is won - drous
Pur - er, mild - er is the air, All..... a - round is won - drous
fair. When the pur - ple vio - lets bloom, Cheer - ful swal-lows hith - er
fair. When the pur - ple vio - lets bloom, Cheer - ful swal-lows hith - er

THE HERD-BOY'S SPRING SONG.

come. Then the stork her nest doth build, And with joy each heart is
come. Then the stork her nest doth build, And with joy each heart is
filled. All is love - ly to be - hold, Shines the sun with pur - er
filled. All is love - ly to be - hold, Shines the sun with pur - er
p
gold, Streamlets spar - kle sil - very bright. All things in the Spring de - light.
gold, Streamlets spar - kle sil - very bright. All things in the Spring de - light.

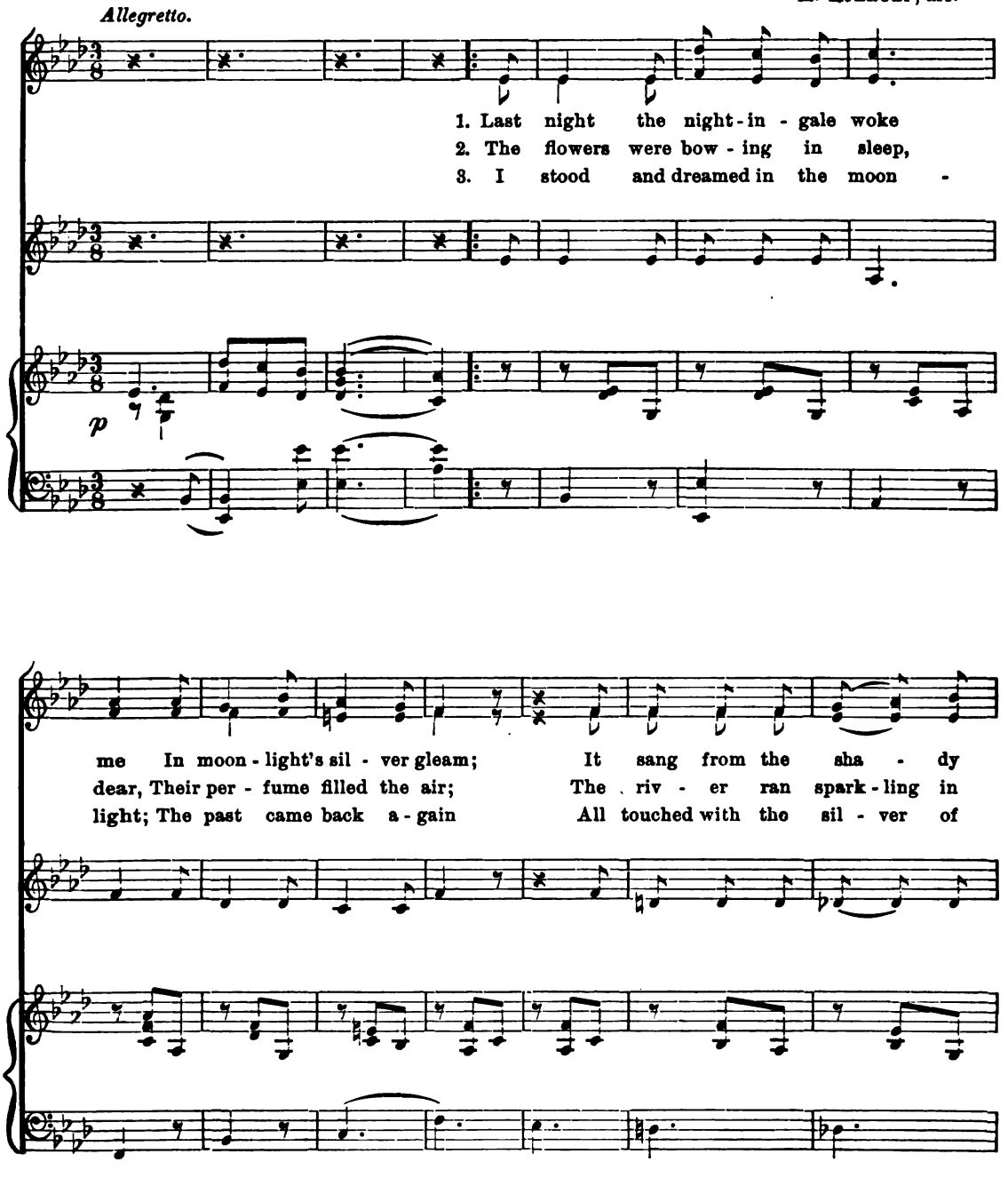
LOHR.

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

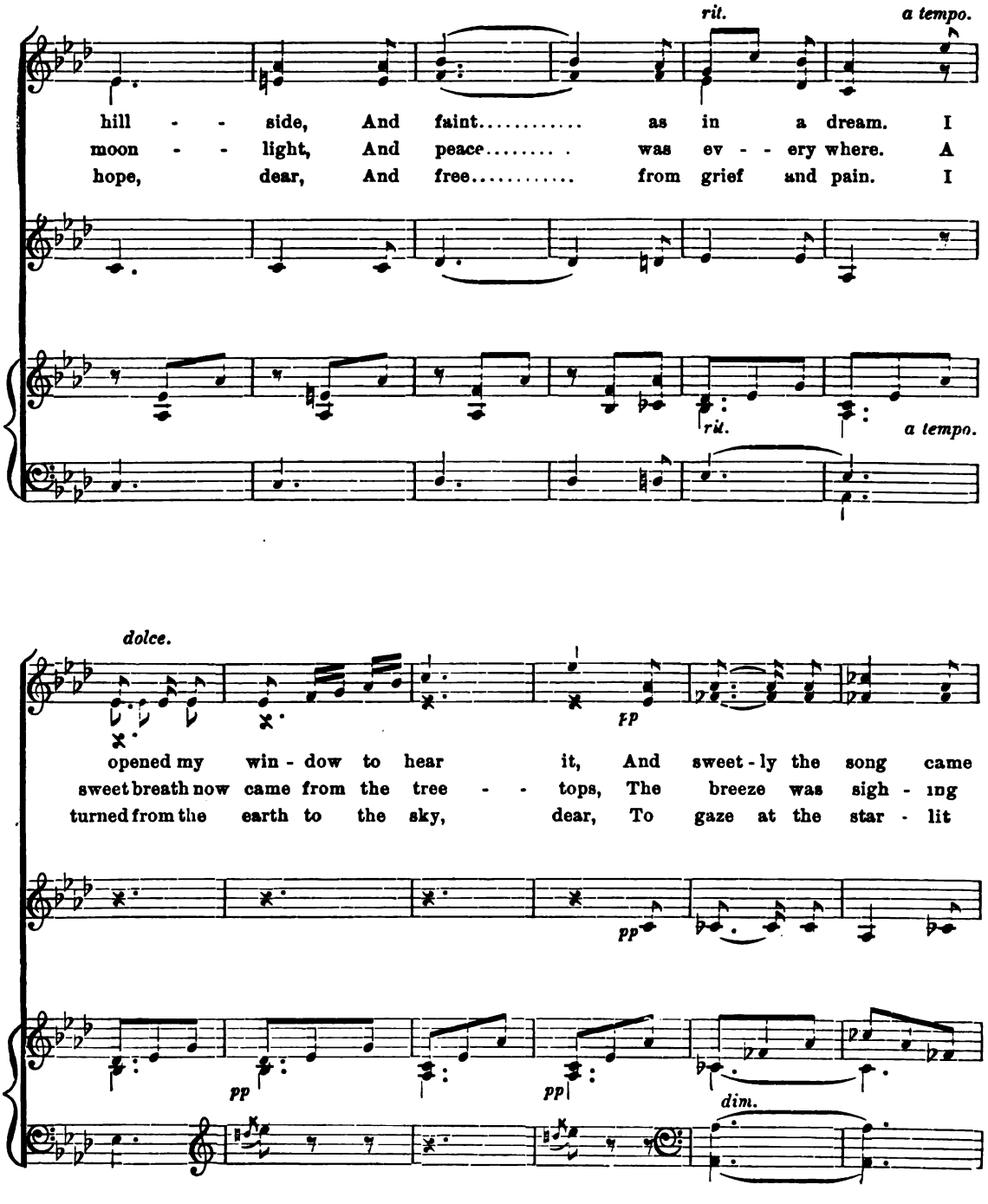
HENRY LAWES, 1595—1662.

1. Man's life is but vain, For 'tis sub - ject to pain and sor - row, And
p rit. a tempo.
2. But we'll take no care When the weath - er proves fair, Nor will we
short as a bub - ble. 'Tis a hodge - podge of mo - ney And
vex though it rain;.... We'll ba - nish all sor - row, And
bus - iness and care, and care, And mon - ey and trou - ble.
sing till to - mor - row, And an - gle, and an - gle a - gain.

From the "Compleat Angler" by ISAAC WALTON, 1593—1683.

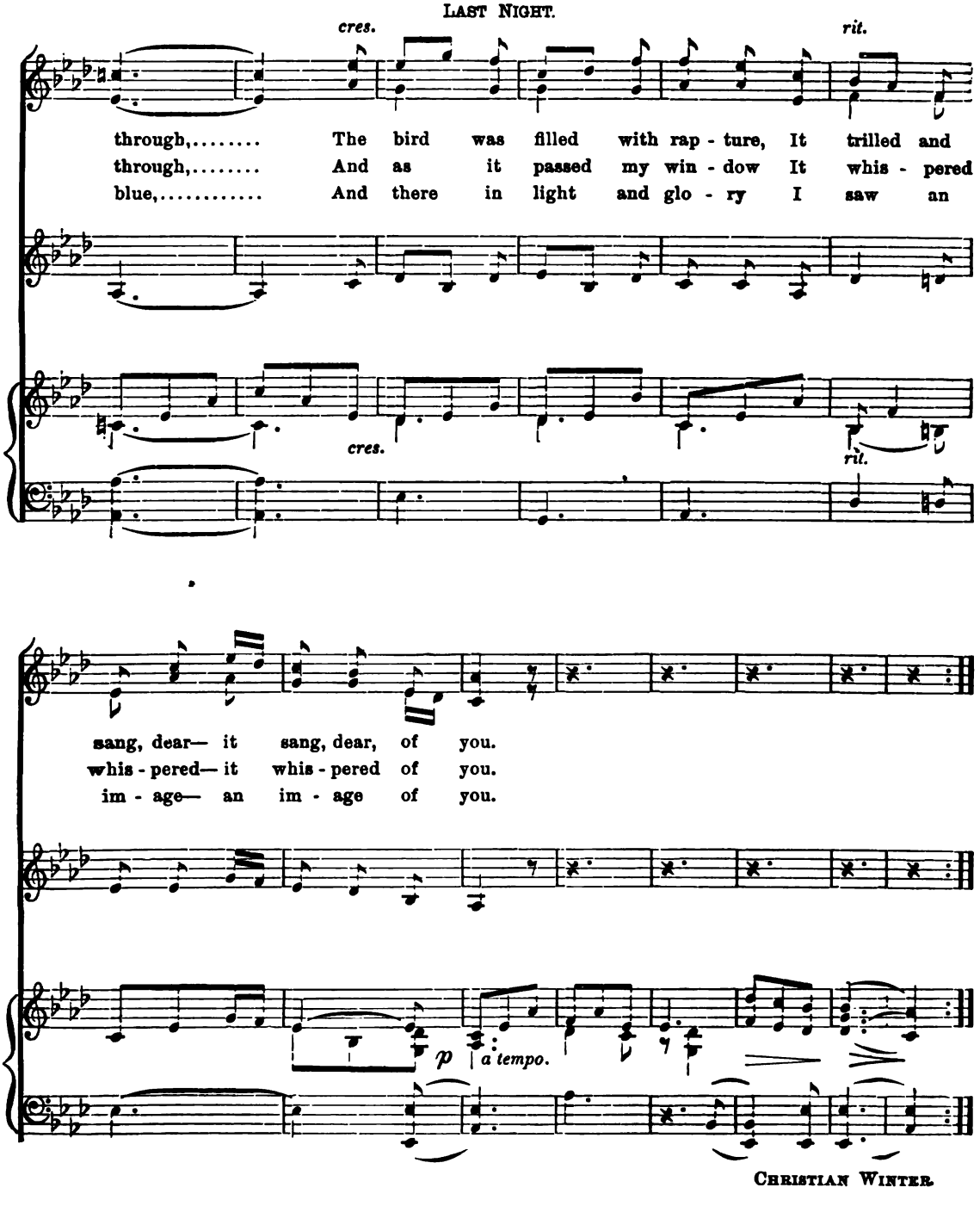
LAST NIGHT.

H. KJERULF, ART.

Allegretto.
1. Last night the night - in - gale woke
2. The flowers were bow - ing in sleep,
3. I stood and dreamed in the moon -
p
me In moon - light's sil - ver gleam; It sang from the sha - dy
dear, Their per - fume filled the air; The riv - er ran spark - ling in
light; The past came back a - gain All touched with the sil - ver of

LAST NIGHT


rit.
a tempo.
hill - - side, And faint..... as in a dream. I
moon - - light, And peace..... was ev - - ery where. A
hope, dear, And free..... from grief and pain. I
rit.
a tempo.
dolce.
pp
opened my win - dow to hear it, And sweet - ly the song came
sweet breath now came from the tree - - tops, The breeze was sigh - ing
turned from the earth to the sky, dear, To gaze at the star - lit
pp
pp
pp
dim.

LAST NIGHT.


cres.
rit.
through,..... The bird was filled with rap - ture, It trilled and
through,..... And as it passed my win - dow It whis - pered
blue,..... And there in light and glo - ry I saw an
cres.
rit.
sang, dear— it sang, dear, of you.
whis - pered— it whis - pered of you.
im - age— an im - age of you.
p
a tempo.

CHRISTIAN WINTER.

WHEN DO FLOWERETS BUD AND BLOW?

Allegro. Fr. ABT, arr. 1819—1885.

mf

1. When do flow - 'rets bud and blow, Red as gold, and white as snow?
2. When do song - sters sing their best? Flut - ter round their moss - y nest?
3. When do rip - pling stream - lets dance? Wak - ened from their win - try trance,
4. When does life seem free from care, Bright as day and light as air?

cres.

When do sweet - est scents a - rise, Waft - ing in - cense to the skiss?
War - ble songs that seem to be Par - a - gons of mel - o - dy?
Dance and mur - mur soft with glee, As they seek the dis - tant sea?
When does laugh - ter clear - est ring, Cleans - ing hearts from sor - row - ing?

CHORUS.

p *cres.* *cres.* *mf* *cres. e rit.* In the *a tempo.*

1,2,3,4, Ah, it is not hard to say, Ah, it is not hard to say,
joy - ous

p In the

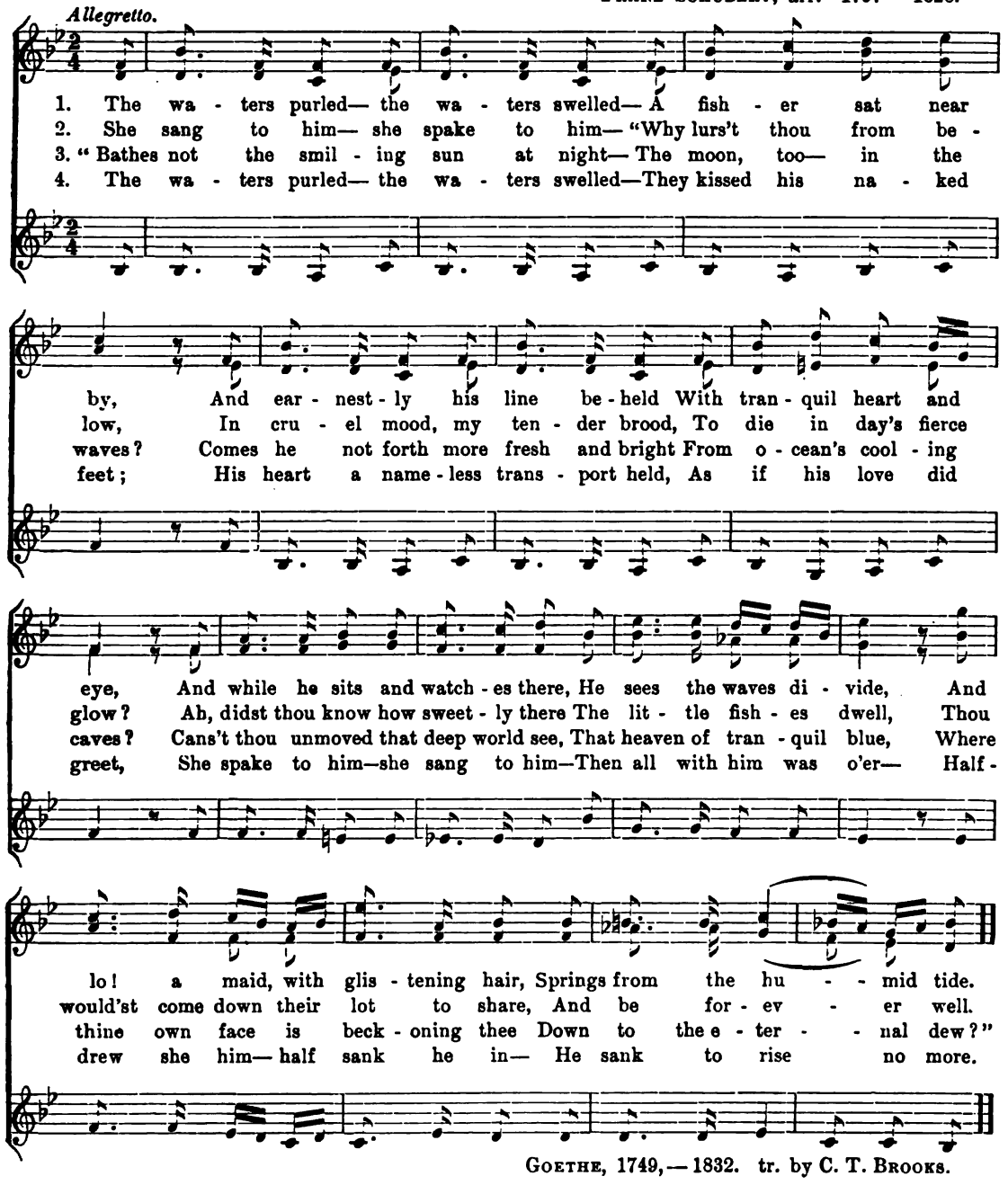
In the month of May,... In the joy - ous month of May,...
joy - ous

f *a tempo.* *poco rit.*

In the month of May,..... In the joy - ous month of May.....

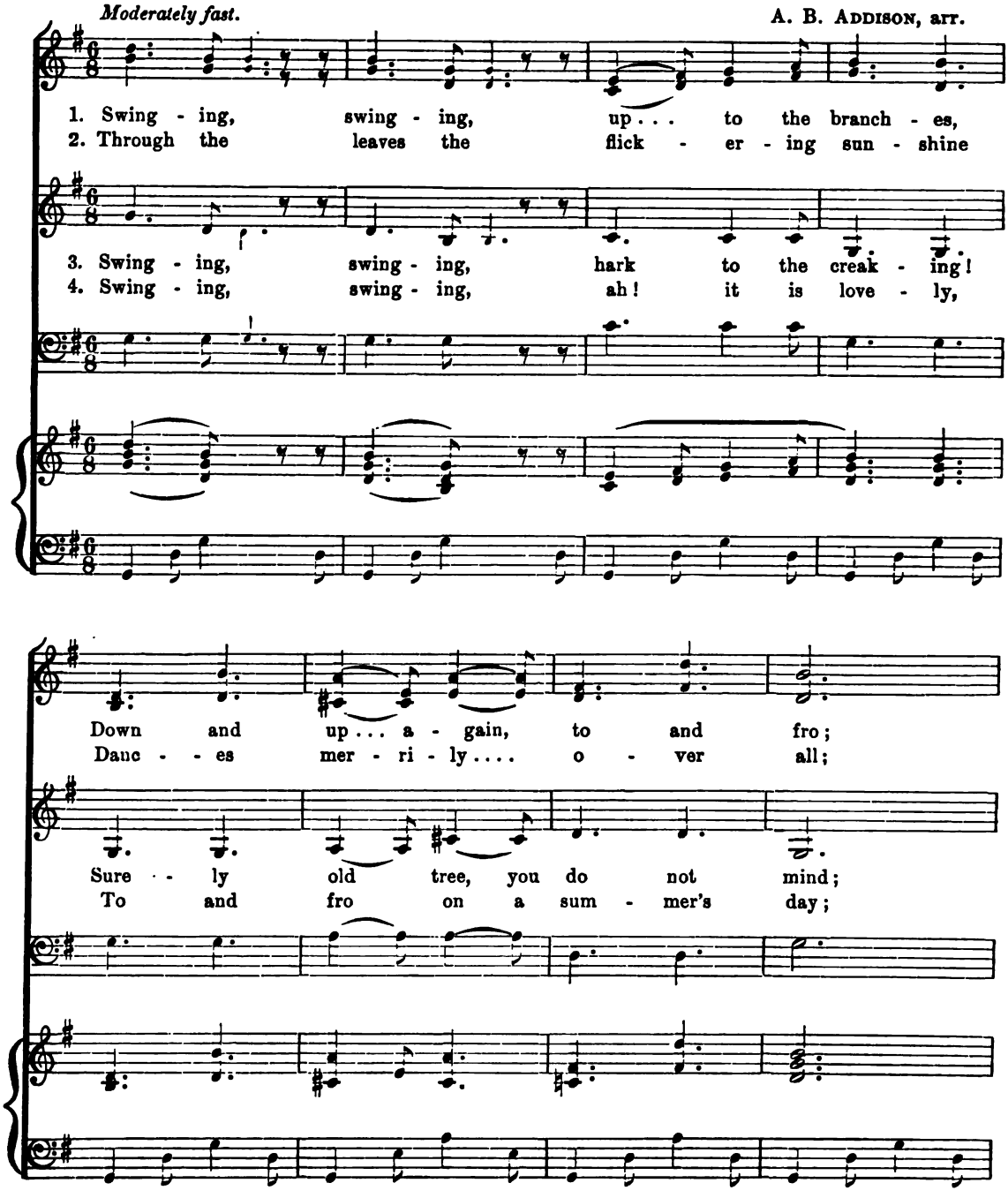
THE FISHER.

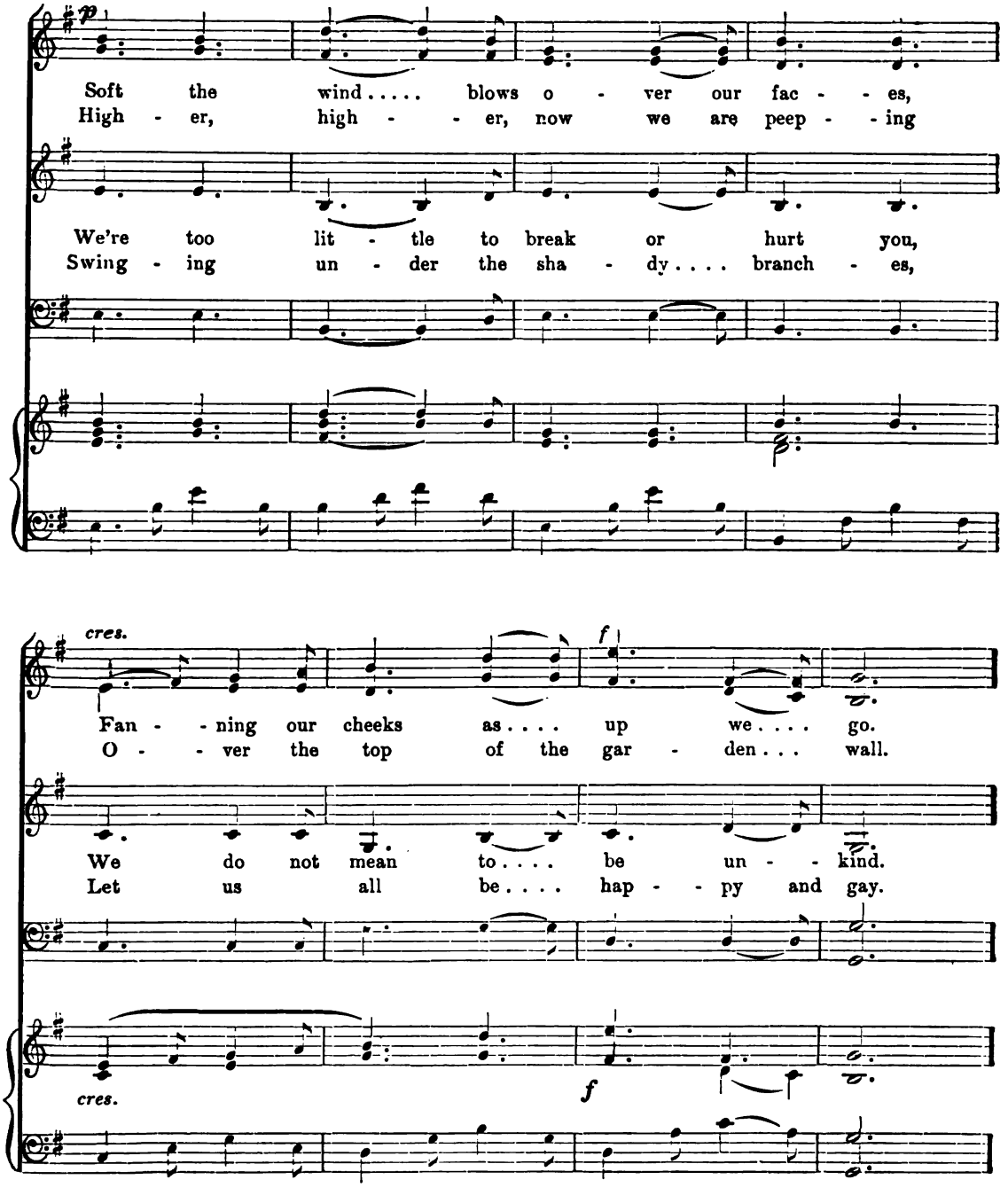
FRANZ SCHUBERT, arr. 1797 — 1828.

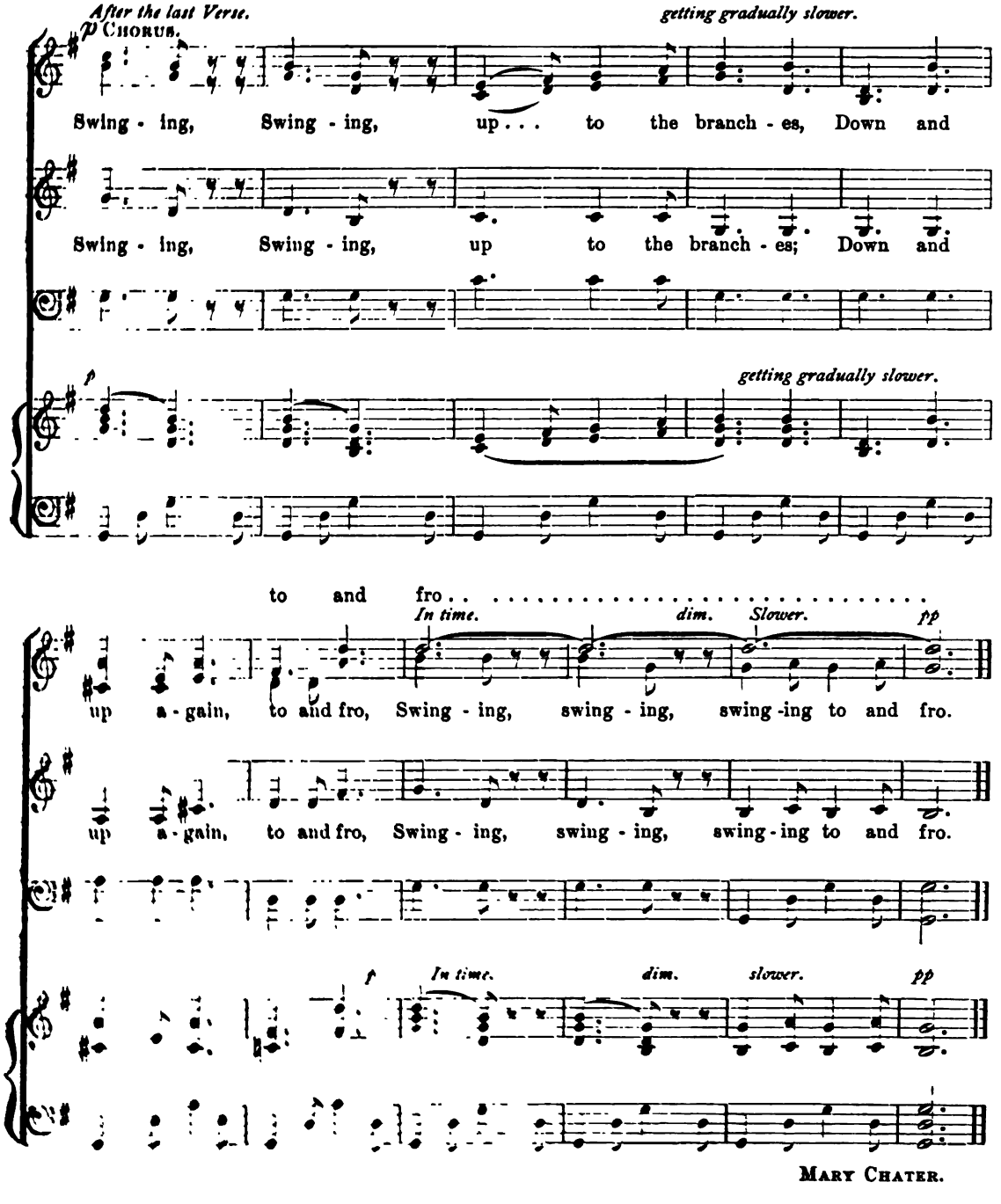

Allegretto.
1. The wa - ters purled— the wa - ters swelled— A fish - er sat near
2. She sang to him— she spake to him— "Why lurs't thou from be -
3. " Bathes not the smil - ing sun at night— The moon, too— in the
4. The wa - ters purled— the wa - ters swelled—They kissed his na - ked
by, And ear - nest - ly his line be - held With tran - quil heart and
low, In cru - el mood, my ten - der brood, To die in day's fierce
waves? Comes he not forth more fresh and bright From o - cean's cool - ing
feet; His heart a name - less trans - port held, As if his love did
eye, And while he sits and watch - es there, He sees the waves di - vide, And
glow? Ah, didst thou know how sweet - ly there The lit - tle fish - es dwell, Thou
caves? Cans't thou unmoved that deep world see, That heaven of tran - quil blue, Where
greet, She spake to him—she sang to him—Then all with him was o'er— Half -
lo! a maid, with glis - tening hair, Springs from the hu - - mid tide.
would'st come down their lot to share, And be for - ev - er well.
thine own face is beck - oning thee Down to the e - ter - - nal dew?"
drew she him— half sank he in— He sank to rise no more.

GOETHE, 1749, — 1832. tr. by C. T. BROOKS.

SWINGING.

Moderately fast. A. B. ADDISON, arr.

1. Swing - ing, swing - ing, up . . . to the branch - es,
2. Through the leaves the flick - er - ing sun - shine
3. Swing - ing, swing - ing, hark to the creak - ing!
4. Swing - ing, swing - ing, ah! it is love - ly,
Down and up . . . a - gain, to and fro;
Danc - - es mer - ri - ly . . . . o - ver all;
Sure - ly old tree, you do not mind;
To and fro on a sum - mer's day;

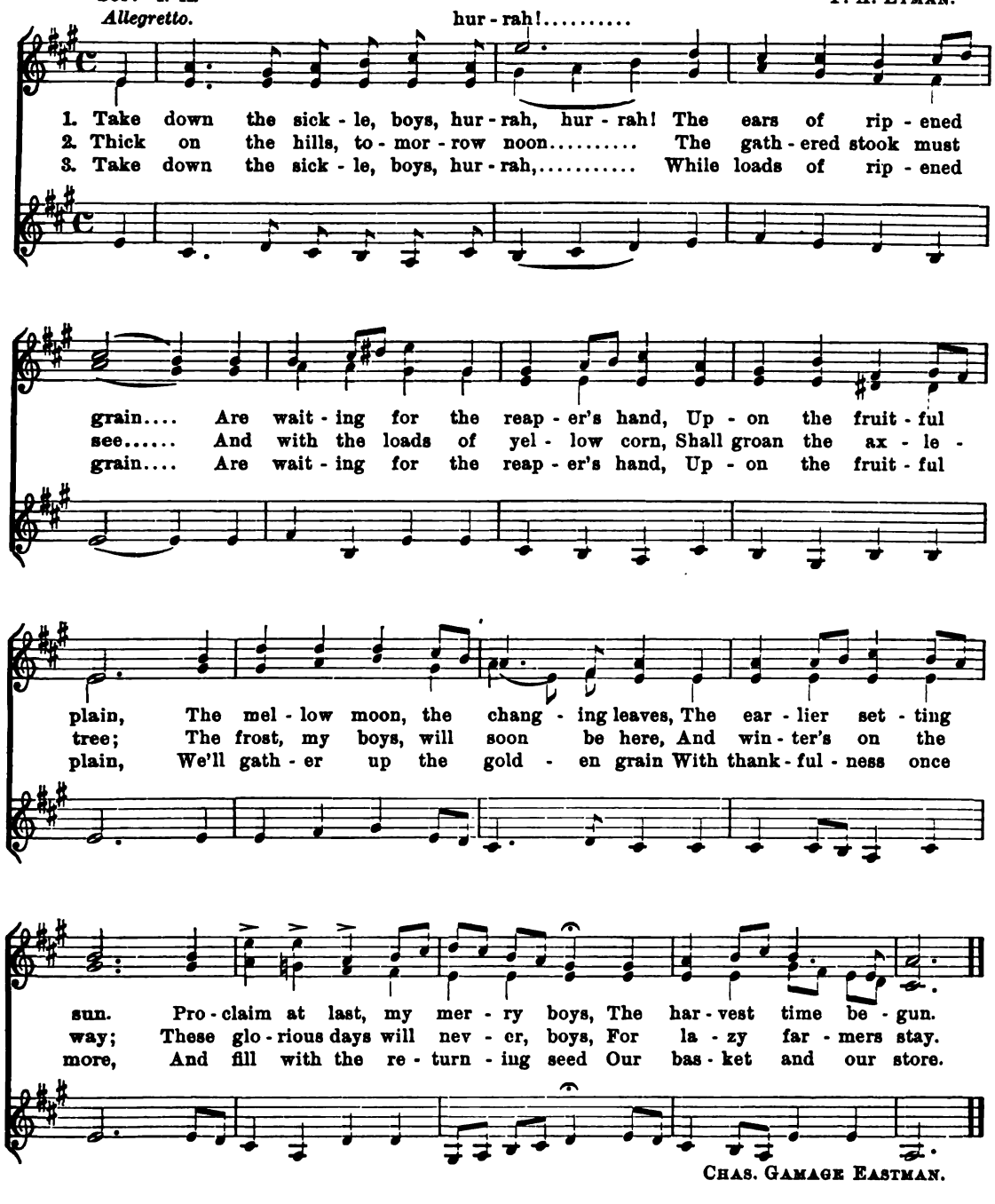
SWINGING.

p
Soft the wind..... blows o - ver our fac - - es,
High - er, high - - er, now we are peep - - ing
We're too lit - tle to break or hurt you,
Swing - ing un - der the sha - dy.... branch - es,
cres.
f
Fan - - ning our cheeks as.... up we.... go.
O - - ver the top of the gar - den... wall.
We do not mean to.... be un - - kind.
Let us all be.... hap - - py and gay.
cres.
f

SWINGING

After the last Verse.
getting gradually slower.
p CHORUS.
Swing - ing, Swing - ing, up . . . to the branch - es, Down and
Swing - ing, Swing - ing, up to the branch - es; Down and
getting gradually slower.
to and fro . . . . . .
In time.
dim.
Slower.
pp
up a - gain, to and fro, Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing to and fro.
up a - gain, to and fro, Swing - ing, swing - ing, swing - ing to and fro.
f
In time.
dim.
slower.
pp

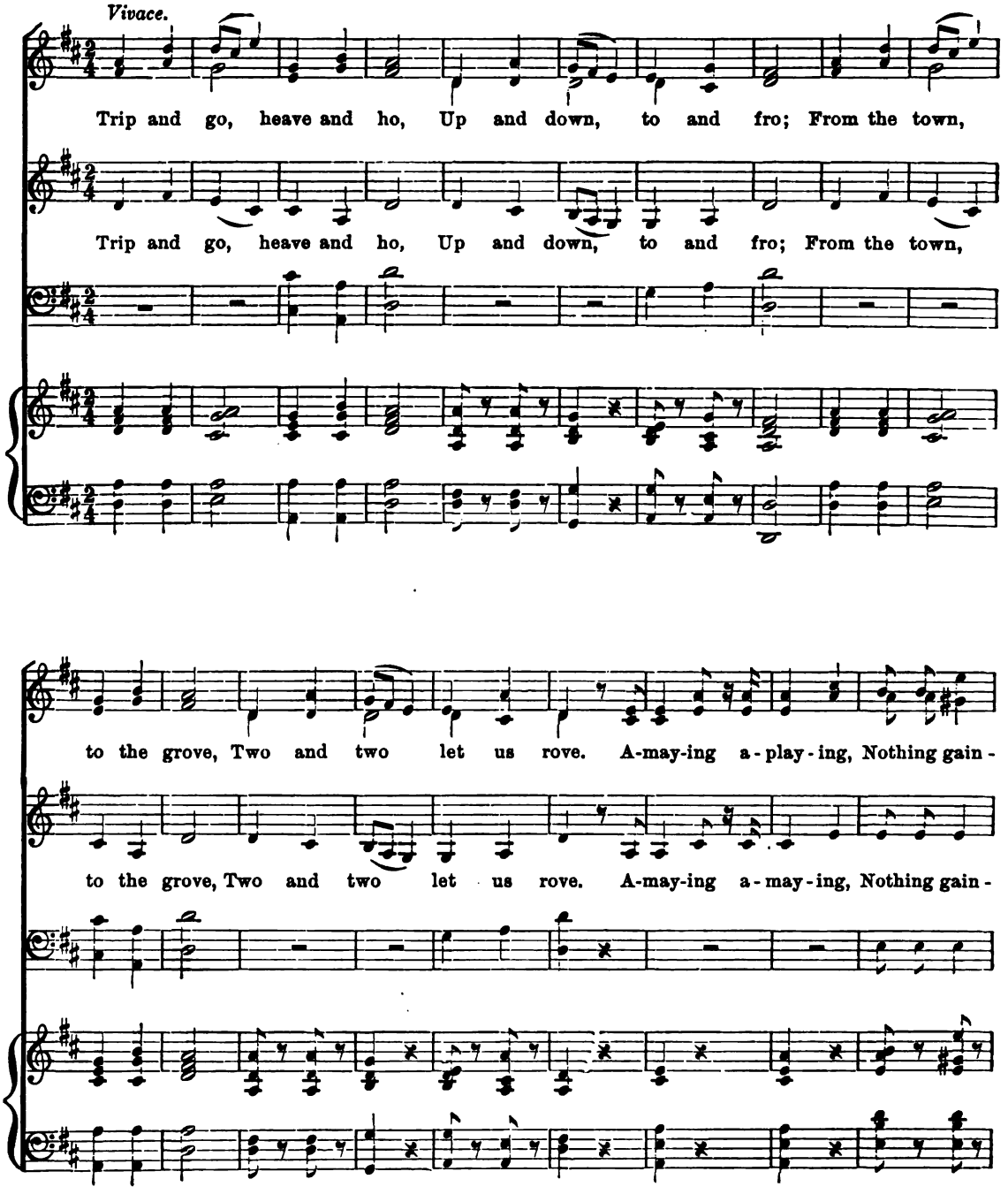
MARY CHATER.

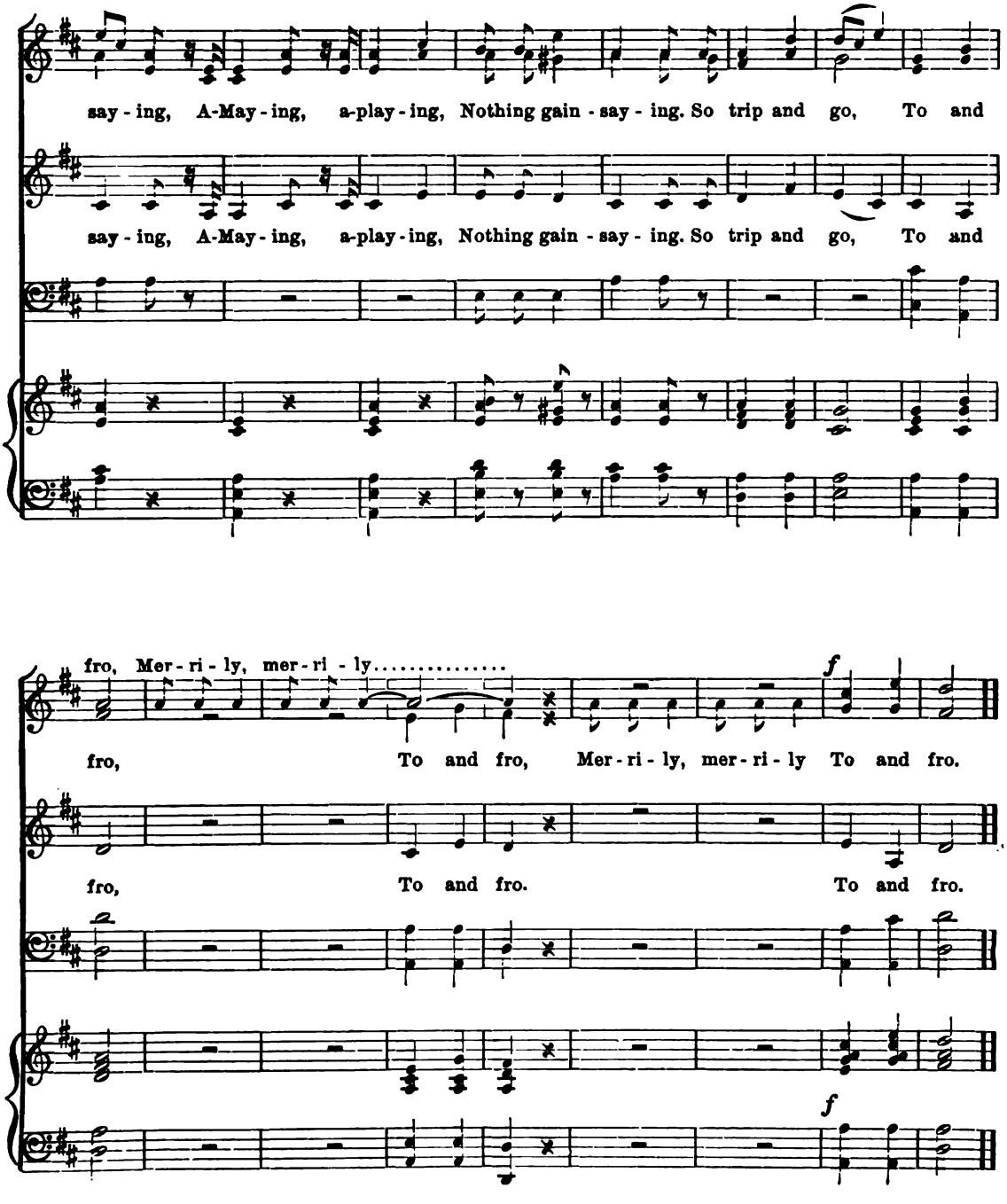
SONG IN AUTUMN.

SOP. I. II. F. A. LYMAN.

Allegretto.

hur - rah!.....
1. Take down the sick - le, boys, hur - rah, hur - rah! The ears of rip - ened
2. Thick on the hills, to - mor - row noon..... The gath - ered stook must
3. Take down the sick - le, boys, hur - rah,..... While loads of rip - ened
grain.... Are wait - ing for the reap - er's hand, Up - on the fruit - ful
see..... And with the loads of yel - low corn, Shall groan the ax - le -
grain.... Are wait - ing for the reap - er's hand, Up - on the fruit - ful
plain, The mel - low moon, the chang - ing leaves, The ear - lier set - ting
tree; The frost, my boys, will soon be here, And win - ter's on the
plain, We'll gath - er up the gold - en grain With thank - ful - ness once
sun. Pro - claim at last, my mer - ry boys, The har - vest time be - gun.
way; These glo - rious days will nev - er, boys, For la - zy far - mers stay.
more, And fill with the re - turn - ing seed Our bas - ket and our store.

CHAS. GAMAGE EASTMAN.

MERRILY TRIP AND GO.

Vivace.
Trip and go, heave and ho, Up and down, to and fro; From the town,
Trip and go, heave and ho, Up and down, to and fro; From the town,
to the grove, Two and two let us rove. A-may-ing a-play-ing, Nothing gain-
to the grove, Two and two let us rove. A-may-ing a-may-ing, Nothing gain-

MERRILY TRIP AND GO.

say - ing, A-May - ing, a-play - ing, Nothing gain - say - ing. So trip and go, To and
say - ing, A-May - ing, a-play - ing, Nothing gain - say - ing. So trip and go, To and
fro, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.....
f
fro, To and fro, Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly To and fro.
fro, To and fro. To and fro.
f

PASTORALE.

GLUCK, arr. 1714—1787.

Andante.

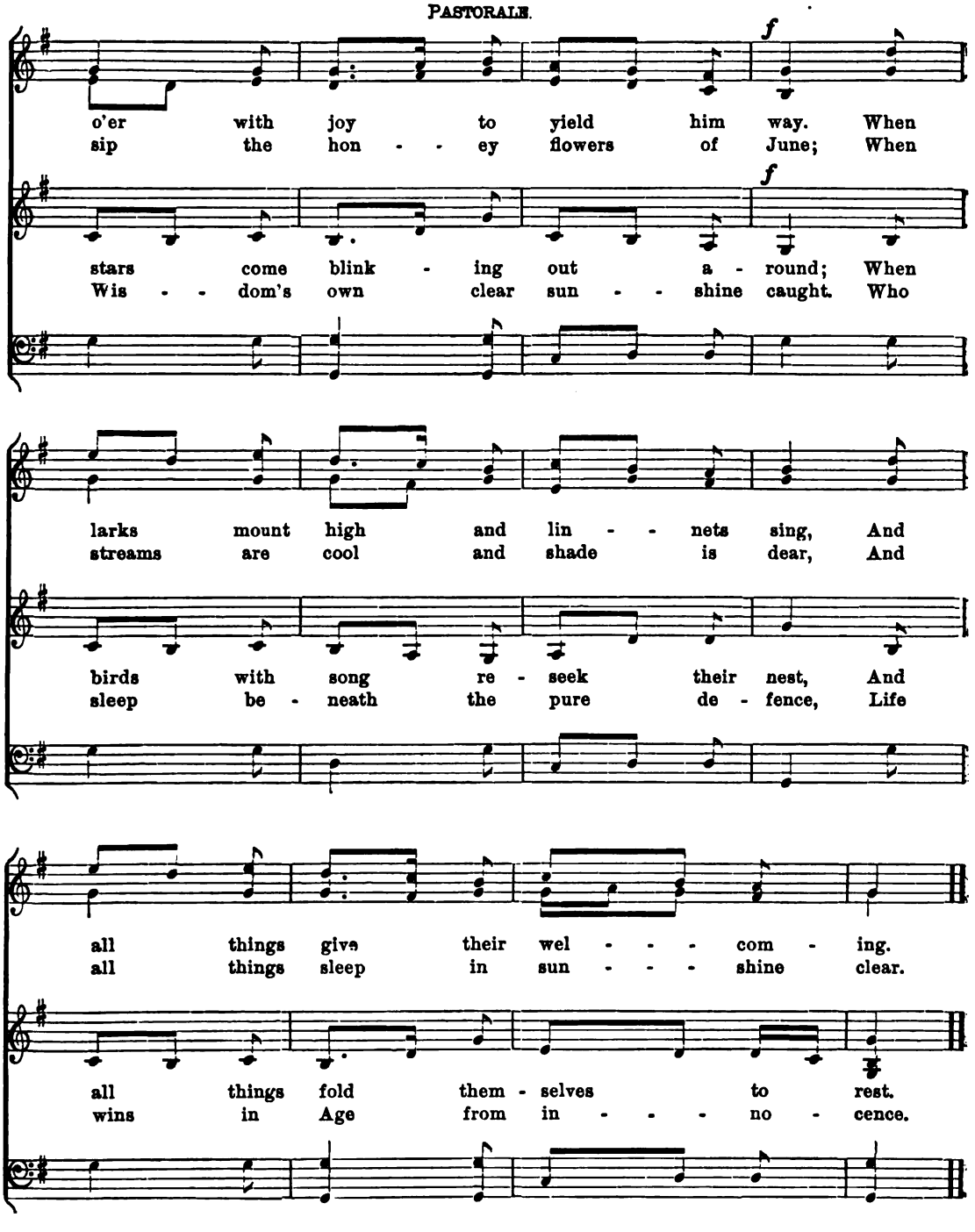
1. Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, when first..... the sun..... Comes
2. Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, when first..... the sun..... Slopes
3. Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, when first the sun..... His
4. Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, whose life's first morn..... The

laugh - - - ing out his course to run; When
down his af - - - - ter course to run; When

day - - - - long course has spent and run; When
smiles of blame - - - less mirth a - dorn; Whose

night so drear and dawn..... so gray..... ..... Blush
gold - - en bees hum out..... their tune,..... And

cot - - tage roofs with smoke are crowned,..... When
wid - ening years with light are fraught,..... From

PASTORALE.

f
o'er with joy to yield him way. When
sip the hon - - ey flowers of June; When
f
stars come blink - ing out a - round; When
Wis - - dom's own clear sun - - shine caught. Who
larks mount high and lin - - nets sing, And
streams are cool and shade is dear, And
birds with song re - seek their nest, And
sleep be - neath the pure de - fence, Life
all things give their wel - - - com - ing.
all things sleep in sun - - - shine clear.
all things fold them - selves to rest.
wins in Age from in - - - no - cence.

YOUTH AND AGE.

VON WEBER, arr. 1786—1826.

f *Grazioso.*

1. O Youth, O Child - - hood; age..... of sweet-ness; Fair Spring of
2. Each year the Spring..... with song.... a - wakes her; Gay Sum - mer
3. But Spring a - gain..... re - news.... her sweet-ness, And light and

f

4. 'Tis ours, 'tis ours, to work with glad - ness The tasks that
5. 'Tis ours while Life her Spring - time spares us 'Gainst Win - ter's

p

Life;..... bright dawn..... of day; What power.... on earth..... can
lends..... the light..... of mirth; Soon sun - - - shine fades,..... soon
flower..... and song..... are here, We grieve..... no more..... that

p

Life's own sea - - sons bring; That Age may ne'er. . . . . look
hours our store to heap; To wait the gifts..... that

cres. *f*

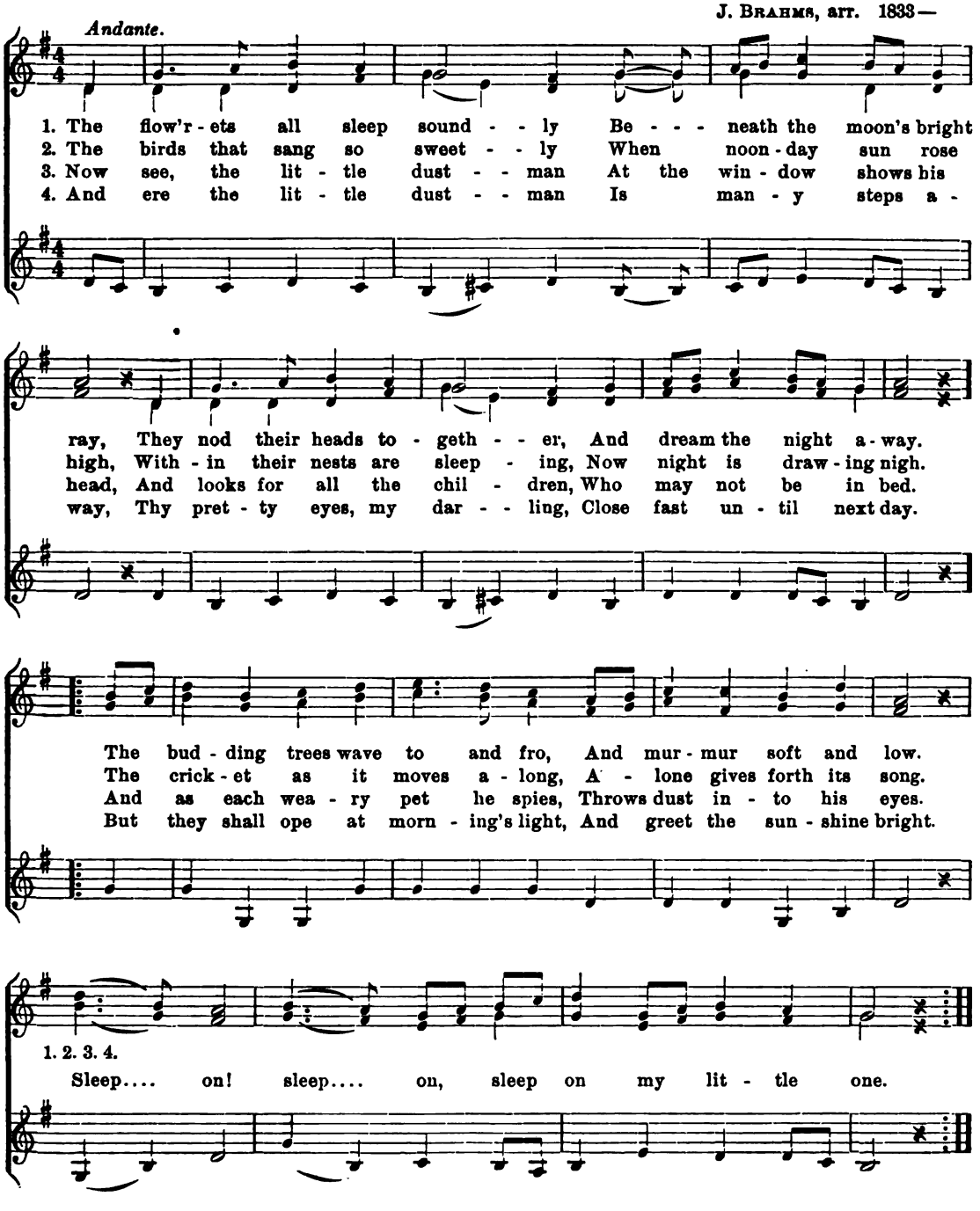
stay.... your fleet - ness, What charm ar - rest..... your flowers' de - cay!
song.... for - sakes her, And Win - ter chains.... the shiv - ering earth.
youth.... is fleet - ness, We take our les - - - son from the year.

cres. *f*

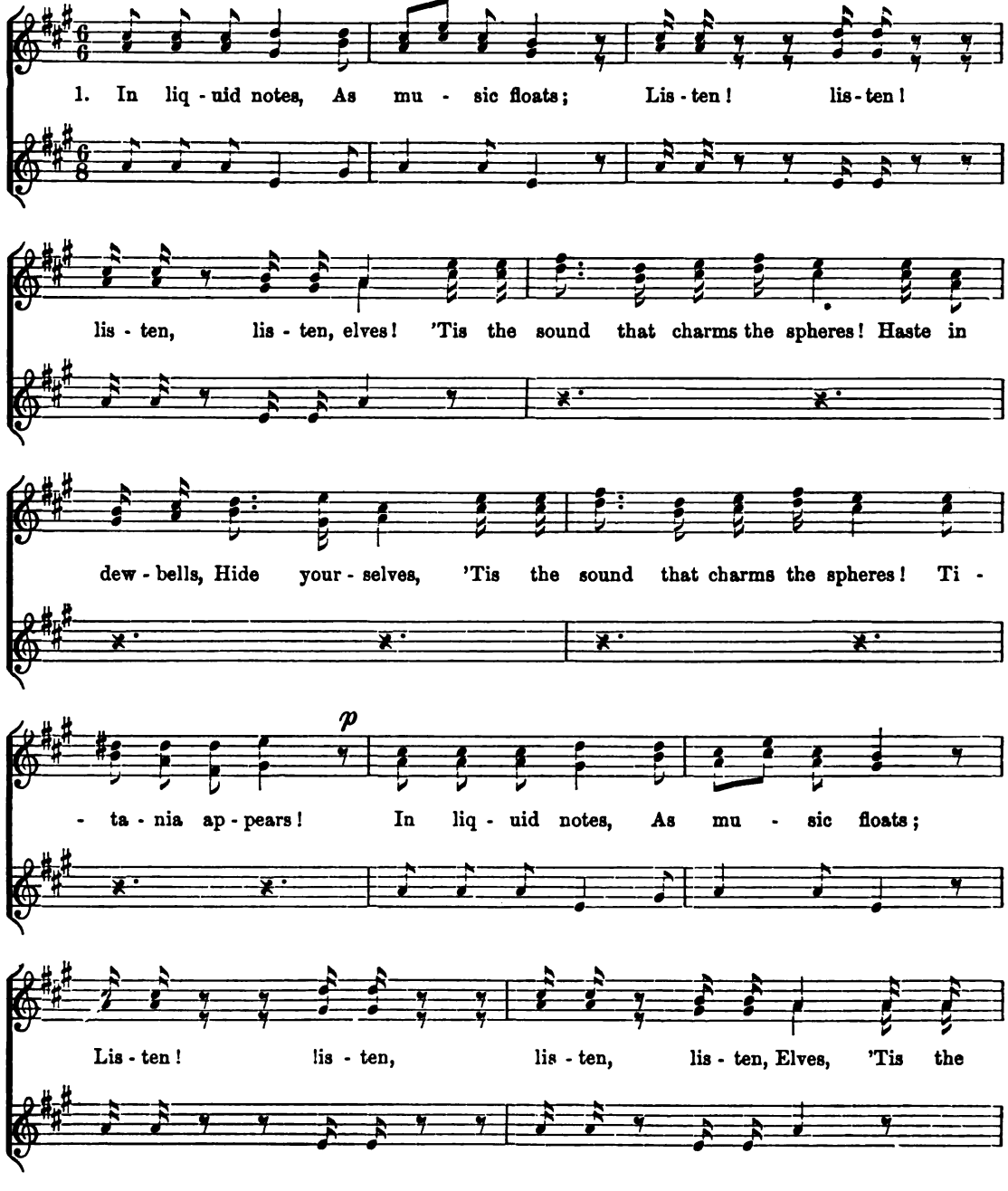
back.... with sad - ness, Youth sigh not o'er her fleet - ing Spring.
Au - - tumn bears us, The fruit that years from wis - - dom reap.

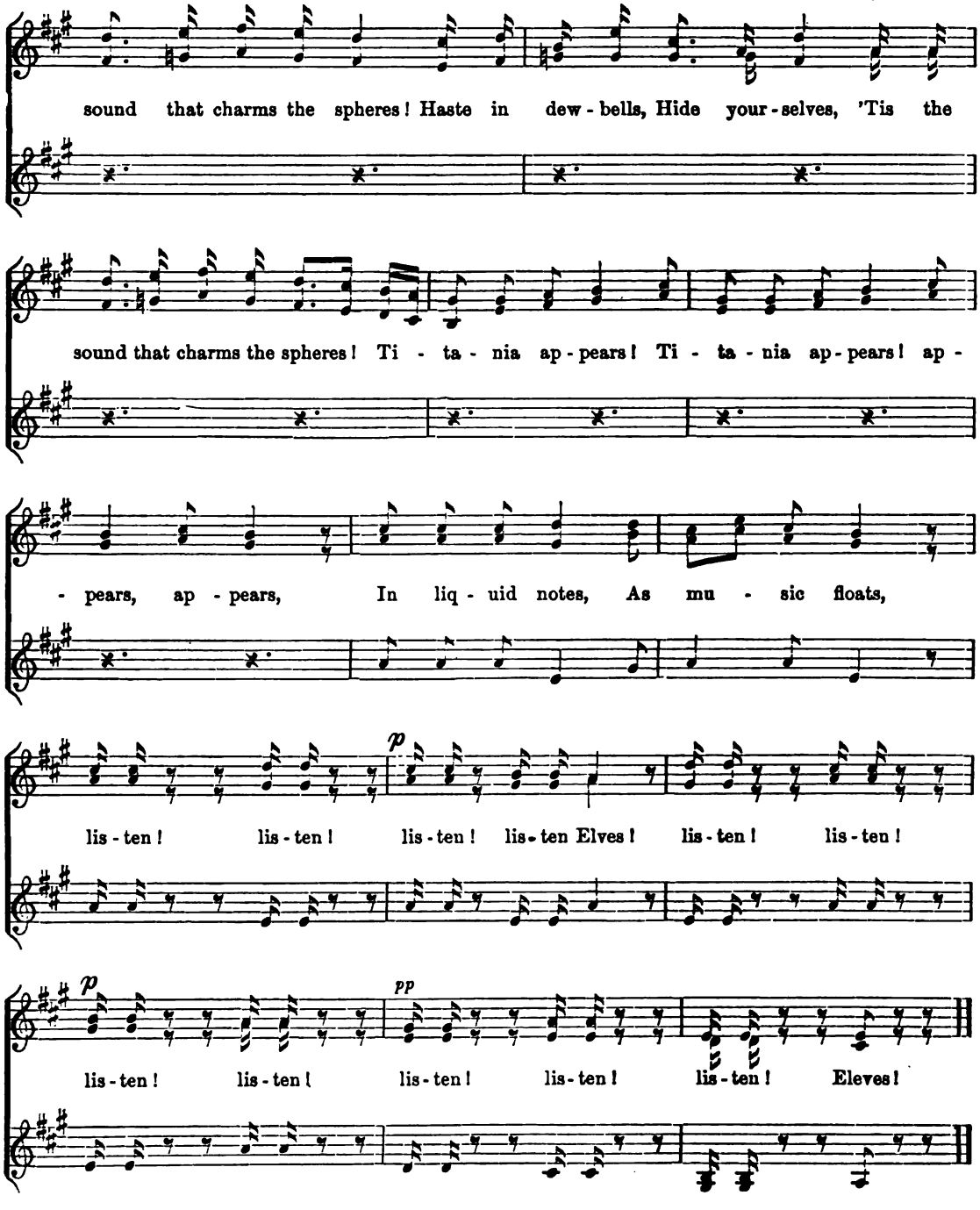
THE LITTLE DUSTMAN.

J. BRAHMS, arr. 1833—

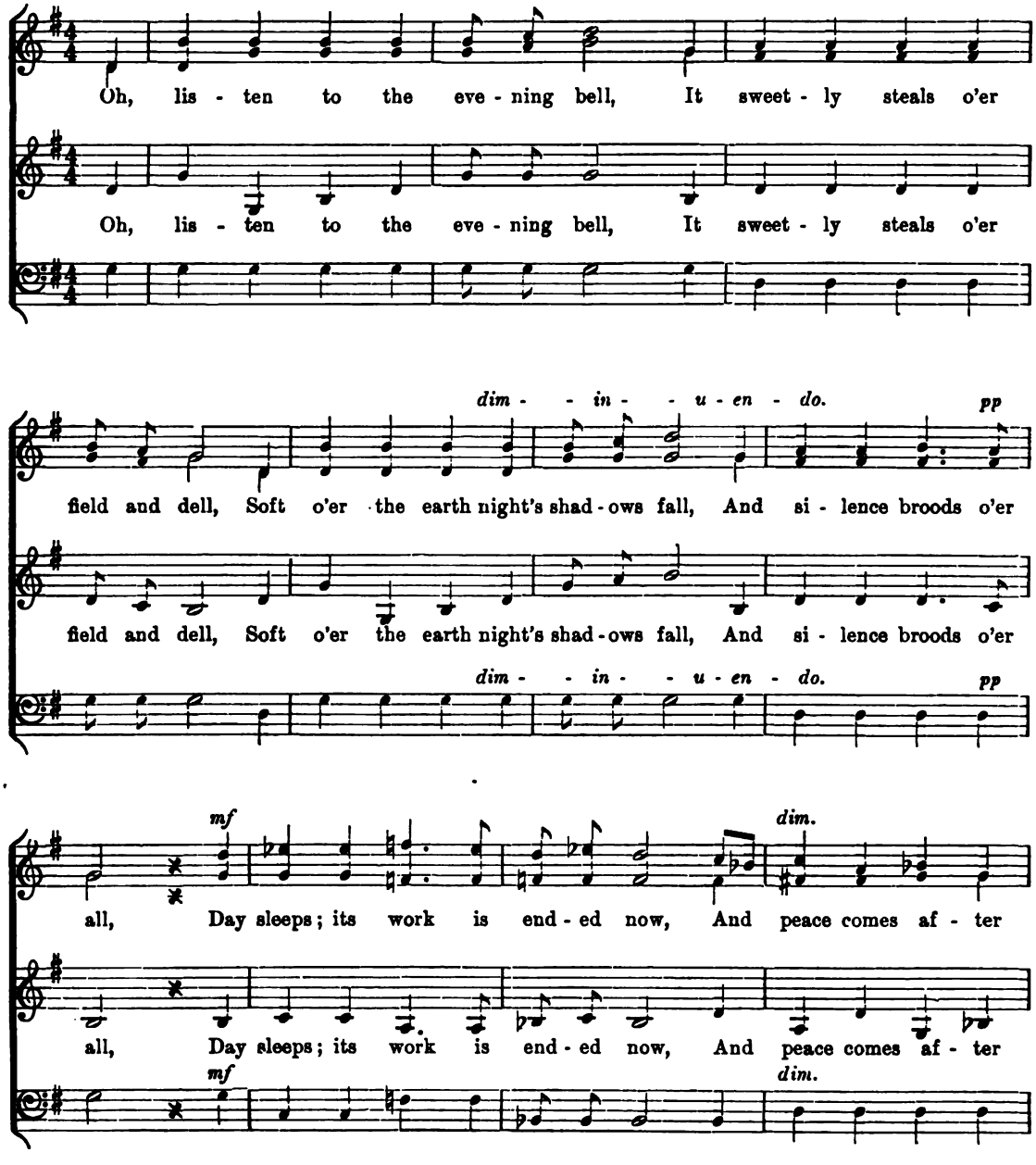

Andante.
1. The flow'r - ets all sleep sound - - ly Be - - - neath the moon's bright
2. The birds that sang so sweet - - ly When noon - day sun rose
3. Now see, the lit - tle dust - - man At the win - dow shows his
4. And ere the lit - tle dust - - man Is man - y steps a -
ray, They nod their heads to - geth - - er, And dream the night a - way.
high, With - in their nests are sleep - ing, Now night is draw - ing nigh.
head, And looks for all the chil - dren, Who may not be in bed.
way, Thy pret - ty eyes, my dar - - ling, Close fast un - til next day.
The bud - ding trees wave to and fro, And mur - mur soft and low.
The crick - et as it moves a - long, A - lone gives forth its song.
And as each wea - ry pet he spies, Throws dust in - to his eyes.
But they shall ope at morn - ing's light, And greet the sun - shine bright.
1. 2. 3. 4.
Sleep.... on! sleep.... on, sleep on my lit - tle one.

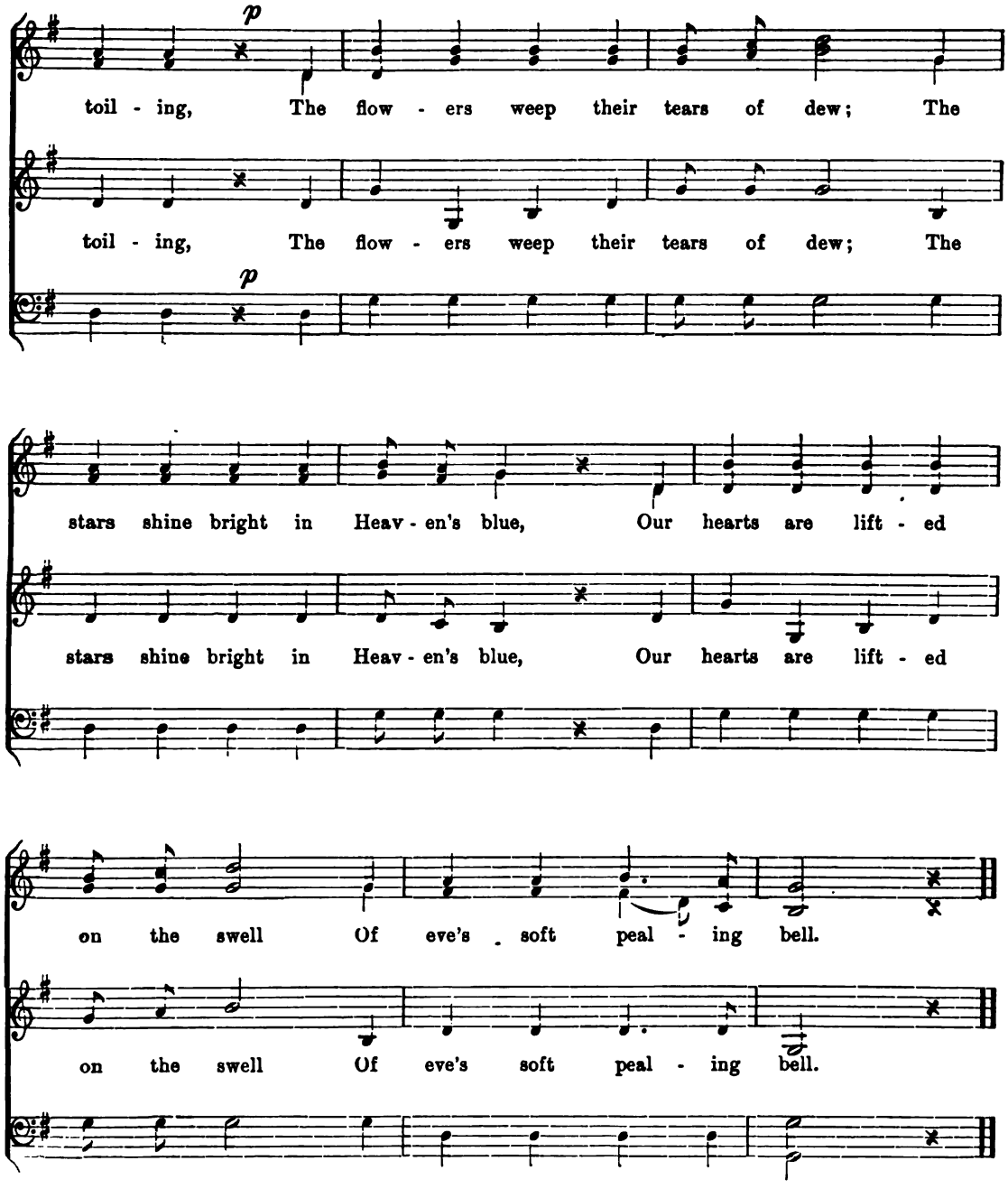
IN LIQUID NOTES.

Allegretto. THOMAS ATTWOOD, arr. 1767—1838.

1. In liq - uid notes, As mu - sic floats; Lis - ten! lis - ten!
lis - ten, lis - ten, elves! 'Tis the sound that charms the spheres! Haste in
dew - bells, Hide your - selves, 'Tis the sound that charms the spheres! Ti -
p
- ta - nia ap - pears! In liq - uid notes, As mu - sic floats;
Lis - ten! lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten, Elves, 'Tis the

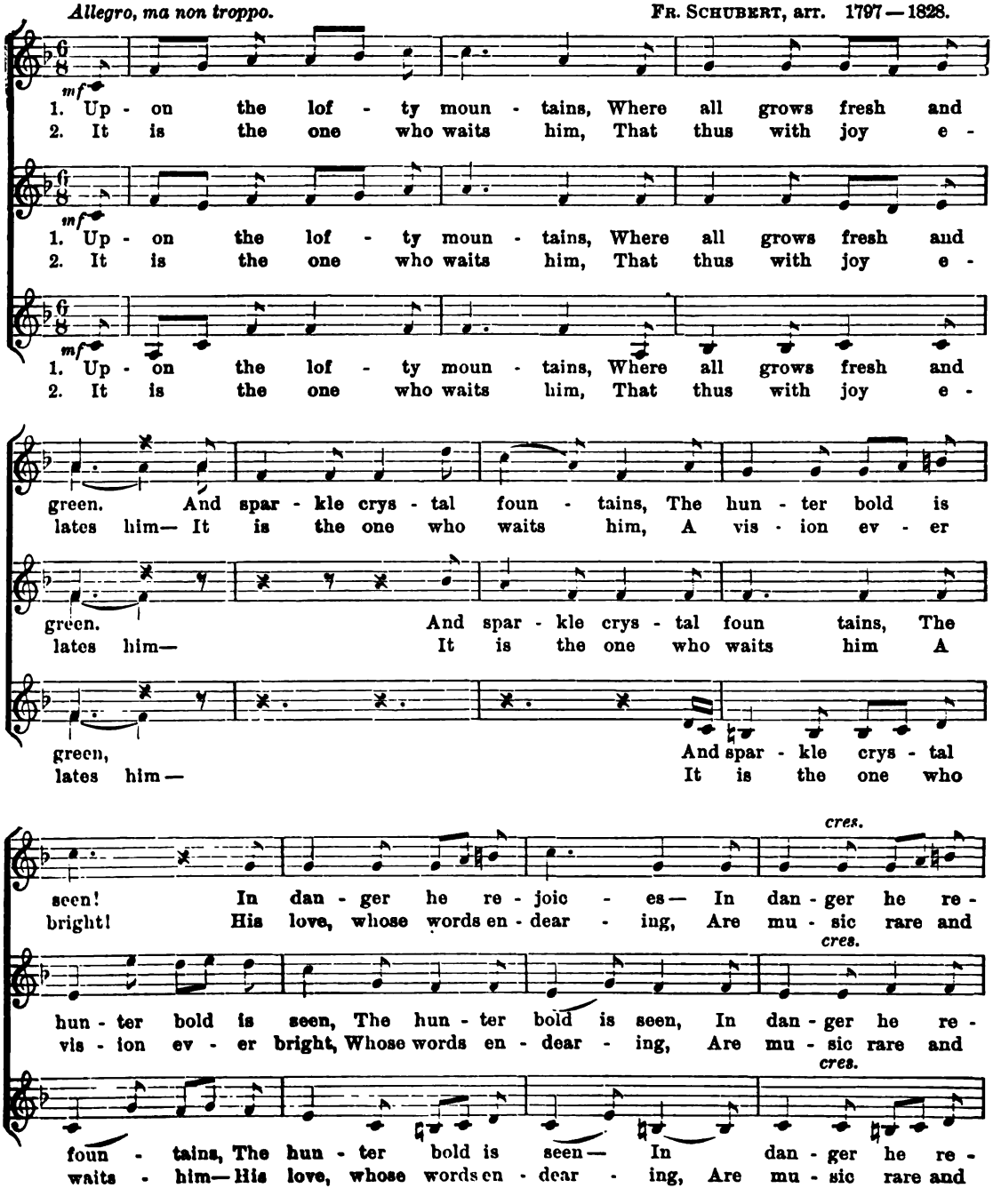
IN LIQUID NOTES.

sound that charms the spheres! Haste in dew-bells, Hide your-selves, 'Tis the
sound that charms the spheres! Ti - ta - nia ap-pears! Ti - ta - nia ap-pears! ap -
- pears, ap - pears, In liq - uid notes, As mu - sic floats,
p
lis-ten! lis-ten! lis-ten! lis-ten Elves! lis-ten! lis-ten!
p
pp
lis-ten! lis-ten! lis-ten! lis-ten! lis-ten! Eleves!

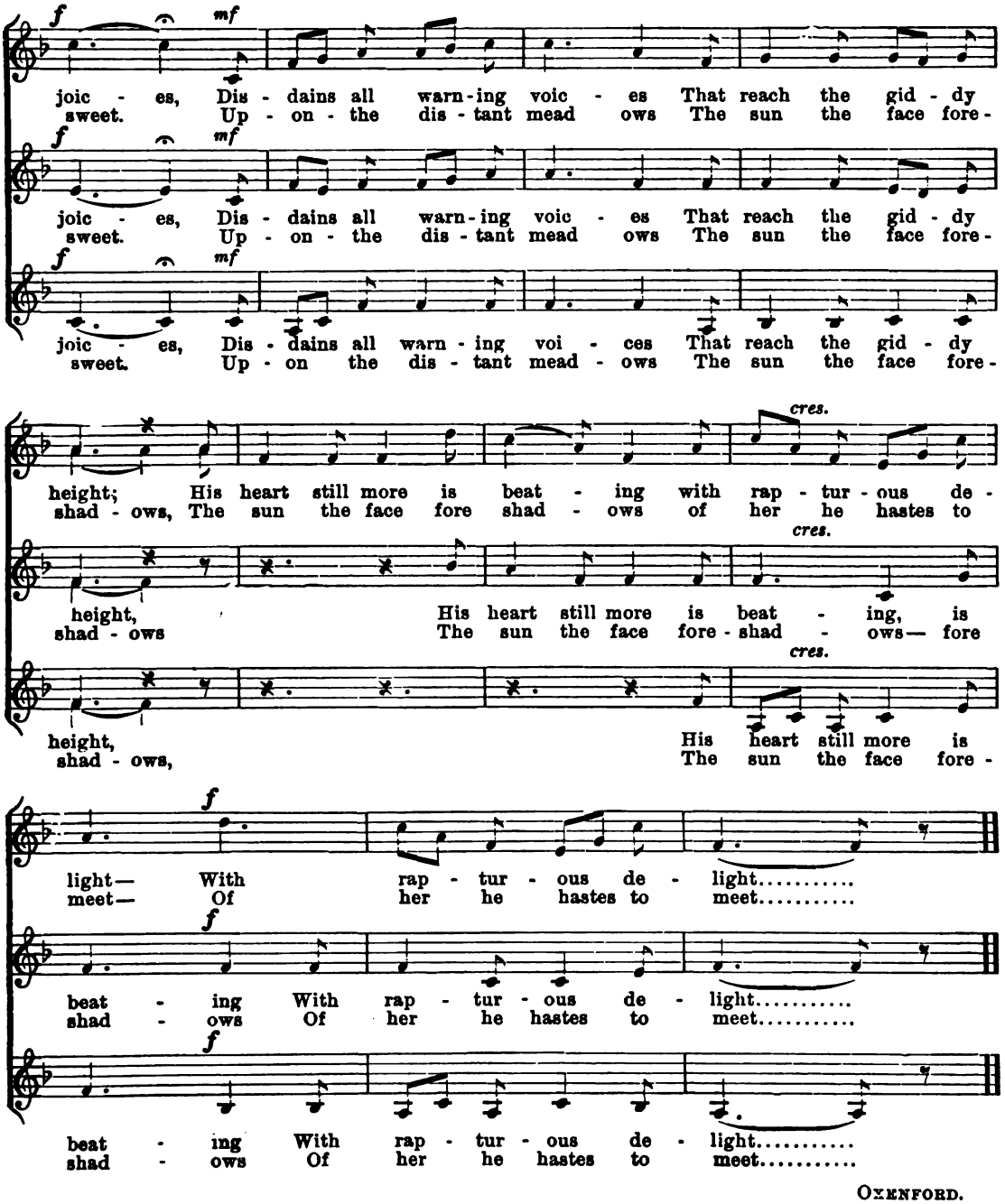
THE EVENING BELL.

Allegretto. DONIZETTI, arr. 1798—1848.

Oh, lis - ten to the eve - ning bell, It sweet - ly steals o'er
Oh, lis - ten to the eve - ning bell, It sweet - ly steals o'er
dim - - in - - u - en - do.
pp
field and dell, Soft o'er the earth night's shad - ows fall, And si - lence broods o'er
field and dell, Soft o'er the earth night's shad - ows fall, And si - lence broods o'er
dim - - in - - u - en - do.
pp
mf
dim.
all, Day sleeps; its work is end - ed now, And peace comes af - ter
all, Day sleeps; its work is end - ed now, And peace comes af - ter
mf
dim.

THE EVENING BELL.

p
toil - ing, The flow - ers weep their tears of dew; The
toil - ing, The flow - ers weep their tears of dew; The
p
stars shine bright in Heav - en's blue, Our hearts are lift - ed
stars shine bright in Heav - en's blue, Our hearts are lift - ed
on the swell Of eve's soft peal - ing bell.
on the swell Of eve's soft peal - ing bell.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

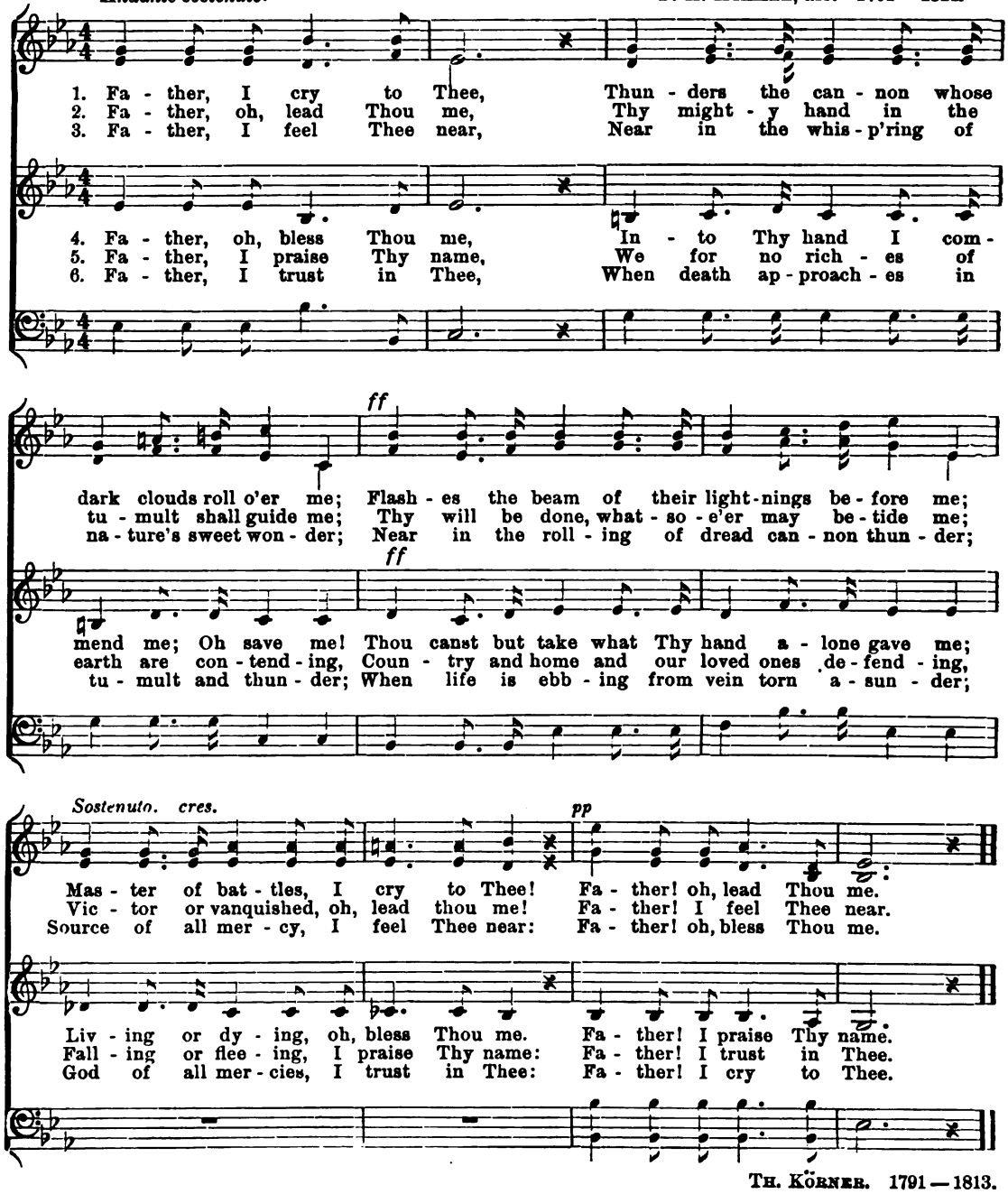
Allegro, ma non troppo. FR. SCHUBERT, arr. 1797—1828.

mf
1. Up - on the lof - ty moun - tains, Where all grows fresh and
2. It is the one who waits him, That thus with joy e -
1. Up - on the lof - ty moun - tains, Where all grows fresh and
2. It is the one who waits him, That thus with joy e -
1. Up - on the lof - ty moun - tains, Where all grows fresh and
2. It is the one who waits him, That thus with joy e -
green. And spar - kle crys - tal foun - tains, The hun - ter bold is
lates him— It is the one who waits him, A vis - ion ev - er
green. And spar - kle crys - tal foun tains, The
lates him— It is the one who waits him A
green, And spar - kle crys - tal
lates him— It is the one who
cres.
seen! In dan - ger he re - joic - es— In dan - ger he re -
bright! His love, whose words en - dear - ing, Are mu - sic rare and
cres.
hun - ter bold is seen, The hun - ter bold is seen, In dan - ger he re -
vis - ion ev - er bright, Whose words en - dear - ing, Are mu - sic rare and
cres.
foun - tains, The hun - ter bold is seen— In dan - ger he re -
waits - him— His love, whose words en - dear - ing, Are mu - sic rare and

The Alpine Hunter.

f mf
joic - es, Dis - dains all warn-ing voic - es That reach the gid - dy
sweet. Up - on - the dis - tant mead ows The sun the face fore -
joic - es, Dis - dains all warn-ing voic - es That reach the gid - dy
sweet. Up - on - the dis - tant mead ows The sun the face fore -
joic - es, Dis - dains all warn - ing voi - ces That reach the gid - dy
sweet. Up - on the dis - tant mead - ows The sun the face fore -
cres.
height; His heart still more is beat - ing with rap - tur - ous de -
shad - ows, The sun the face fore shad - ows of her he hastes to
cres.
height, His heart still more is beat - ing, is
shad - ows The sun the face fore - shad - ows— fore
cres.
height, His heart still more is
shad - ows, The sun the face fore -
f
light— With rap - tur - ous de - light.....
meet— Of her he hastes to meet.....
f
beat - ing With rap - tur - ous de - light.....
shad - ows Of her he hastes to meet.....
f
beat - ing With rap - tur - ous de - light.....
shad - ows Of her he hastes to meet.....

OXENFORD.

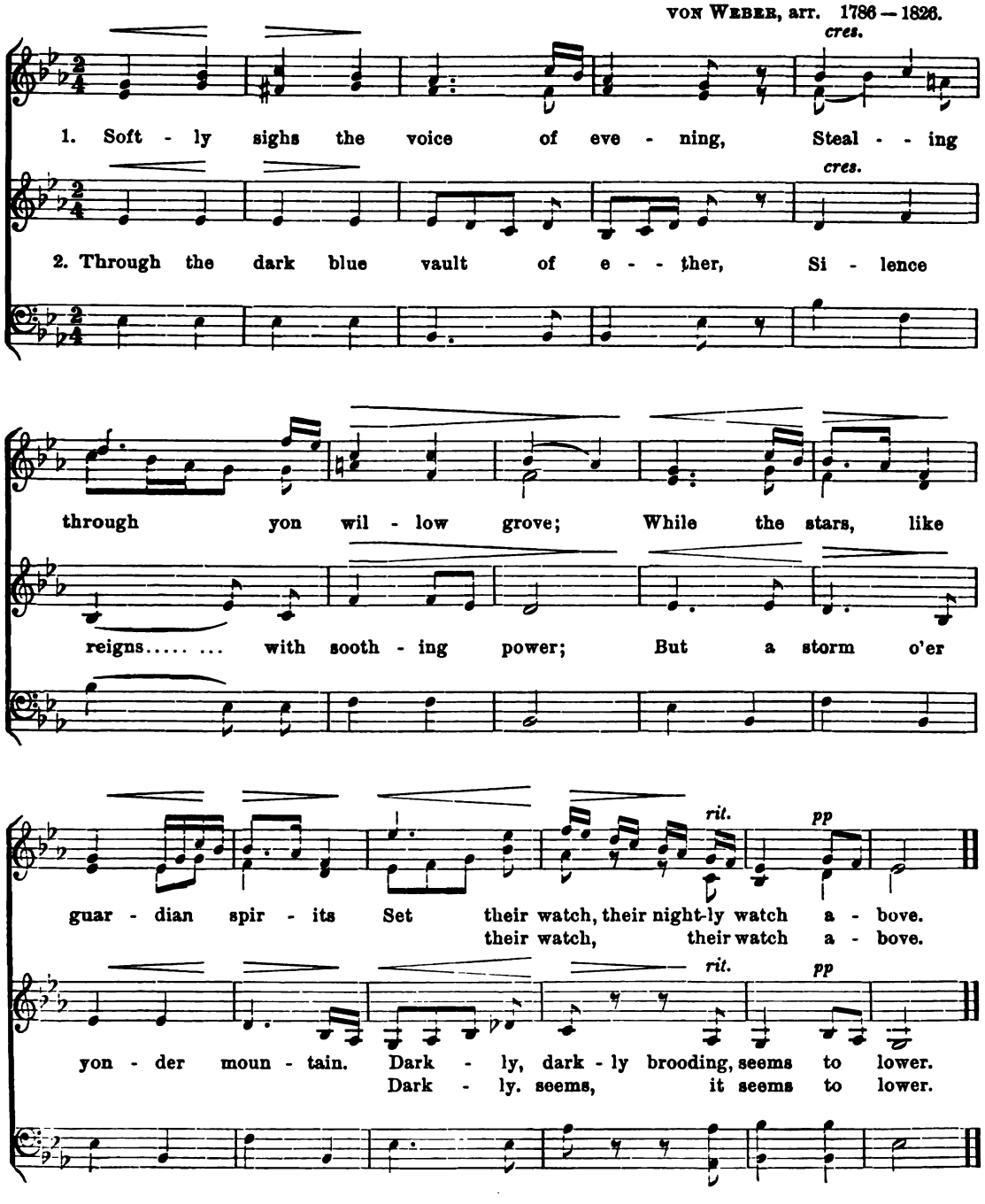
PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

Andante sostenuto. F. H. HIMMEL, arr. 1764—1814.


1. Fa - ther, I cry to Thee, Thun - ders the can - non whose
2. Fa - ther, oh, lead Thou me, Thy might - y hand in the
3. Fa - ther, I feel Thee near, Near in the whis - p'ring of
4. Fa - ther, oh, bless Thou me, In - to Thy hand I com -
5. Fa - ther, I praise Thy name, We for no rich - es of
6. Fa - ther, I trust in Thee, When death ap - proach - es in
ff
dark clouds roll o'er me; Flash - es the beam of their light - nings be - fore me;
tu - mult shall guide me; Thy will be done, what - so - e'er may be - tide me;
na - ture's sweet won - der; Near in the roll - ing of dread can - non thun - der;
ff
mend me; Oh save me! Thou canst but take what Thy hand a - lone gave me;
earth are con - tend - ing, Coun - try and home and our loved ones de - fend - ing,
tu - mult and thun - der; When life is ebb - ing from vein torn a - sun - der;
Sostenuto. cres.
pp
Mas - ter of bat - tles, I cry to Thee! Fa - ther! oh, lead Thou me.
Vic - tor or vanquished, oh, lead thou me! Fa - ther! I feel Thee near.
Source of all mer - cy, I feel Thee near: Fa - ther! oh, bless Thou me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing, oh, bless Thou me. Fa - ther! I praise Thy name.
Fall - ing or flee - ing, I praise Thy name: Fa - ther! I trust in Thee.
God of all mer - cies, I trust in Thee: Fa - ther! I cry to Thee.

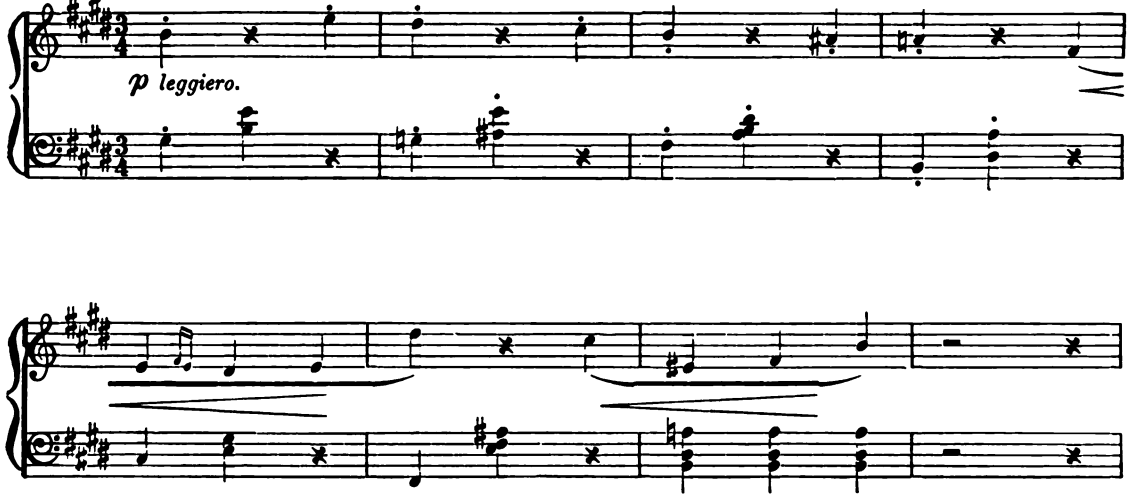
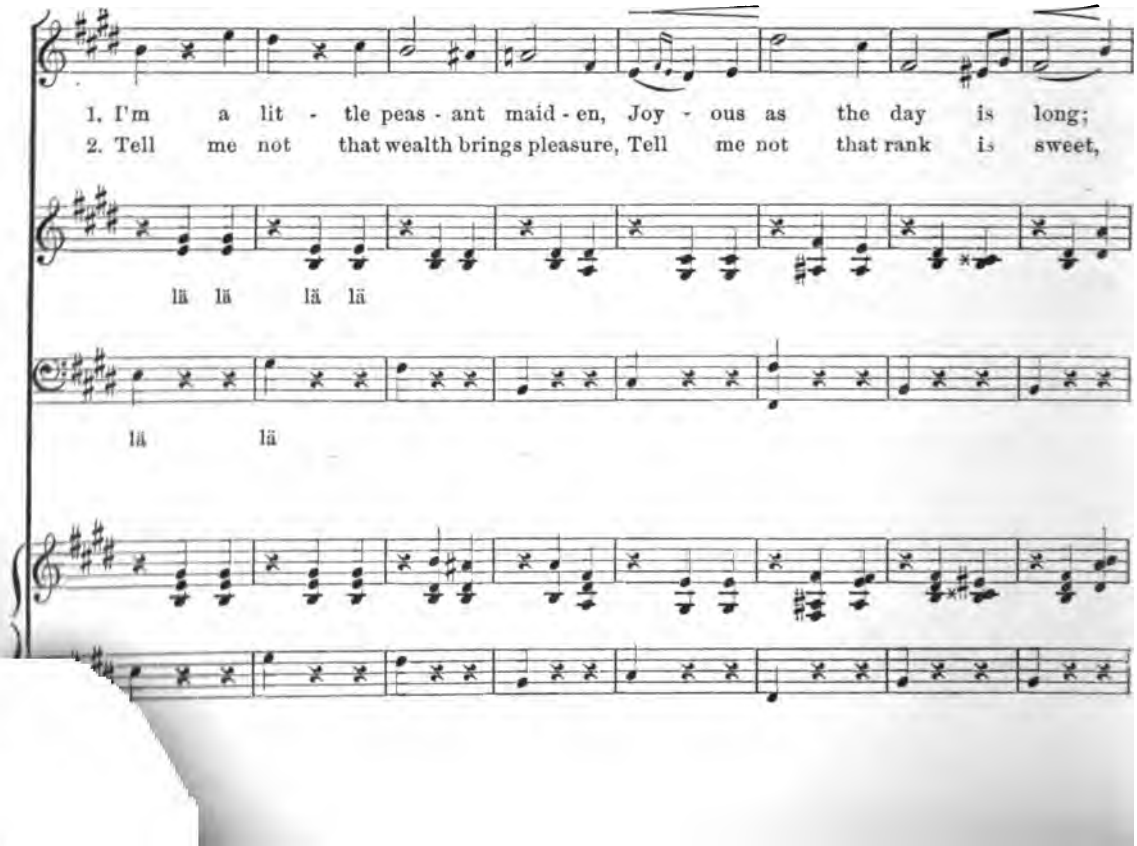
TH. KÖRNER. 1791—1813.

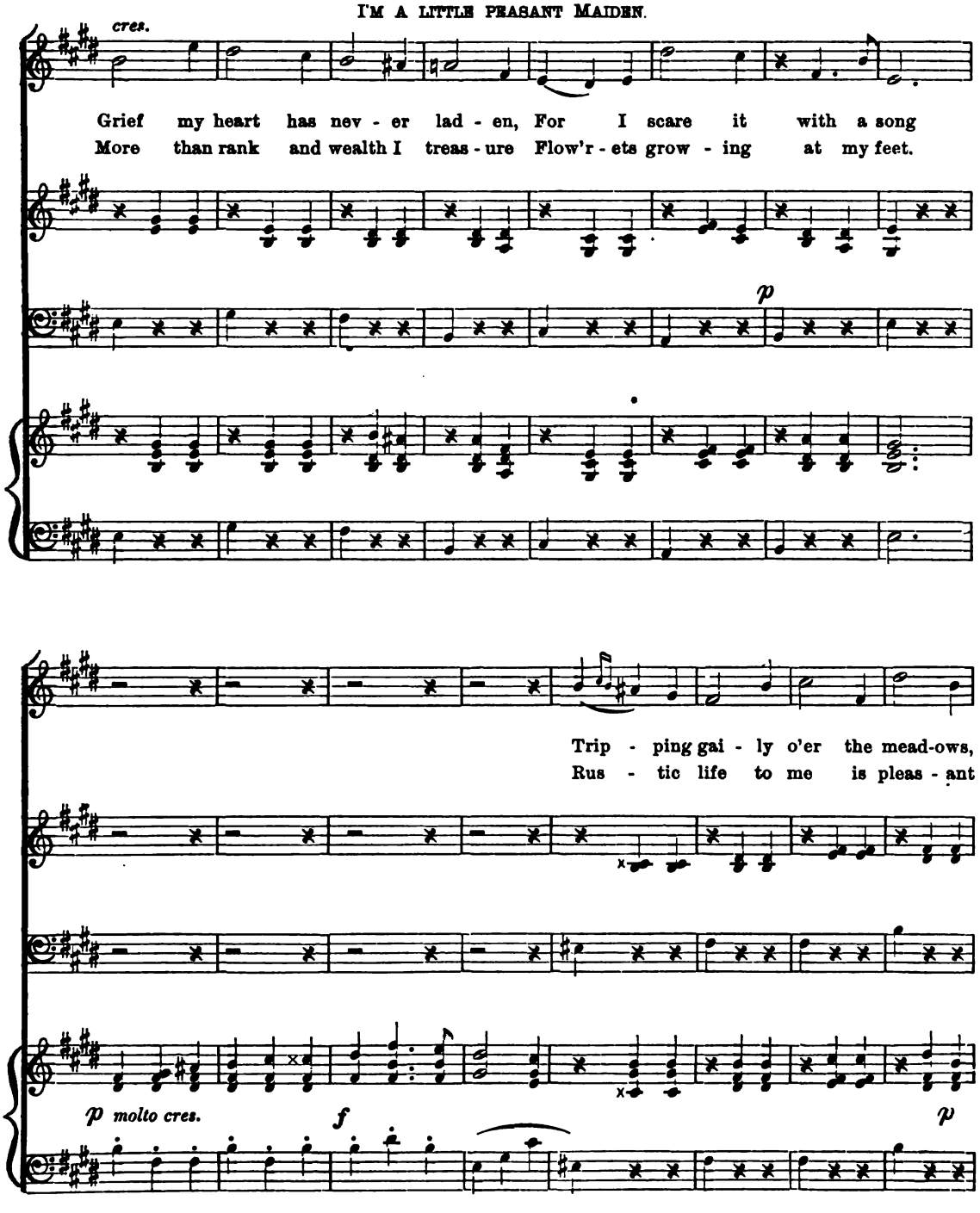
SOFTLY SIGHS THE VOICE.

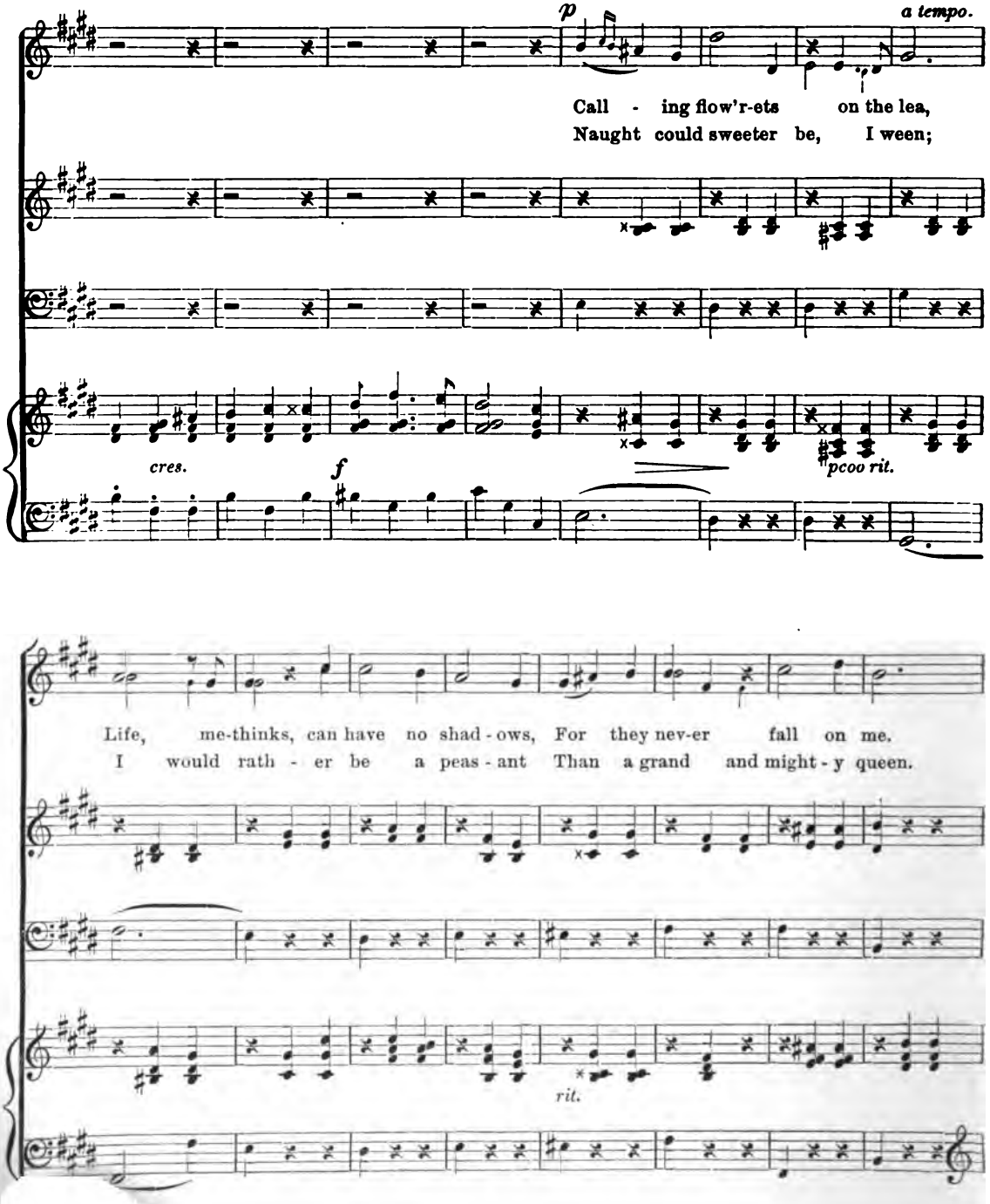
VON WEBER, arr. 1786 — 1826.

cres.
1. Soft - ly sighs the voice of eve - ning, Steal - - ing
cres.
2. Through the dark blue vault of e - - ther, Si - lence
through yon wil - low grove; While the stars, like
reigns..... ... with sooth - ing power; But a storm o'er
rit.
pp
guar - dian spir - its Set their watch, their night-ly watch a - bove.
their watch, their watch a - bove.
rit.
pp
yon - der moun - tain. Dark - ly, dark - ly brooding, seems to lower.
Dark - ly. seems, it seems to lower.

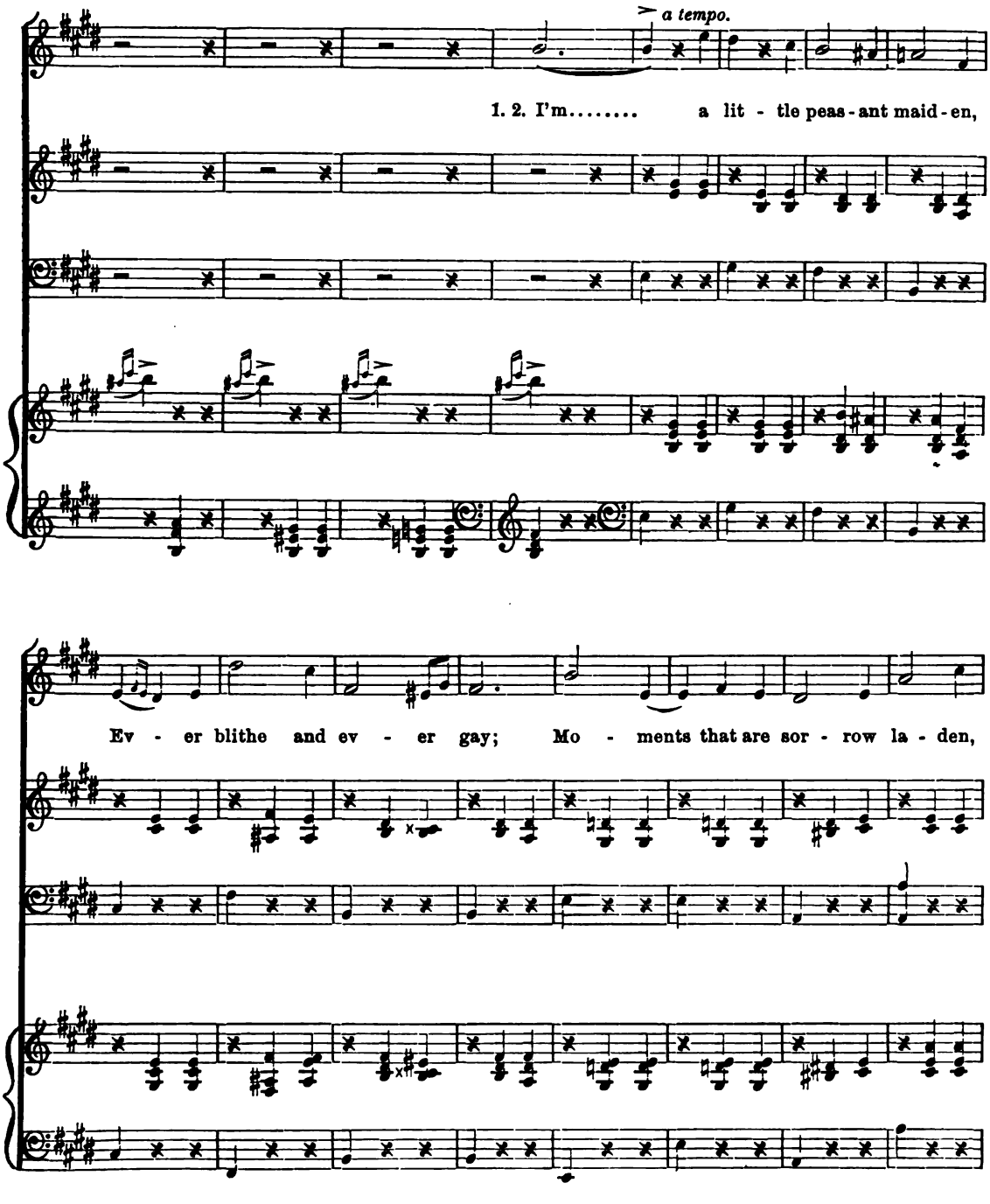
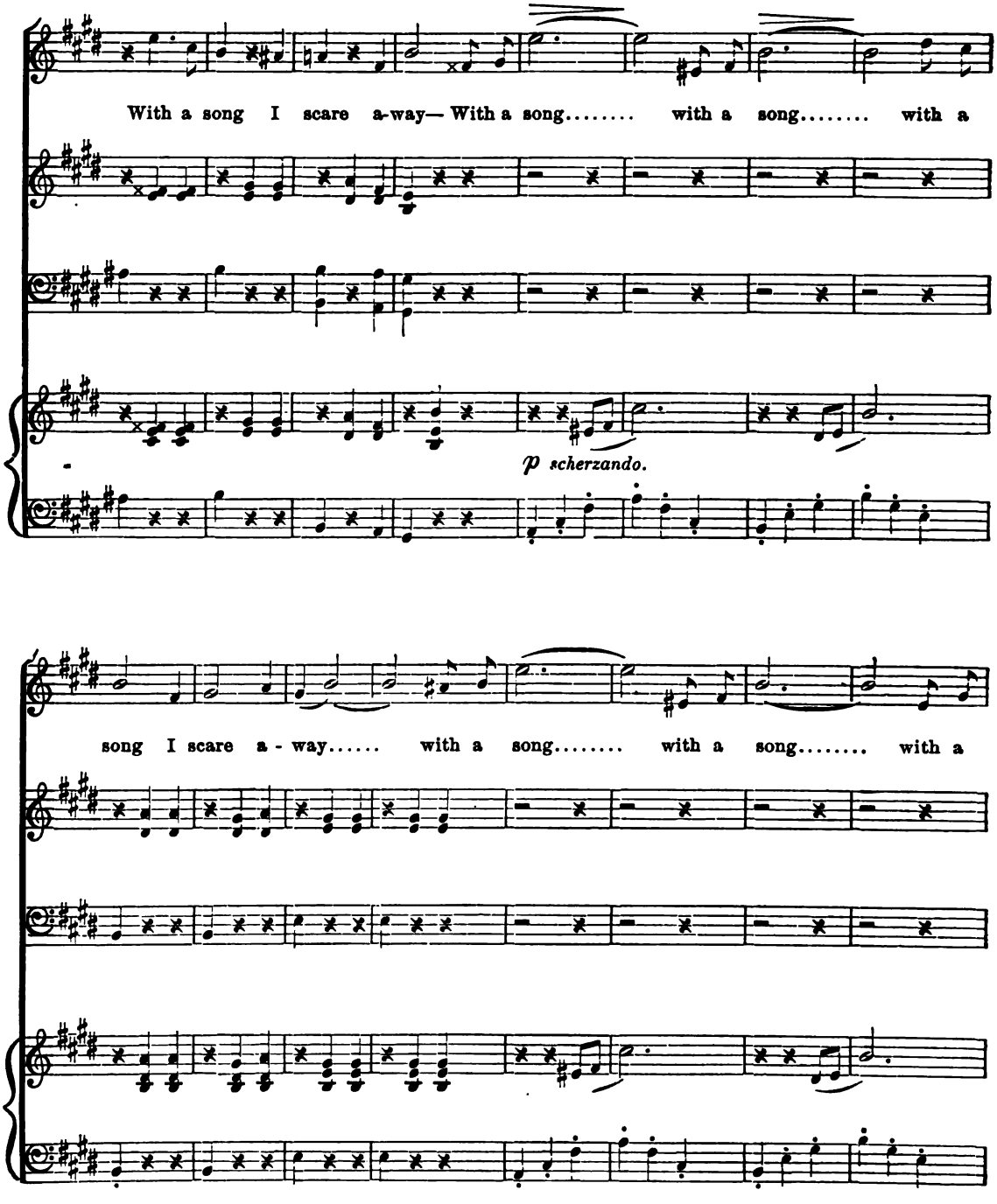
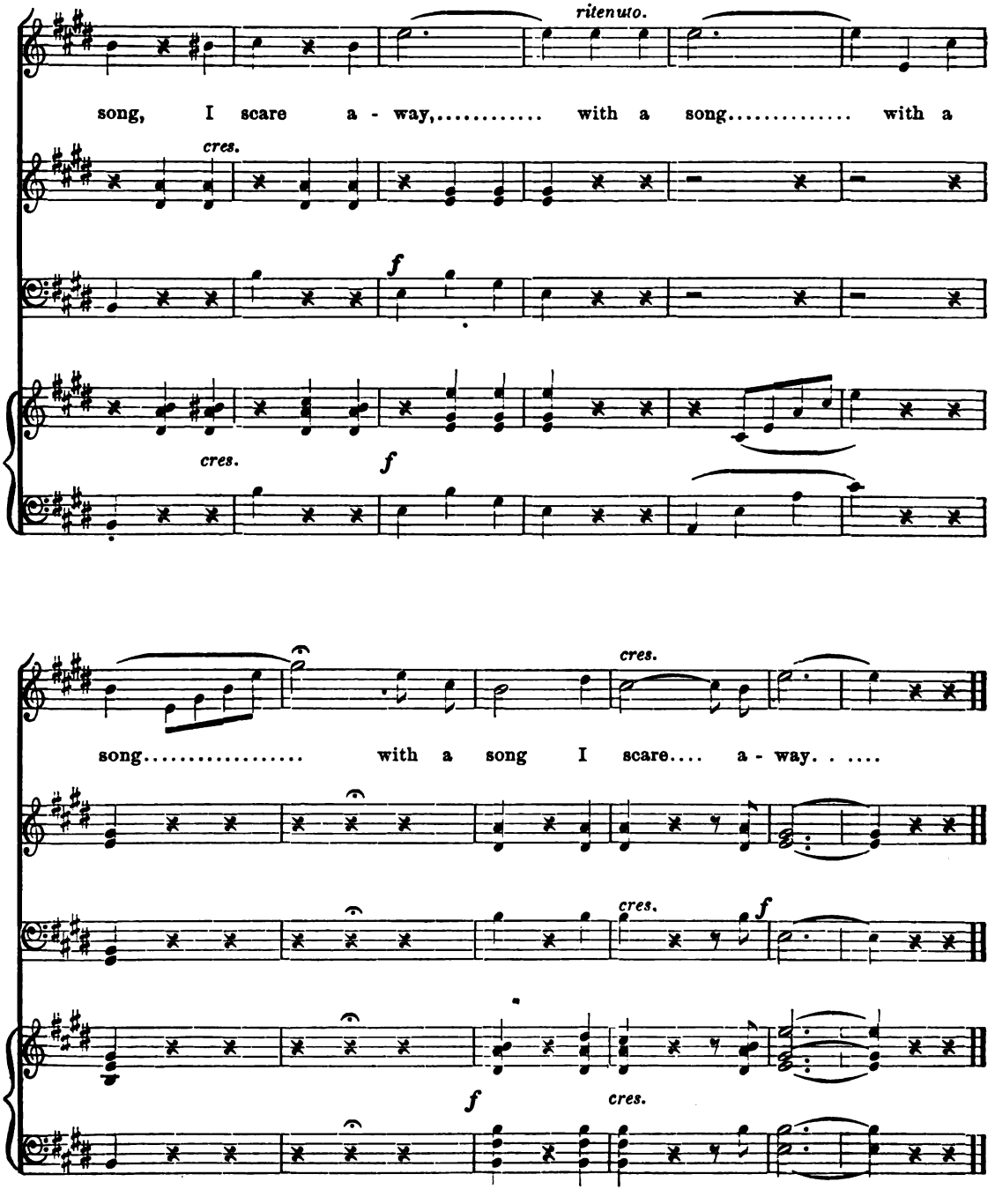
I'M A LITTLE PEASANT MAIDEN.

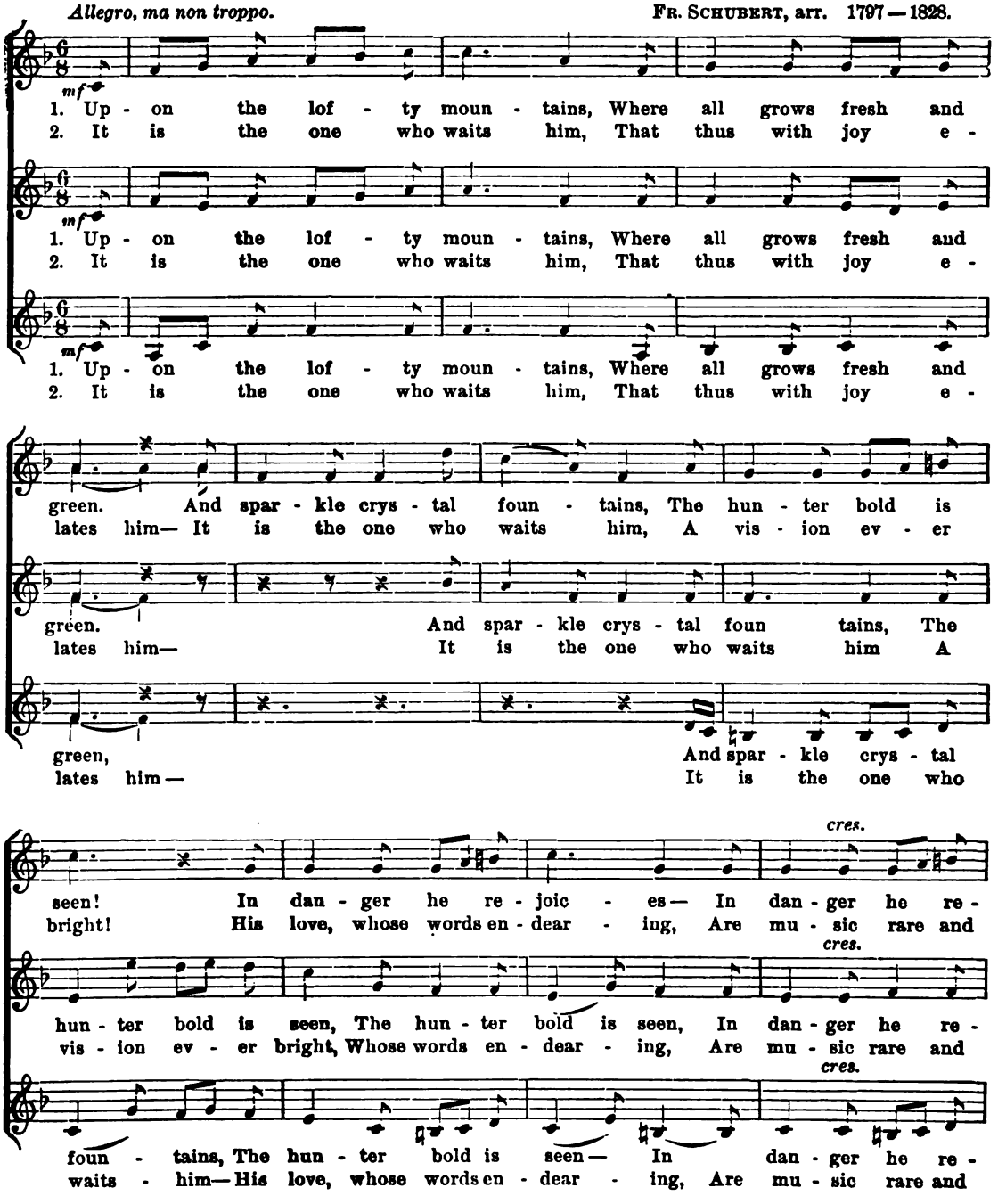
In waltz time. FR. ABT, arr. 1819—1885.

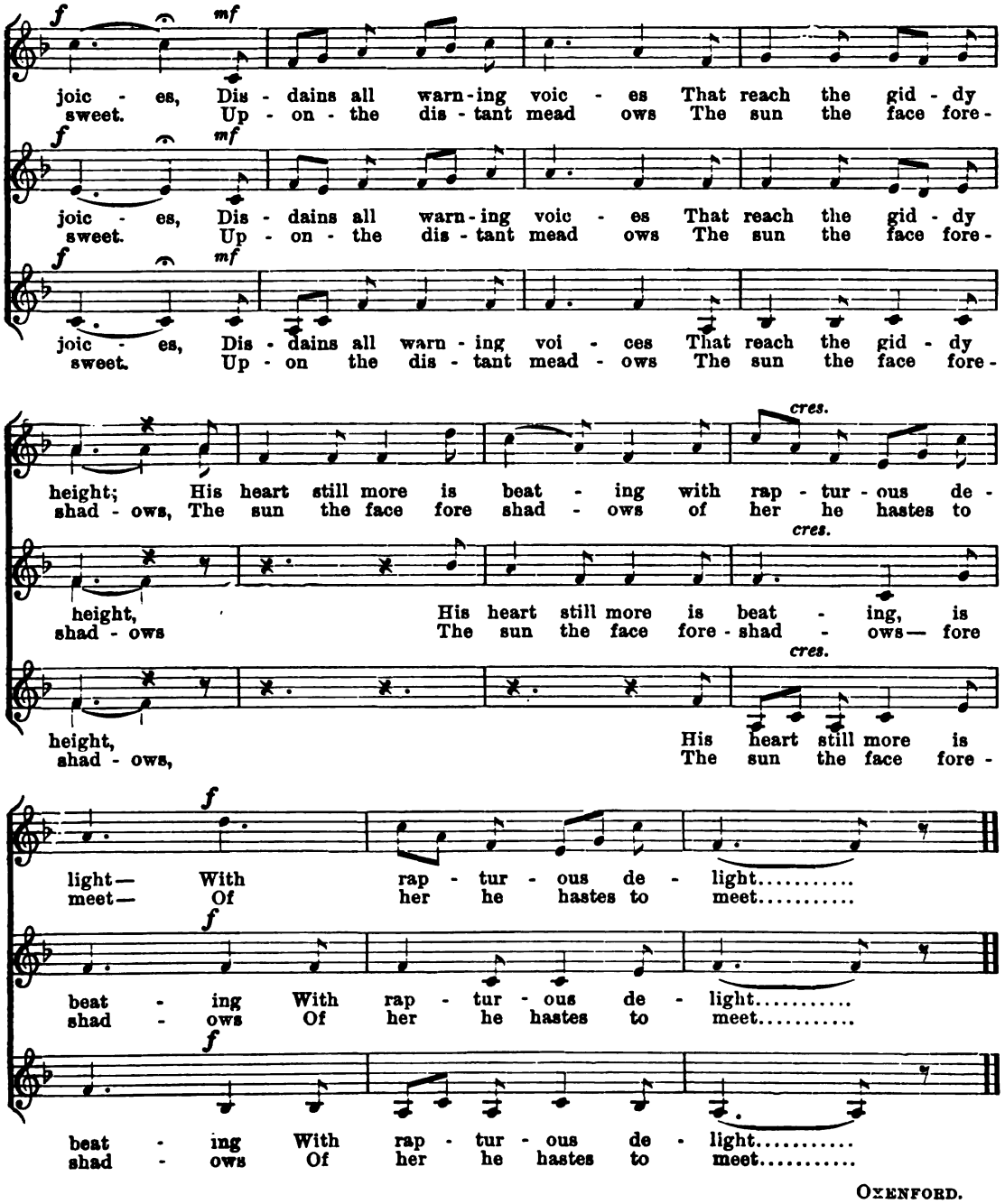
p leggiero.

1. I'm a lit - tle peas - ant maid - en, Joy - ous as the day is long;
2. Tell me not that wealth brings pleasure, Tell me not that rank is sweet,
lä lä lä lä
lä lä

I'M A LITTLE PEASANT MAIDEN.

cres.
Grief my heart has nev - er lad - en, For I scare it with a song
More than rank and wealth I treas - ure Flow'r - ets grow - ing at my feet.
p
Trip - ping gai - ly o'er the mead-ows,
Rus - tic life to me is pleas - ant
p molto cres.
f
p

I'M A LITTLE PEASANT MAIDEN.

p
a tempo.
Call - ing flow'r-ets on the lea,
Naught could sweeter be, I ween;
cres.
f
pcoo rit.
Life, me-thinks, can have no shad - ows, For they nev-er fall on me.
I would rath - er be a peas - ant Than a grand and might - y queen.
rit.

I'M A LITTLE PEASANT MAIDEN.

I'M A LITTLE PEASANT MAIDEN.

I'M A LITTLE PEASANT MAIDEN.

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

Allegro, ma non troppo. FR. SCHUBERT, arr. 1797—1828.

mf
1. Up - on the lof - ty moun - tains, Where all grows fresh and
2. It is the one who waits him, That thus with joy e -
mf
1. Up - on the lof - ty moun - tains, Where all grows fresh and
2. It is the one who waits him, That thus with joy e -
mf
1. Up - on the lof - ty moun - tains, Where all grows fresh and
2. It is the one who waits him, That thus with joy e -
green. And spar - kle crys - tal foun - tains, The hun - ter bold is
lates him— It is the one who waits him, A vis - ion ev - er
green. And spar - kle crys - tal foun tains, The
lates him— It is the one who waits him A
green, And spar - kle crys - tal
lates him— It is the one who
cres.
seen! In dan - ger he re - joic - es— In dan - ger he re -
bright! His love, whose words en - dear - ing, Are mu - sic rare and
cres.
hun - ter bold is seen, The hun - ter bold is seen, In dan - ger he re -
vis - ion ev - er bright, Whose words en - dear - ing, Are mu - sic rare and
cres.
foun - tains, The hun - ter bold is seen— In dan - ger he re -
waits - him— His love, whose words en - dear - ing, Are mu - sic rare and

THE ALPINE HUNTER.

joic - es, Dis - dains all warn-ing voic - es That reach the gid - dy
sweet. Up - on - the dis - tant mead ows The sun the face fore -
joic - es, Dis - dains all warn-ing voic - es That reach the gid - dy
sweet. Up - on - the dis - tant mead ows The sun the face fore -
joic - es, Dis - dains all warn - ing voi - ces That reach the gid - dy
sweet. Up - on the dis - tant mead - ows The sun the face fore -
cres.
height; His heart still more is beat - ing with rap - tur - ous de -
shad - ows, The sun the face fore shad - ows of her he hastes to
cres.
height, His heart still more is beat - ing, is
shad - ows The sun the face fore - shad - ows— fore
cres.
height, His heart still more is
shad - ows, The sun the face fore -
light— With rap - tur - ous de - light.....
meet— Of her he hastes to meet.....
beat - ing With rap - tur - ous de - light.....
shad - ows Of her he hastes to meet.....
beat - ing With rap - tur - ous de - light.....
shad - ows Of her he hastes to meet.....

OXENFORD.

PASTORALE.

GLUCK, arr. 1714—1787.

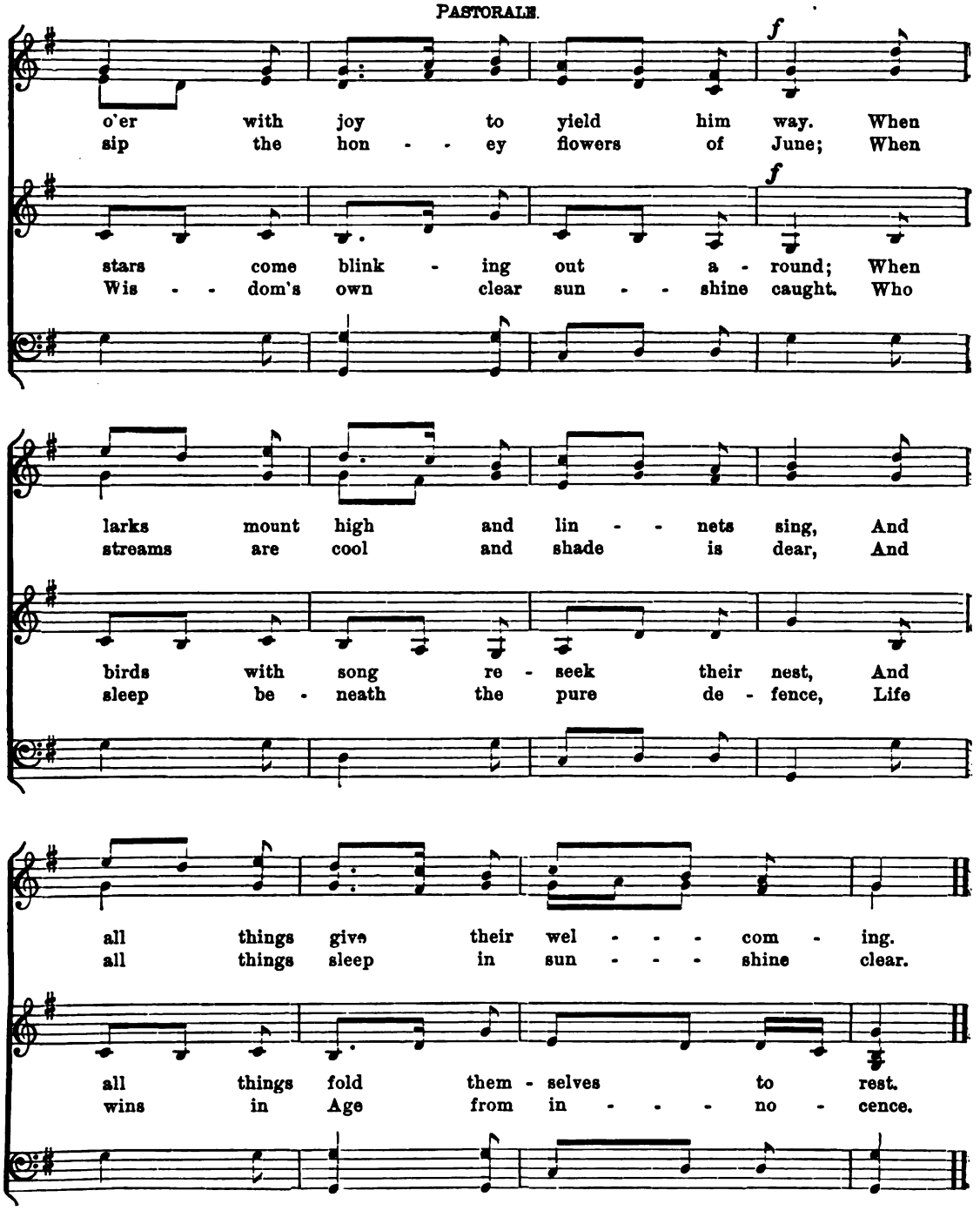
Andante.

1. Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, when first..... the sun..... Comes
2. Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, when first..... the sun..... Slopes
3. Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, when first the sun..... His
4. Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, whose life's first morn..... The

laugh - - - ing out his course to run; When
down his af - - - - ter course to run; When

day - - - - long course has spent and run; When
smiles of blame - - - less mirth a - dorn; Whose

night so drear and dawn..... so gray..... ..... Blush
gold - - en bees hum out..... their tune,..... And

cot - - tage roofs with smoke are crowned,..... When
wid - ening years with light are fraught,..... From

PASTORALE.
f
o'er with joy to yield him way. When
sip the hon - - ey flowers of June; When
f
stars come blink - ing out a - round; When
Wis - - dom's own clear sun - - shine caught. Who
larks mount high and lin - - nets sing, And
streams are cool and shade is dear, And
birds with song re - seek their nest, And
sleep be - neath the pure de - fence, Life
all things give their wel - - - com - ing.
all things sleep in sun - - - shine clear.
all things fold them - selves to rest.
wins in Age from in - - - no - cence.

PASTORALE.

GLUCK, arr. 1714—1787.

Andante.

1. Oh, sweet, oh, sweet, when first..... the sun..... Comes
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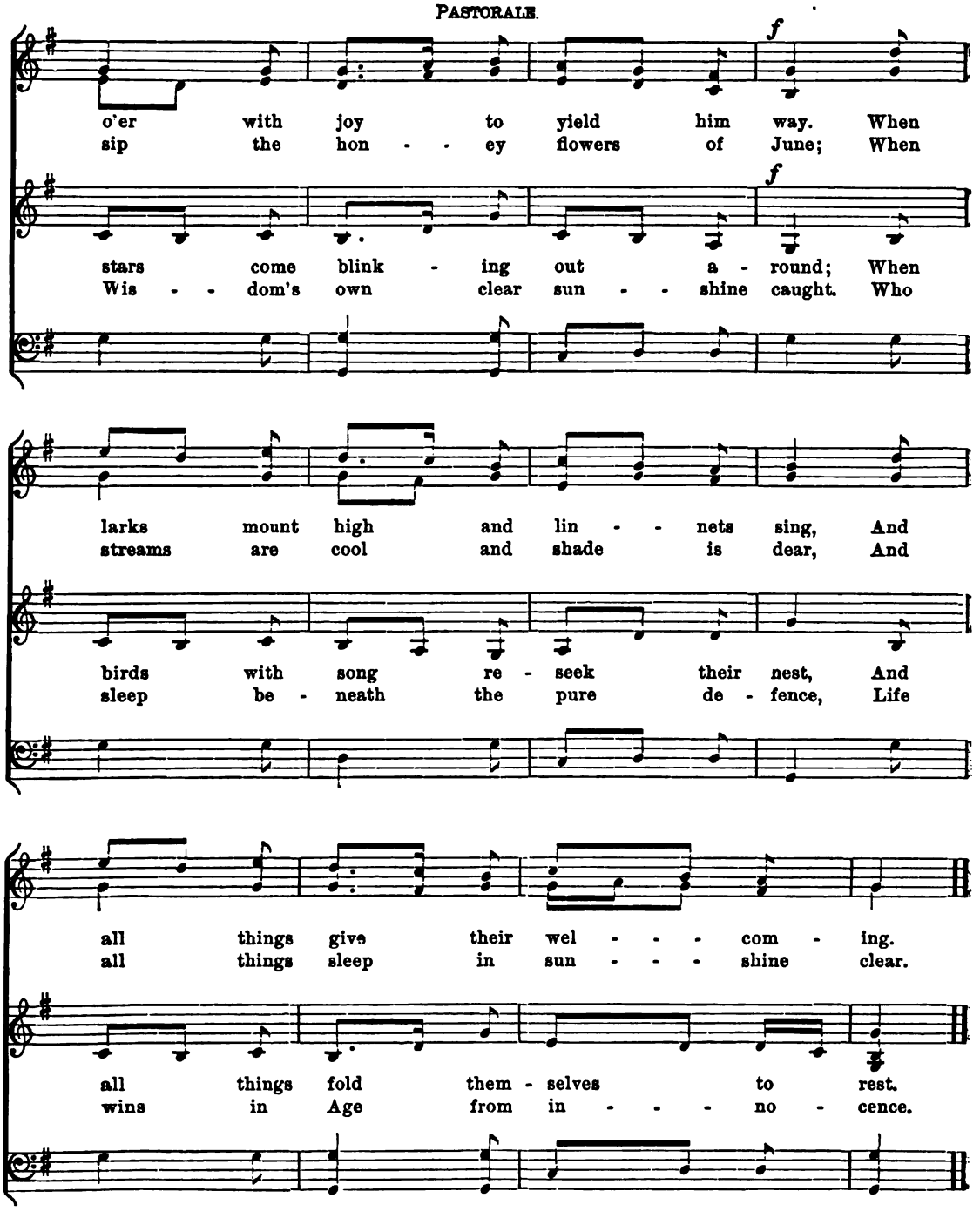
night so drear and dawn..... so gray..... ..... Blush
gold - - en bees hum out..... their tune,..... And

cot - - tage roofs with smoke are crowned,..... When
wid - ening years with light are fraught,..... From

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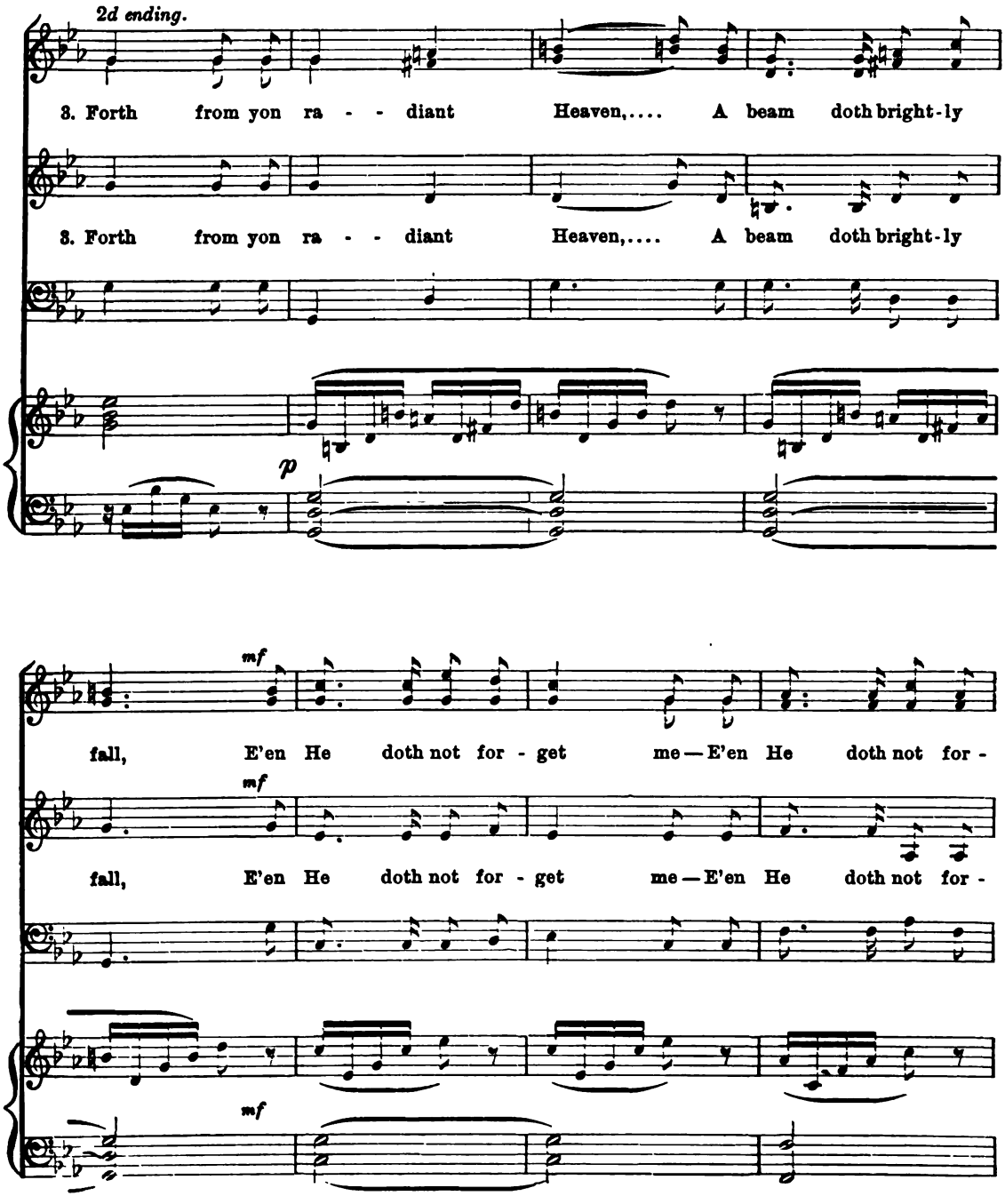
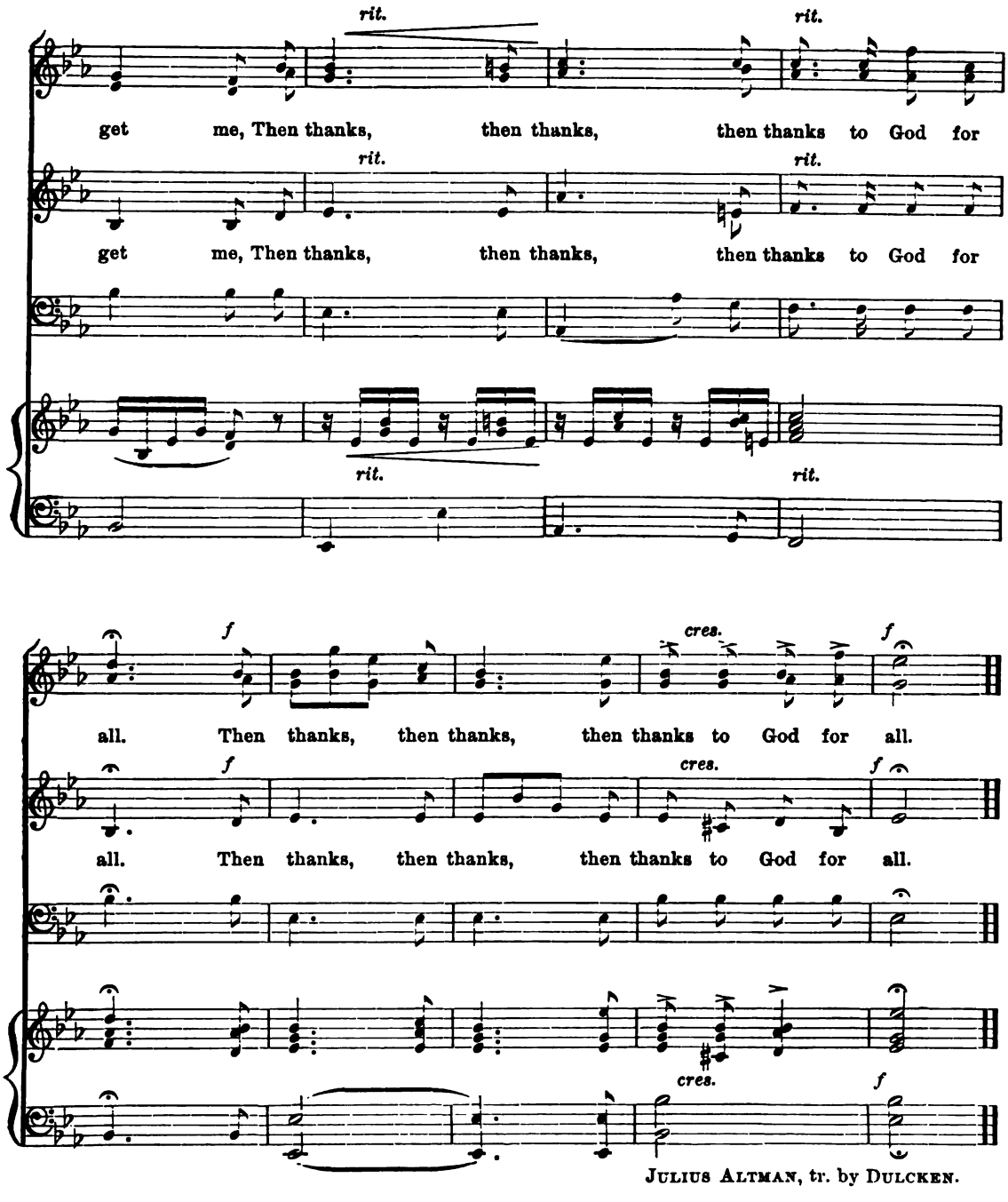
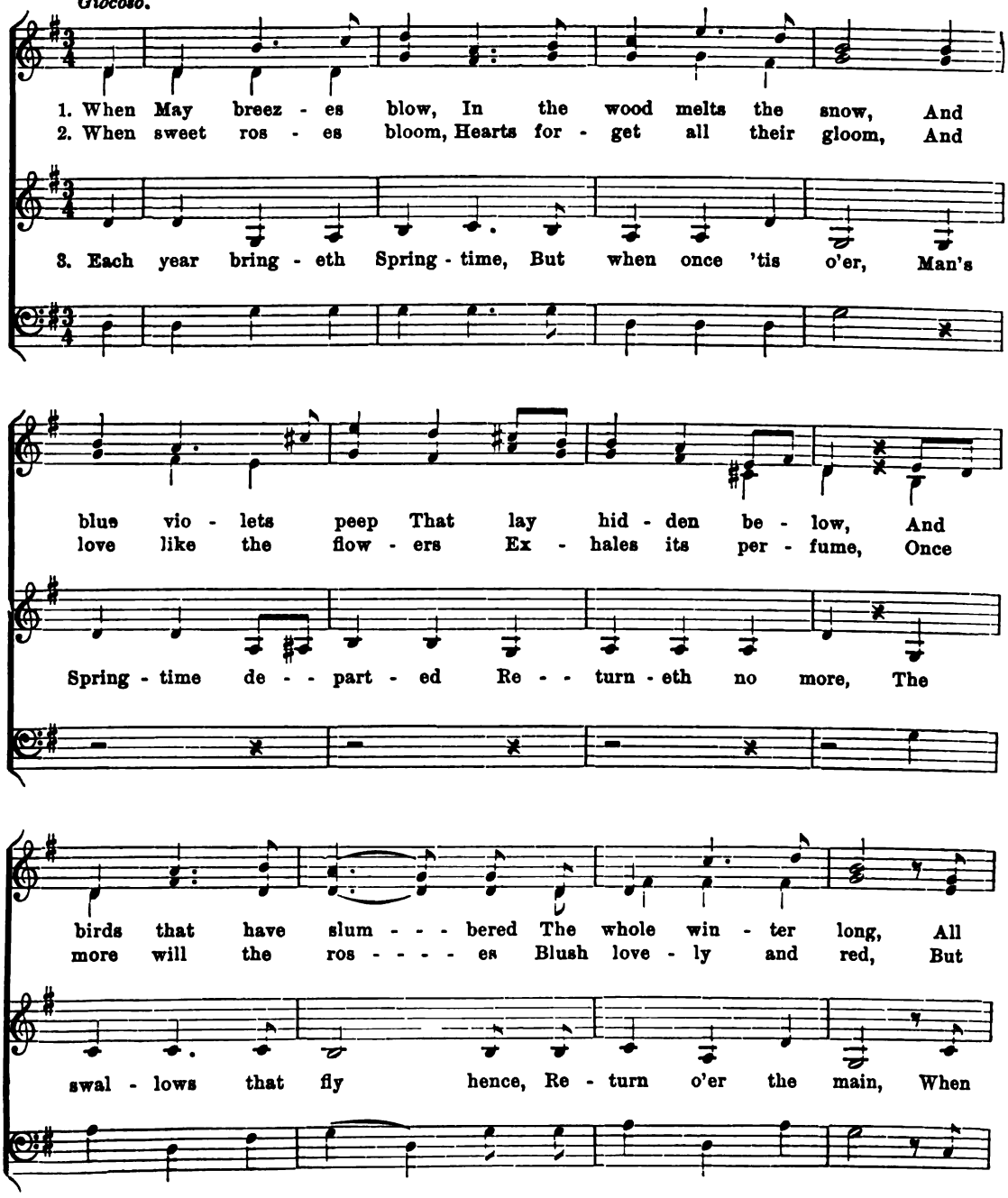
all things give their wel - - - com - ing.
all things sleep in sun - - - shine clear.
all things fold them - selves to rest.
wins in Age from in - - - no - cence.

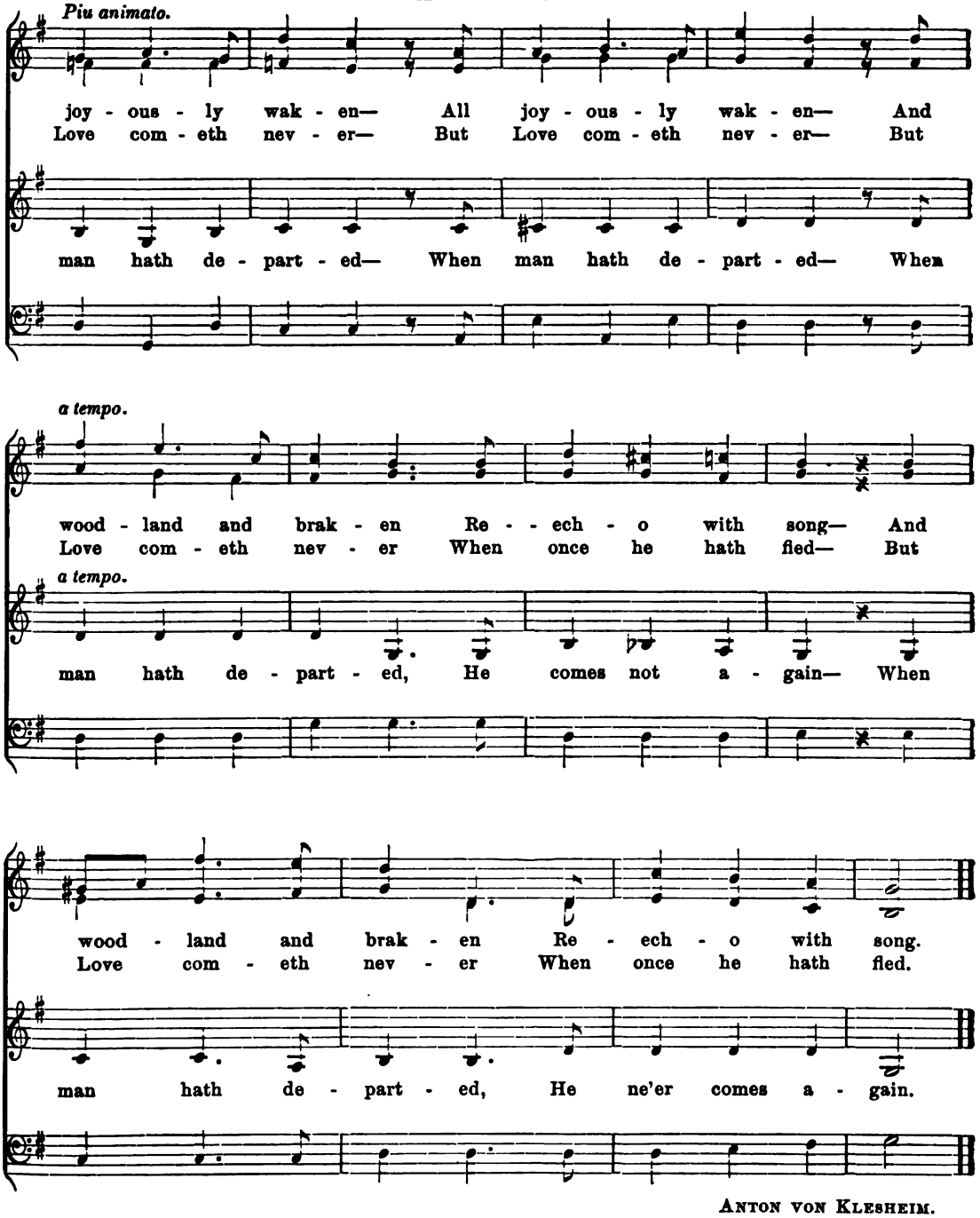
THE WANDERER'S GREETING.

2d ending.
3. Forth from yon ra - - diant Heaven,.... A beam doth bright-ly
3. Forth from yon ra - - diant Heaven,.... A beam doth bright-ly
p
mf
fall, E'en He doth not for - get me — E'en He doth not for -
mf
fall, E'en He doth not for - get me — E'en He doth not for -
mf

The Wanderer's Greeting.

Julius Altman, tr. by Dulcken.

MAY BREEZES.

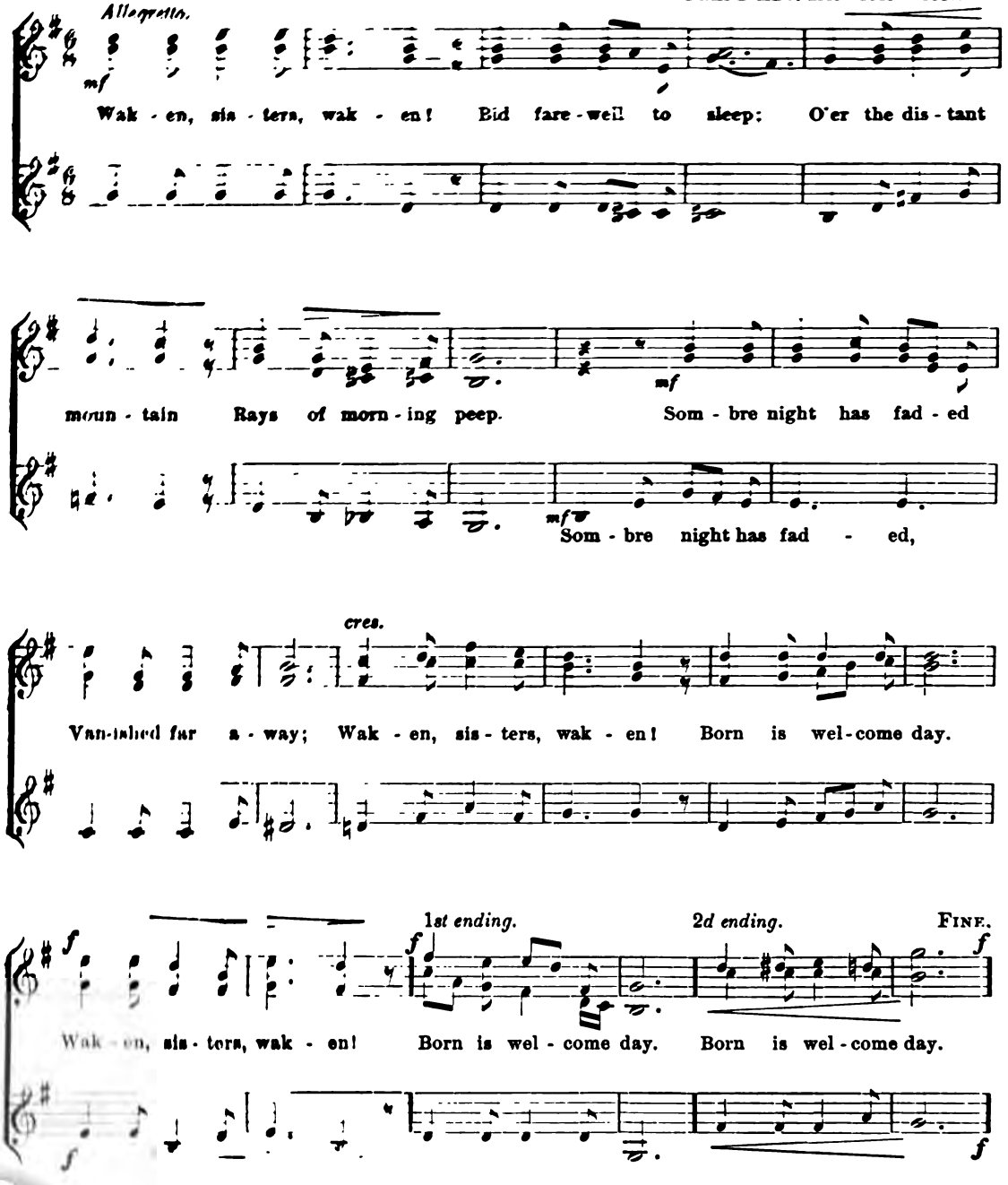
J. KREIPL.

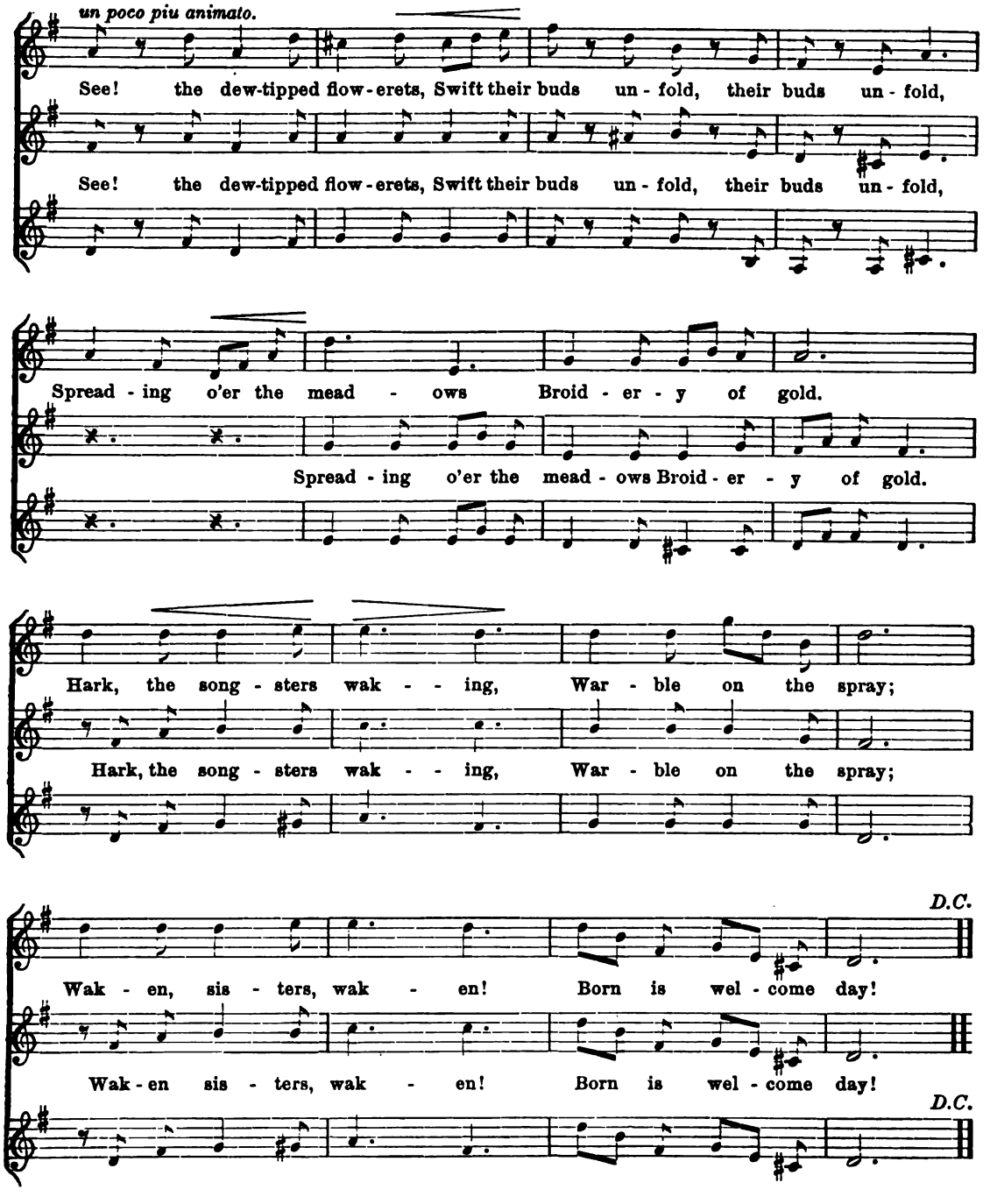
Giocoso.

1. When May breez - es blow, In the wood melts the snow, And
2. When sweet ros - es bloom, Hearts for - get all their gloom, And
3. Each year bring - eth Spring - time, But when once 'tis o'er, Man's
blue vio - lets peep That lay hid - den be - low, And
love like the flow - ers Ex - hales its per - fume, Once
Spring - time de - - part - ed Re - - turn - eth no more, The
birds that have slum - - - bered The whole win - ter long, All
more will the ros - - - - es Blush love - ly and red, But
swal - lows that fly hence, Re - turn o'er the main, When

MAY BREEZES.

Piu animato.
joy - ous - ly wak - en— All joy - ous - ly wak - en— And
Love com - eth nev - er— But Love com - eth nev - er— But
man hath de - part - ed— When man hath de - part - ed— When
a tempo.
wood - land and brak - en Re - - ech - o with song— And
Love com - eth nev - er When once he hath fled— But
a tempo.
man hath de - part - ed, He comes not a - gain— When
wood - land and brak - en Re - ech - o with song.
Love com - eth nev - er When once he hath fled.
man hath de - part - ed, He ne'er comes a - gain.

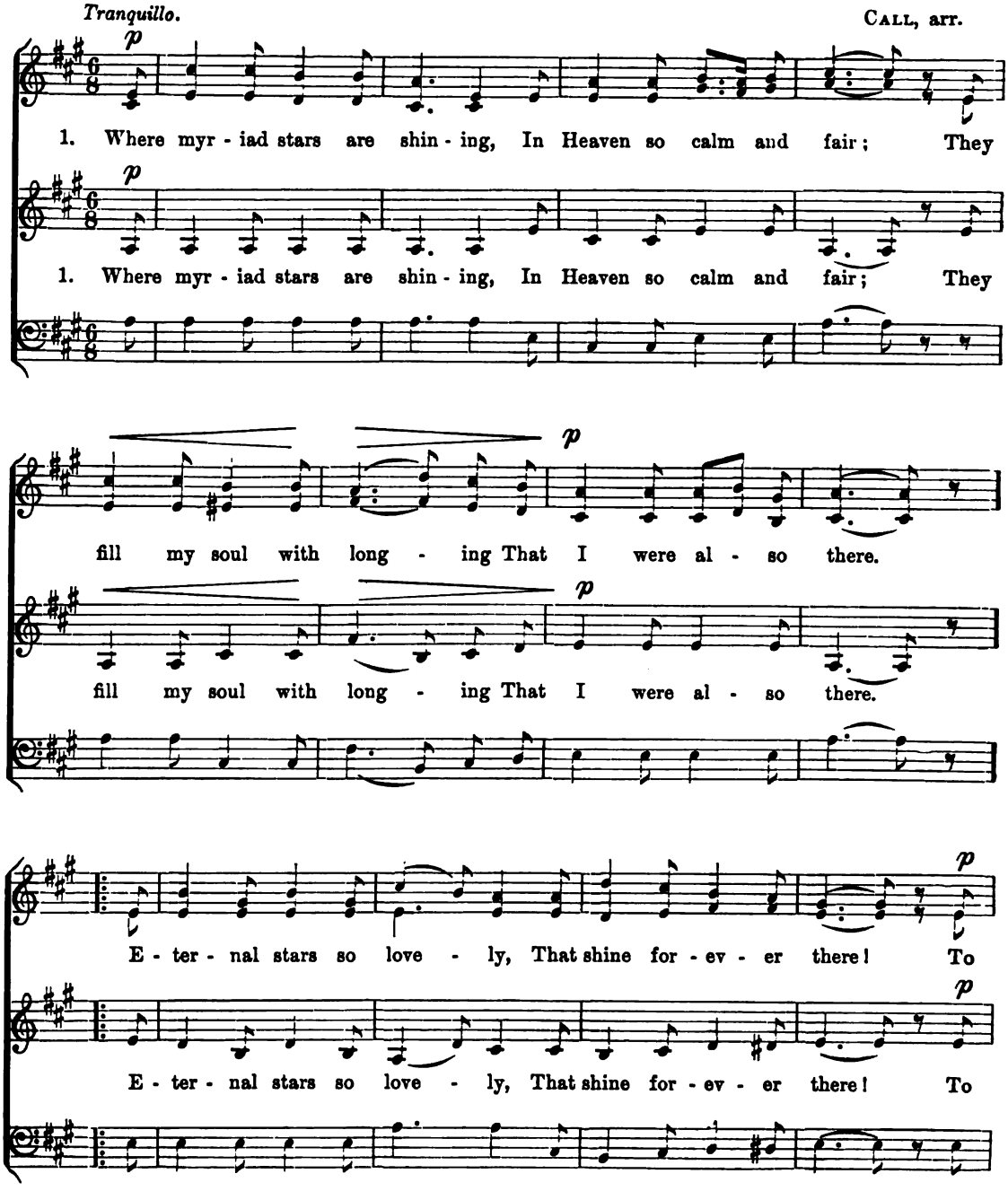
ANTON VON KLESHEIM.

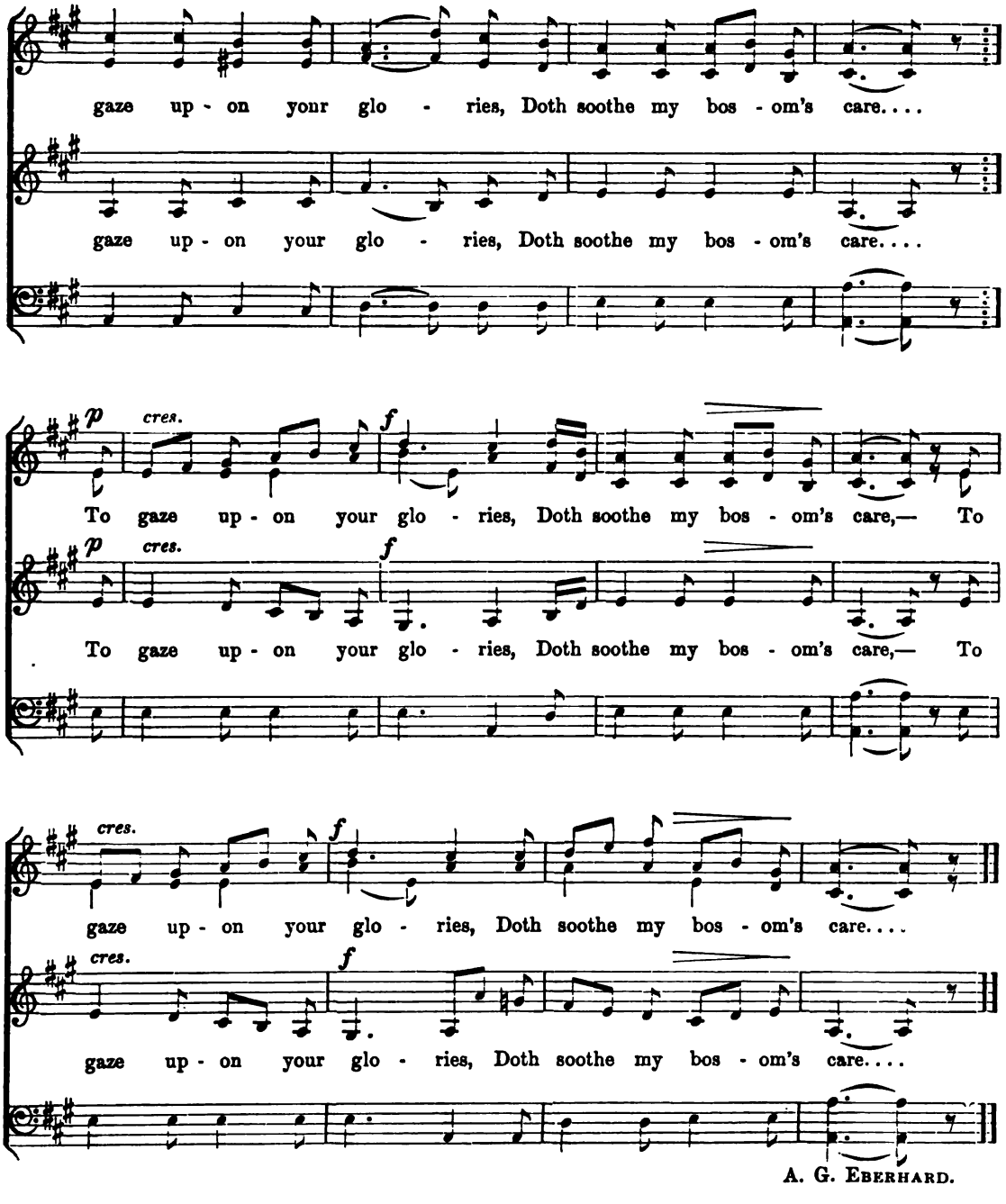
WAKEN, SISTERS, WAKEN.

FRANZ ABT. arr. 1819—1885.

Allegretto.
mf
Wak - en, sis - ters, wak - en! Bid fare - well to sleep: O'er the dis - tant
moun - tain Rays of morn - ing peep. Som - bre night has fad - ed
mf
Som - bre night has fad - ed,
cres.
Van-ished far a - way; Wak - en, sis - ters, wak - en! Born is wel - come day.
1st ending.
2d ending.
FINE.
f
Wak - en, sis - ters, wak - en! Born is wel - come day. Born is wel - come day.

WAKEN, SISTERS, WAKEN!

un poco piu animato.
See! the dew-tipped flow-erets, Swift their buds un-fold, their buds un-fold,
See! the dew-tipped flow-erets, Swift their buds un-fold, their buds un-fold,
Spread-ing o'er the mead-ows Broid-er-y of gold.
Spread-ing o'er the mead-ows Broid-er-y of gold.
Hark, the song-sters wak-ing, War-ble on the spray;
Hark, the song-sters wak-ing, War-ble on the spray;
D.C.
Wak-en, sis-ters, wak-en! Born is wel-come day!
Wak-en sis-ters, wak-en! Born is wel-come day!
D.C.

WHERE MYRIAD STARS.

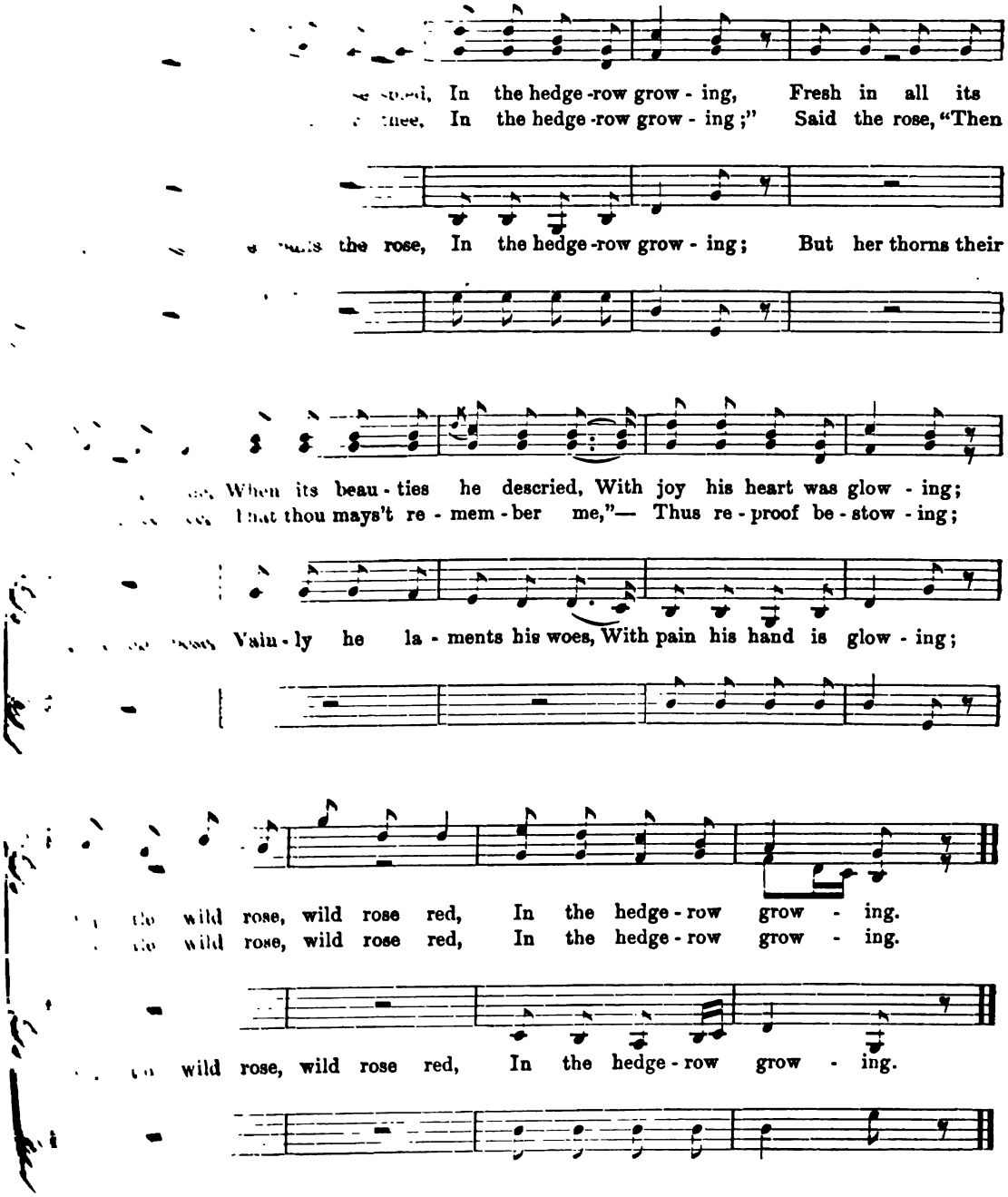
Tranquillo. CALL, arr.

p
1. Where myr - iad stars are shin - ing, In Heaven so calm and fair; They
p
1. Where myr - iad stars are shin - ing, In Heaven so calm and fair; They
p
fill my soul with long - ing That I were al - so there.
p
fill my soul with long - ing That I were al - so there.
p
E - ter - nal stars so love - ly, That shine for - ev - er there! To
p
E - ter - nal stars so love - ly, That shine for - ev - er there! To

WHERE MYRIAD STARS.

gaze up - on your glo - ries, Doth soothe my bos - om's care....
gaze up - on your glo - ries, Doth soothe my bos - om's care....
p cres. f
To gaze up - on your glo - ries, Doth soothe my bos - om's care,— To
p cres. f
To gaze up - on your glo - ries, Doth soothe my bos - om's care,— To
cres. f
gaze up - on your glo - ries, Doth soothe my bos - om's care....
cres. f
gaze up - on your glo - ries, Doth soothe my bos - om's care....

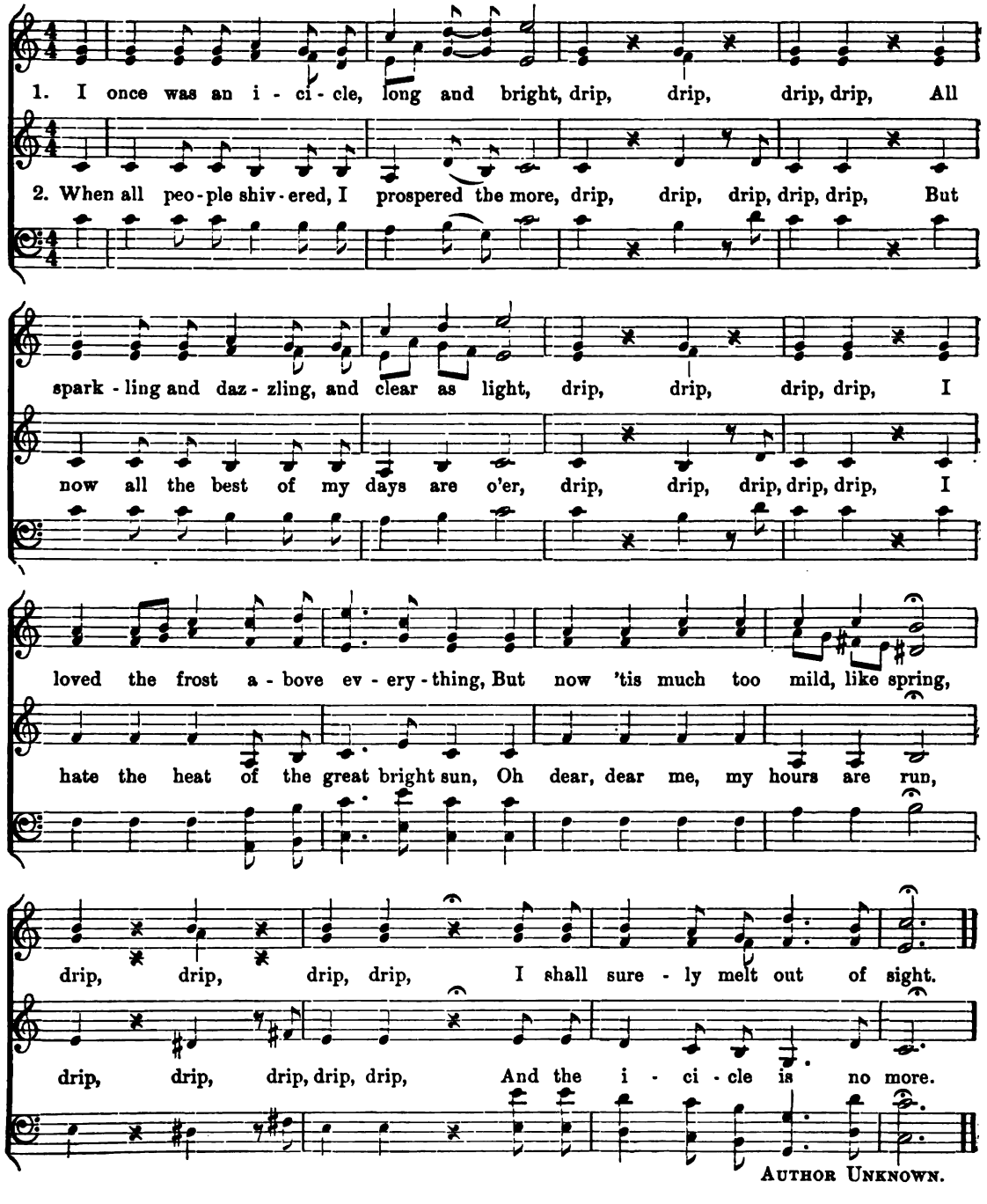
A. G. EBERHARD.

THE WILD ROSE.

J. F. REICHARDT, arr. 1752—1814.

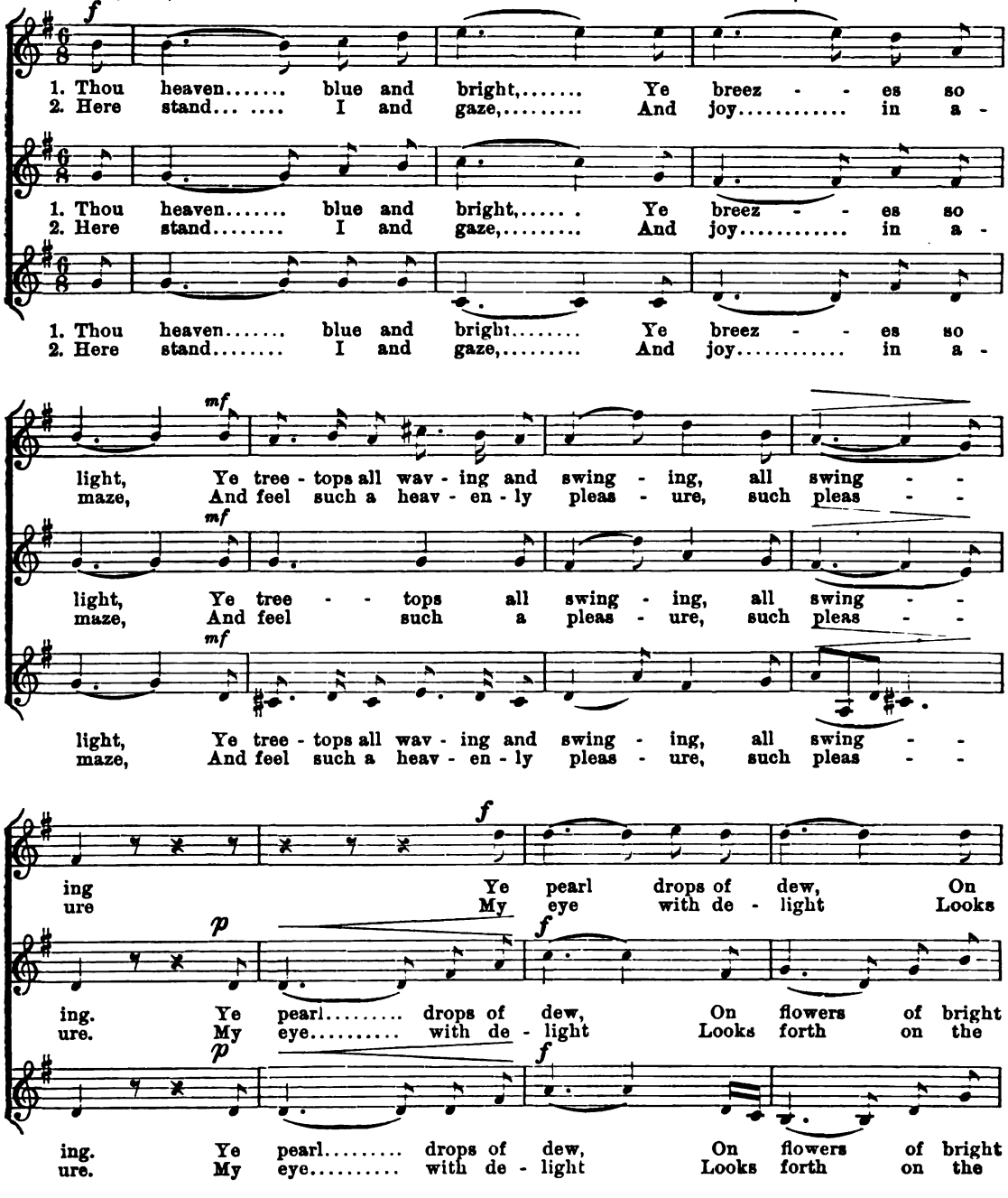

... stood, In the hedge-row grow - ing, Fresh in all its
... thee, In the hedge-row grow - ing;" Said the rose, "Then
... is the rose, In the hedge-row grow - ing; But her thorns their
... When its beau - ties he descried, With joy his heart was glow - ing;
... That thou mays't re - mem - ber me,"— Thus re - proof be - stow - ing;
... Vain - ly he la - ments his woes, With pain his hand is glow - ing;
... wild rose, wild rose red, In the hedge - row grow - ing.
... wild rose, wild rose red, In the hedge - row grow - ing.
... wild rose, wild rose red, In the hedge - row grow - ing.

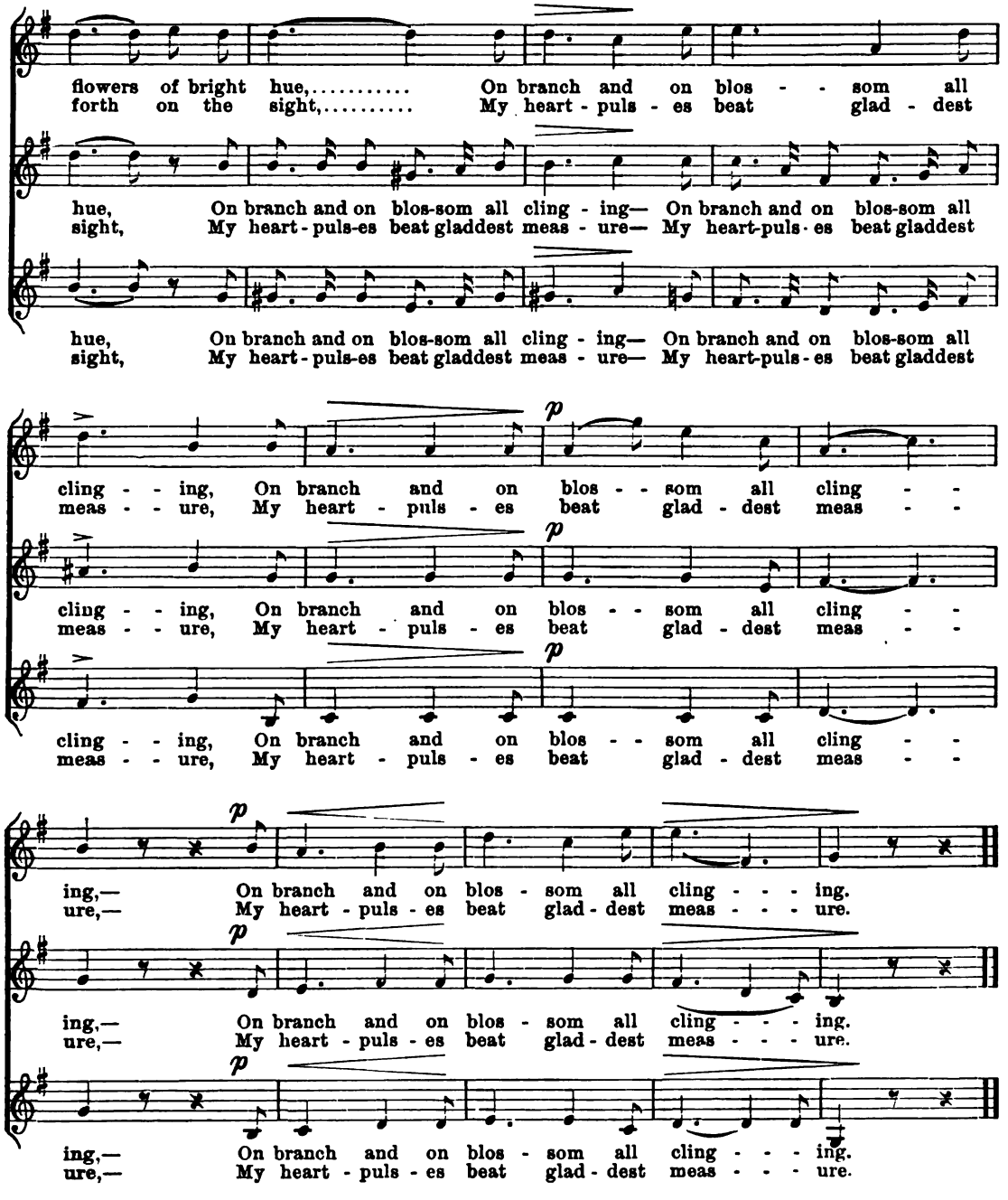
THE ICICLE.

Allegro. CHARLES J. RICE.

1. I once was an i - ci - cle, long and bright, drip, drip, drip, drip, All
2. When all peo - ple shiv - ered, I prospered the more, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, But
spark - ling and daz - zling, and clear as light, drip, drip, drip, drip, I
now all the best of my days are o'er, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, I
loved the frost a - bove ev - ery - thing, But now 'tis much too mild, like spring,
hate the heat of the great bright sun, Oh dear, dear me, my hours are run,
drip, drip, drip, drip, I shall sure - ly melt out of sight.
drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, And the i - ci - cle is no more.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THOU HEAVEN BLUE AND BRIGHT.

Allegretto, con moto. F. ABT, arr. 1819—1885.

f
1. Thou heaven..... blue and bright,..... Ye breez - - es so
2. Here stand... .... I and gaze,..... And joy..... in a -
1. Thou heaven..... blue and bright,..... Ye breez - - es so
2. Here stand..... I and gaze,..... And joy..... in a -
1. Thou heaven..... blue and bright..... Ye breez - - es so
2. Here stand..... I and gaze,..... And joy..... in a -
mf
light, Ye tree - tops all wav - ing and swing - ing, all swing - -
maze, And feel such a heav - en - ly pleas - ure, such pleas - -
mf
light, Ye tree - - tops all swing - ing, all swing - -
maze, And feel such a pleas - ure, such pleas - -
mf
light, Ye tree - tops all wav - ing and swing - ing, all swing - -
maze, And feel such a heav - en - ly pleas - ure, such pleas - -
f
ing Ye pearl drops of dew, On
ure My eye with de - light Looks
p
f
ing. Ye pearl..... drops of dew, On flowers of bright
ure. My eye..... with de - light Looks forth on the
p
f
ing. Ye pearl..... drops of dew, On flowers of bright
ure. My eye..... with de - light Looks forth on the

THOU HEAVEN BLUE AND BRIGHT.

flowers of bright hue,..... On branch and on blos - - som all
forth on the sight,..... My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest
hue, On branch and on blos-som all cling - ing— On branch and on blos-som all
sight, My heart - puls-es beat gladdest meas - ure— My heart-puls - es beat gladdest
hue, On branch and on blos-som all cling - ing— On branch and on blos-som all
sight, My heart - puls-es beat gladdest meas - ure— My heart-puls - es beat gladdest
p
cling - - ing, On branch and on blos - - som all cling - -
meas - - ure, My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest meas - -
cling - - ing, On branch and on blos - - som all cling - -
meas - - ure, My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest meas - -
cling - - ing, On branch and on blos - - som all cling - -
meas - - ure, My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest meas - -
ing,— On branch and on blos - som all cling - - - ing.
ure,— My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest meas - - - ure.
ing,— On branch and on blos - som all cling - - - ing.
ure,— My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest meas - - - ure.
ing,— On branch and on blos - som all cling - - - ing.
ure,— My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest meas - - - ure.

JULIUS ALTMAN, tr. by DULCKEN.

THE SWISS MAID.

FOLK-SONG.

Parlante.

1. A sim - ple mountain maid am I, From Swit - zer - land I come; Though
2 To Par - is I some - time have been, Where ev - ery one's so fine; But
3. Then soon I left the heart - less throng, To Eng - land next I roved; They
4. To I - ta - ly I took my way, O land of joy and light! 'Mid

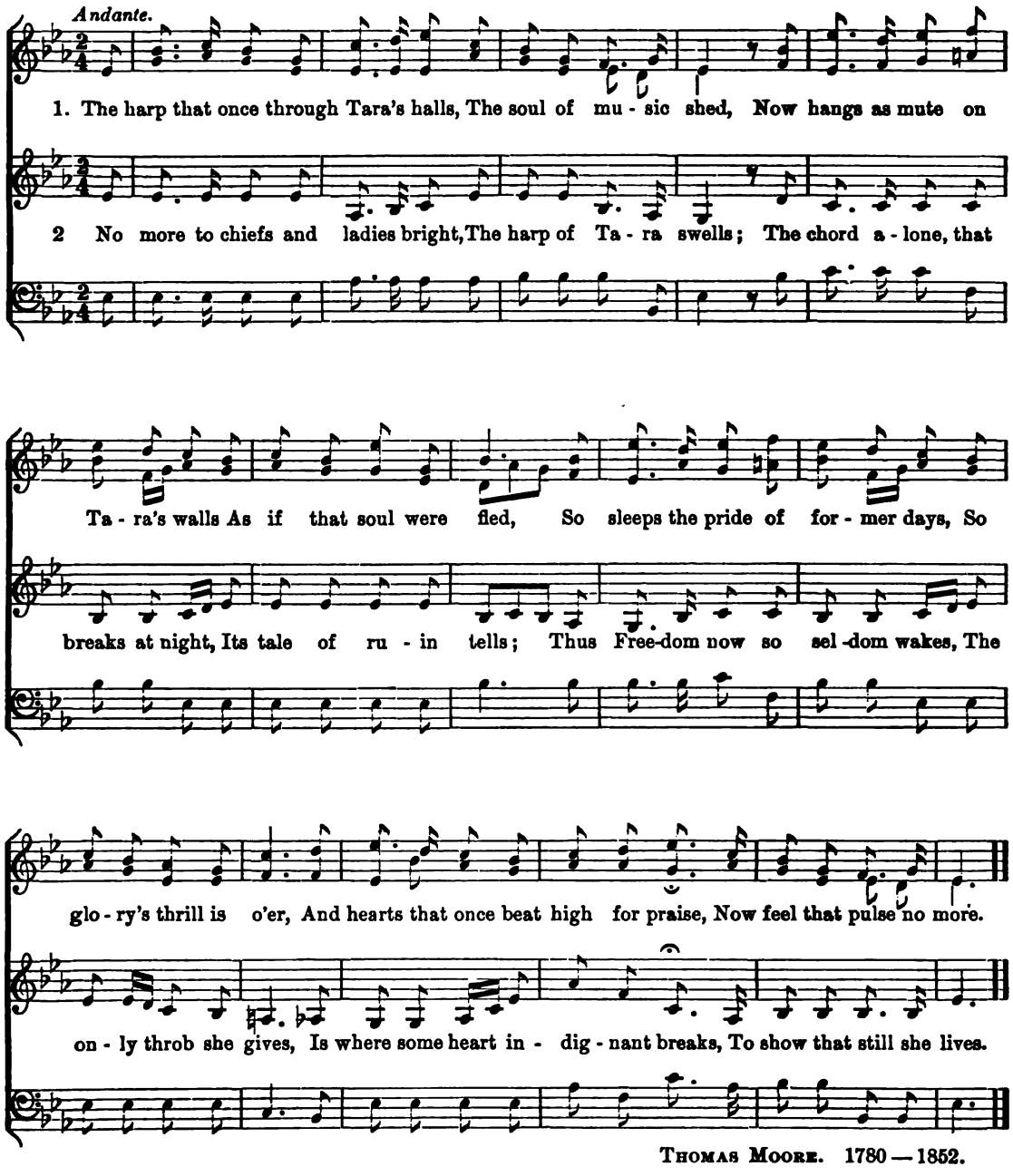
man - y plac - es I have seen, Yet none are like my home, O
lone - ly 'mid the gid - dy scene, For home my heart did pine, O
did not un - der - stand my song, And scorned the strains I loved, O
flowers and smiles this heart was gay, I car - oled day and night, O

Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! Al - though thy heights are robed with snow; O
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! Than the world thy snows are far less cold; O
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! Fashion's smiles, are like thy snows; O
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! A - gain I come, dear home, to thee; O

Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! Warm hearts are in thy vales be - low.
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! All that glit - ters is not gold.
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! With thee this heart would fain re - pose.
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! More dear than all art thou to me.

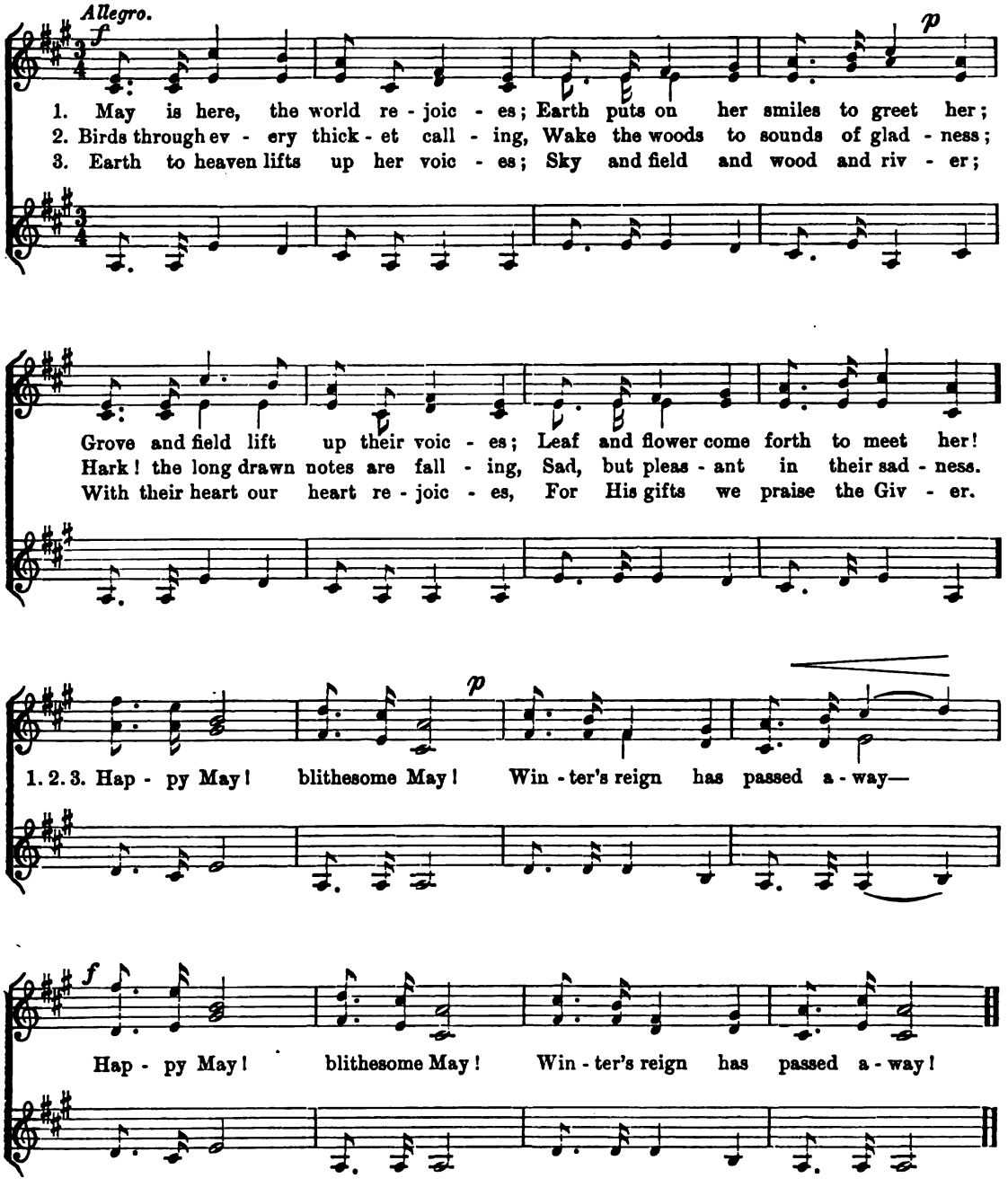
THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

IRISH MELODY.

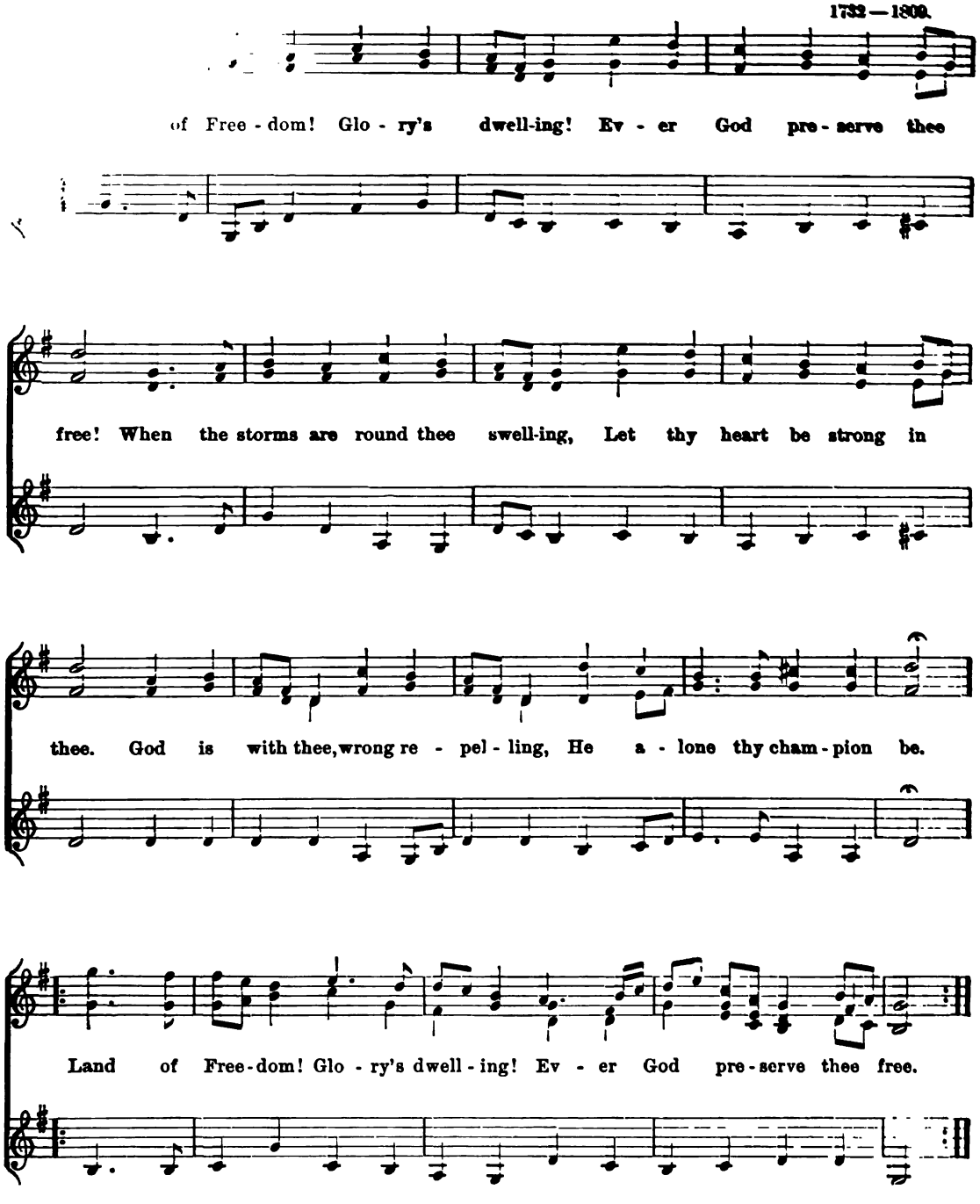

Andante.
1. The harp that once through Tara's halls, The soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on
2 No more to chiefs and ladies bright, The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord a - lone, that
Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled, So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus Free-dom now so sel - dom wakes, The
glo - ry's thrill is o'er, And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more.
on - ly throb she gives, Is where some heart in - dig - nant breaks, To show that still she lives.

THOMAS MOORE. 1780 — 1852.

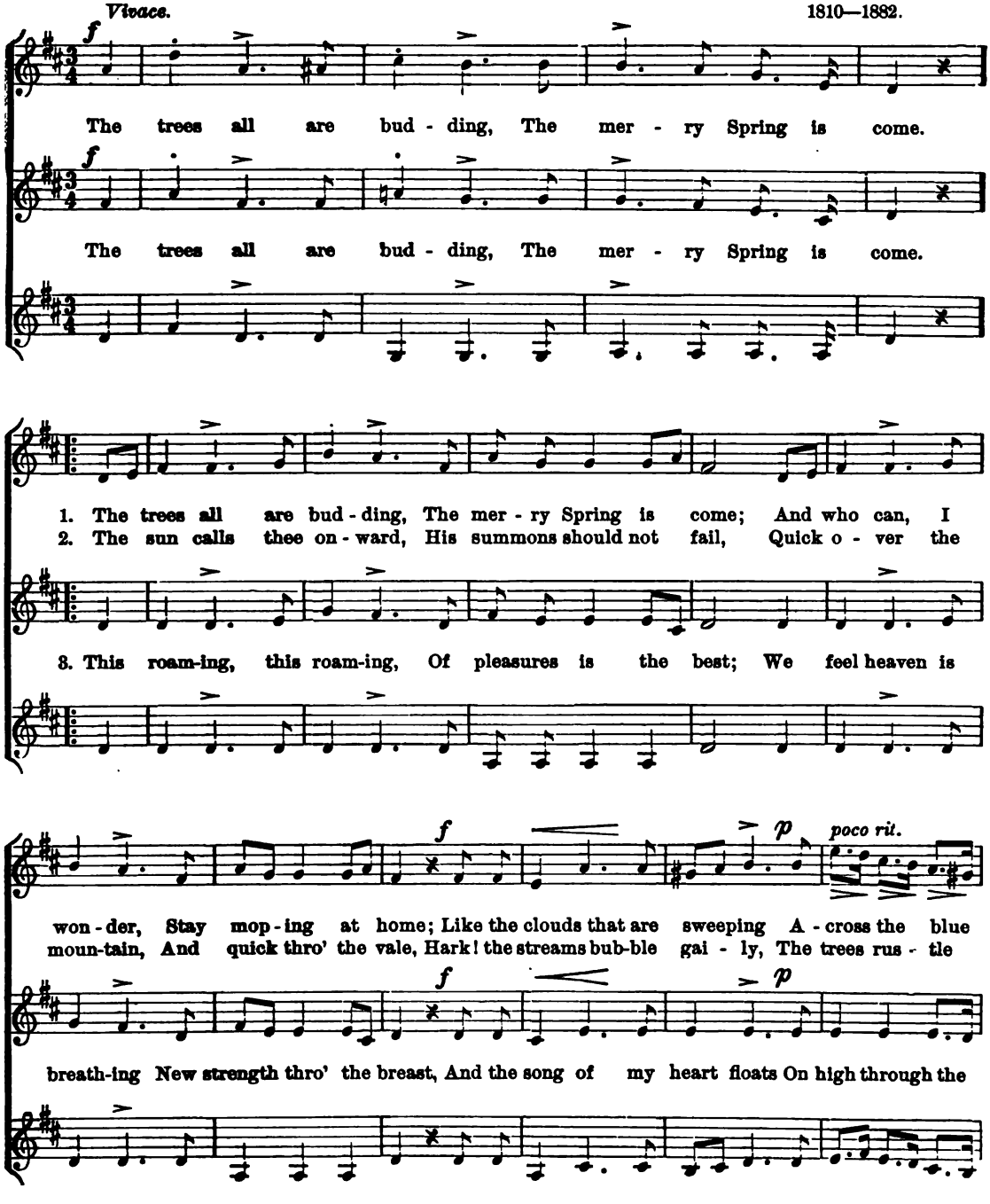
MAY SONG.

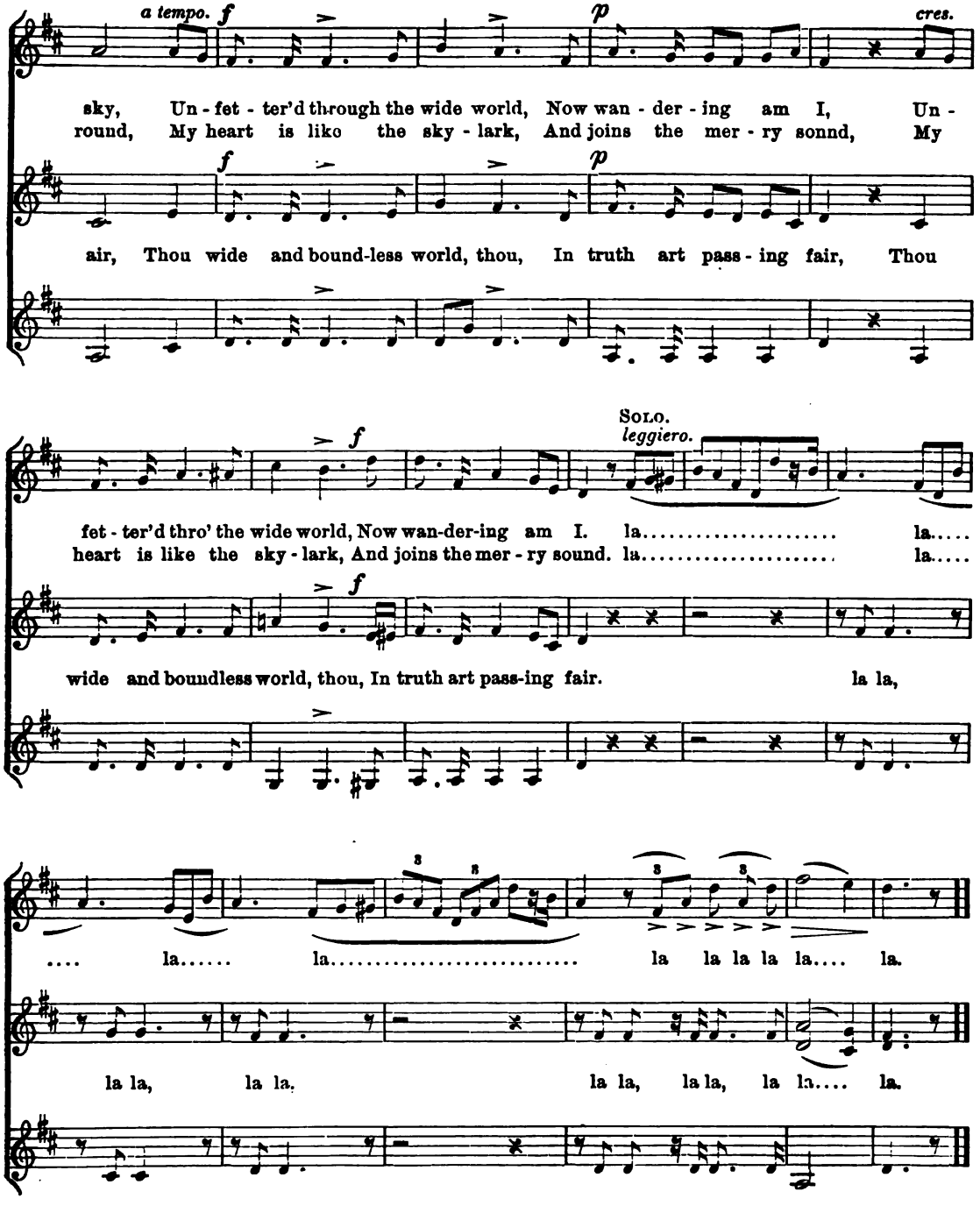
POLISH MAY SONG.

Allegro.
f
p
1. May is here, the world re - joic - es; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her;
2. Birds through ev - ery thick - et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness;
3. Earth to heaven lifts up her voic - es; Sky and field and wood and riv - er;
Grove and field lift up their voic - es; Leaf and flower come forth to meet her!
Hark! the long drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness.
With their heart our heart re - joic - es, For His gifts we praise the Giv - er.
p
1. 2. 3. Hap - py May! blithesome May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way—
f
Hap - py May! blithesome May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

LAND OF FREEDOM.

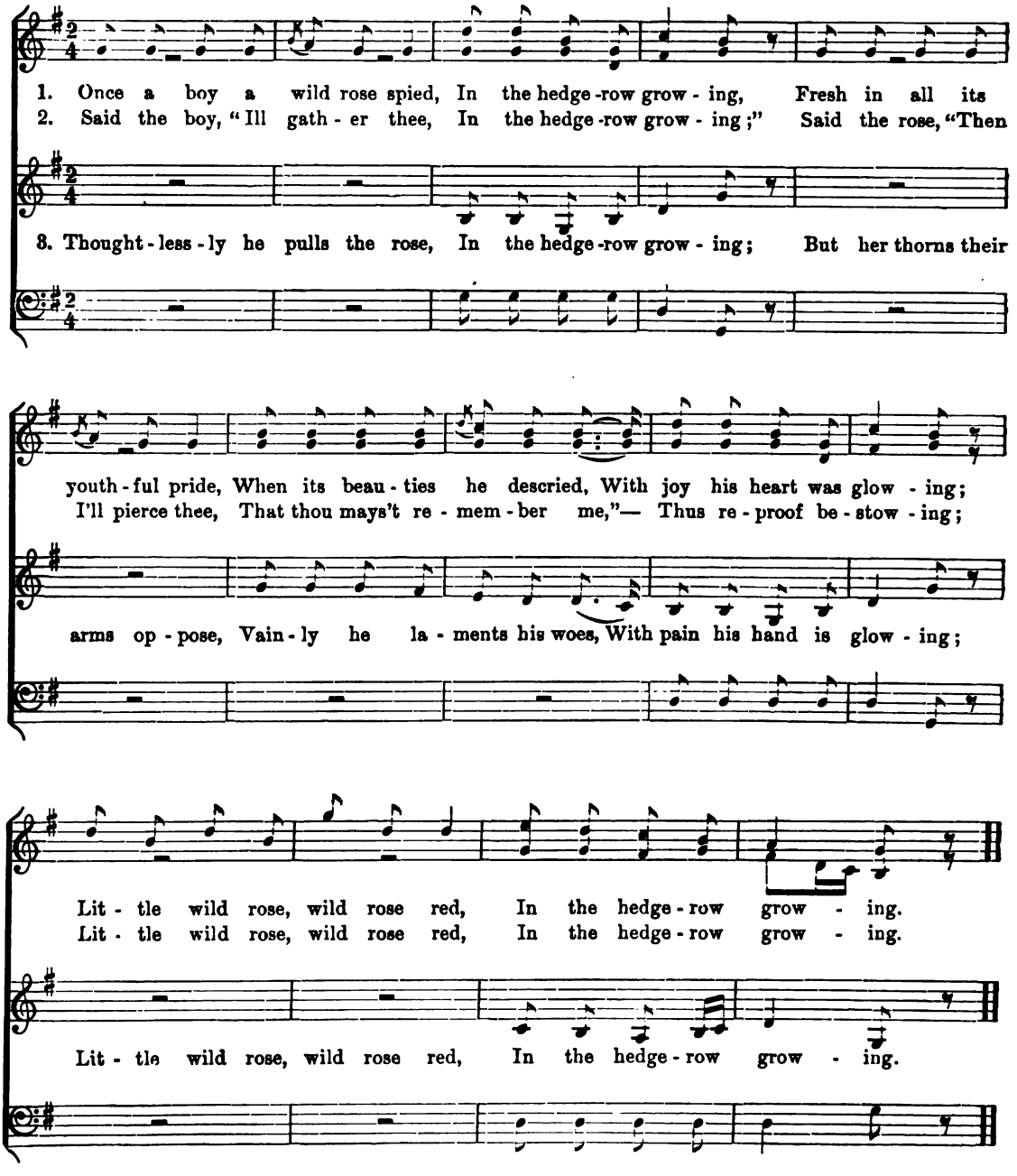
HAYDN, arr.
1732—1809.

of Free - dom! Glo - ry's dwell-ing! Ev - er God pre - serve thee
free! When the storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in
thee. God is with thee, wrong re - pel - ling, He a - lone thy cham - pion be.
Land of Free-dom! Glo - ry's dwell - ing! Ev - er God pre-serve thee free.

TYROLESE FOLK-SONG.

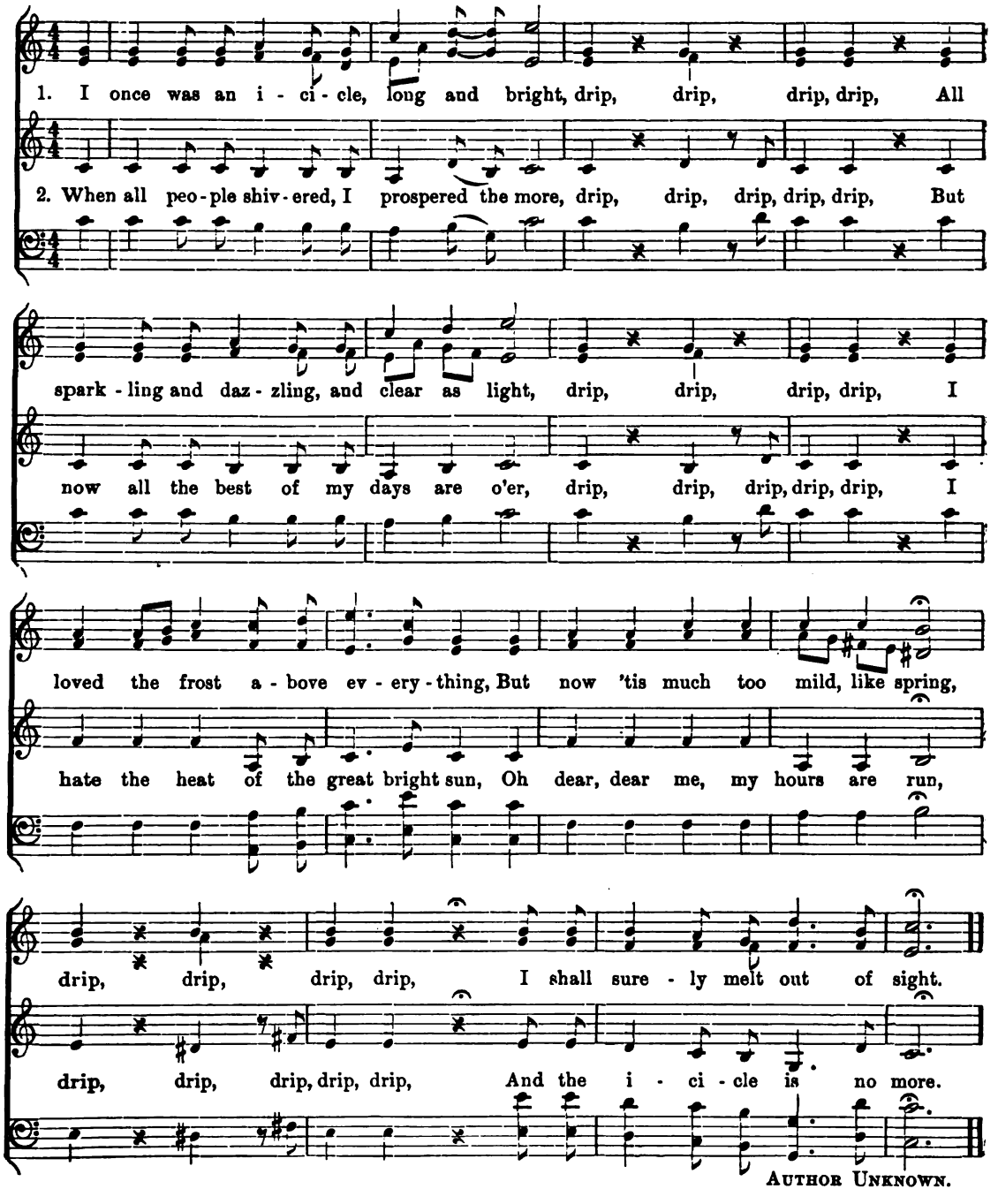
F. W. KÜCKEN, arr.
1810—1882.

Vivace.
f
The trees all are bud - ding, The mer - ry Spring is come.
f
The trees all are bud - ding, The mer - ry Spring is come.
1. The trees all are bud - ding, The mer - ry Spring is come; And who can, I
2. The sun calls thee on - ward, His summons should not fail, Quick o - ver the
3. This roam-ing, this roam-ing, Of pleasures is the best; We feel heaven is
f
p
poco rit.
won - der, Stay mop - ing at home; Like the clouds that are sweeping A - cross the blue
moun-tain, And quick thro' the vale, Hark! the streams bub-ble gai - ly, The trees rus - tle
f
p
breath-ing New strength thro' the breast, And the song of my heart floats On high through the

TYROLESE FOLK-SONG.

a tempo.
f
p
cres.
sky, Un - fet - ter'd through the wide world, Now wan - der - ing am I, Un -
round, My heart is like the sky - lark, And joins the mer - ry sonnd, My
air, Thou wide and bound-less world, thou, In truth art pass - ing fair, Thou
Solo.
leggiero.
fet - ter'd thro' the wide world, Now wan-der-ing am I. la..... la.....
heart is like the sky - lark, And joins the mer - ry sound. la..... la.....
wide and boundless world, thou, In truth art pass-ing fair. la la,
.... la..... la..... la la la la la.... la.
la la, la la. la la, la la, la la.... la.

THE WILD ROSE.

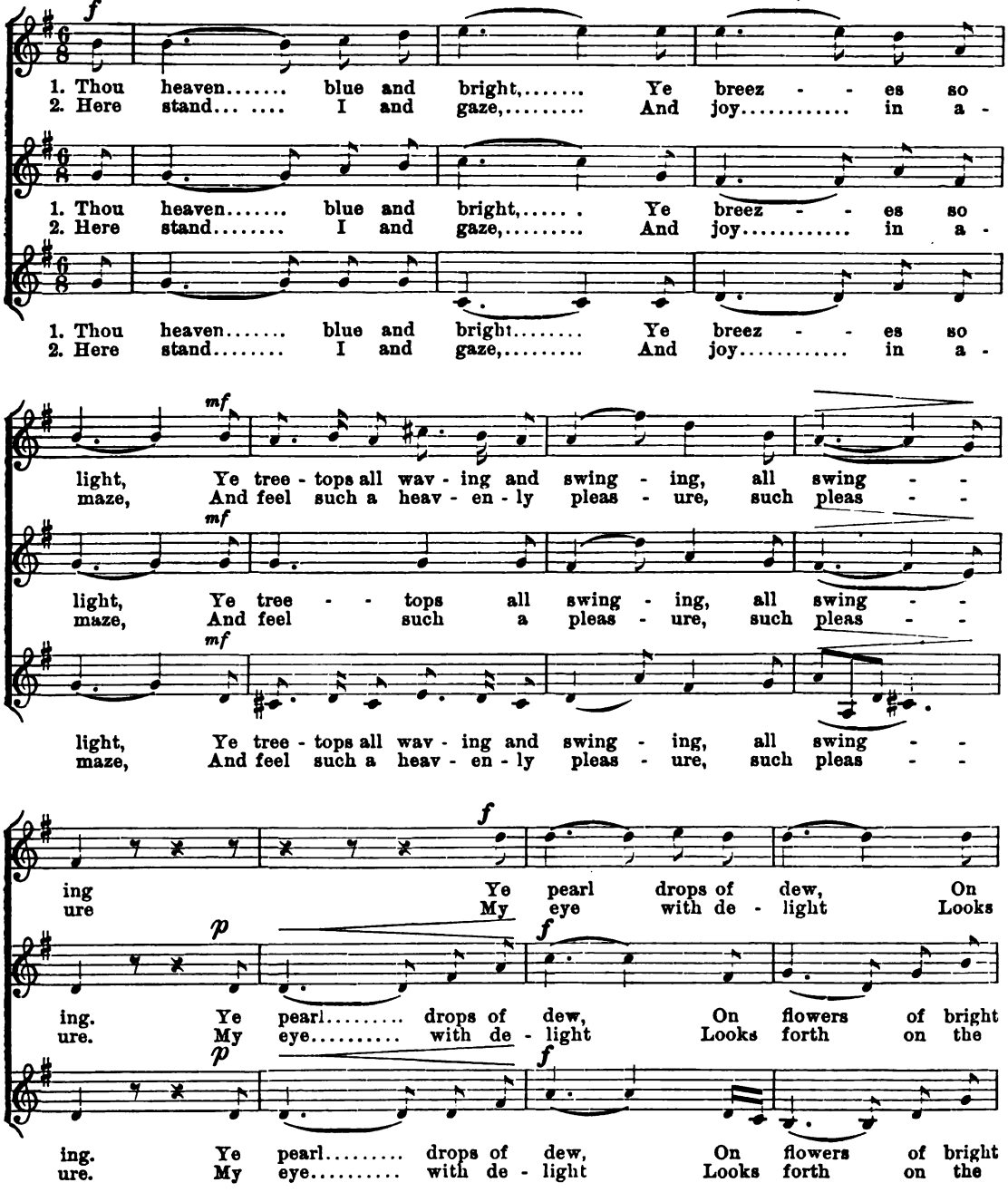
Allegretto. J. F. REICHARDT, arr. 1752—1814.

1. Once a boy a wild rose spied, In the hedge-row grow - ing, Fresh in all its
2. Said the boy, "I'll gath - er thee, In the hedge-row grow - ing;" Said the rose, "Then
3. Thought-less-ly he pulls the rose, In the hedge-row grow - ing; But her thorns their
youth-ful pride, When its beau - ties he descried, With joy his heart was glow - ing;
I'll pierce thee, That thou mays't re - mem - ber me,"— Thus re - proof be - stow - ing;
arms op - pose, Vain - ly he la - ments his woes, With pain his hand is glow - ing;
Lit - tle wild rose, wild rose red, In the hedge - row grow - ing.
Lit - tle wild rose, wild rose red, In the hedge - row grow - ing.
Lit - tle wild rose, wild rose red, In the hedge - row grow - ing.

THE ICICLE.

Allegro. CHARLES J. RICE.

1. I once was an i - ci - cle, long and bright, drip, drip, drip, drip, All
2. When all peo - ple shiv - ered, I prospered the more, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, But
spark - ling and daz - zling, and clear as light, drip, drip, drip, drip, I
now all the best of my days are o'er, drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, I
loved the frost a - bove ev - ery - thing, But now 'tis much too mild, like spring,
hate the heat of the great bright sun, Oh dear, dear me, my hours are run,
drip, drip, drip, drip, I shall sure - ly melt out of sight.
drip, drip, drip, drip, drip, And the i - ci - cle is no more.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

THOU HEAVEN BLUE AND BRIGHT.

Allegretto, con moto. F. ABT, arr. 1819—1885.

f
1. Thou heaven..... blue and bright,..... Ye breez - - es so
2. Here stand... .... I and gaze,..... And joy..... in a -
1. Thou heaven..... blue and bright,..... Ye breez - - es so
2. Here stand..... I and gaze,..... And joy..... in a -
1. Thou heaven..... blue and bright..... Ye breez - - es so
2. Here stand..... I and gaze,..... And joy..... in a -
mf
light, Ye tree - tops all wav - ing and swing - ing, all swing - -
maze, And feel such a heav - en - ly pleas - ure, such pleas - -
mf
light, Ye tree - - tops all swing - ing, all swing - -
maze, And feel such a pleas - ure, such pleas - -
mf
light, Ye tree - tops all wav - ing and swing - ing, all swing - -
maze, And feel such a heav - en - ly pleas - ure, such pleas - -
f
ing Ye pearl drops of dew, On
ure My eye with de - light Looks
p
f
ing. Ye pearl..... drops of dew, On flowers of bright
ure. My eye..... with de - light Looks forth on the
p
f
ing. Ye pearl..... drops of dew, On flowers of bright
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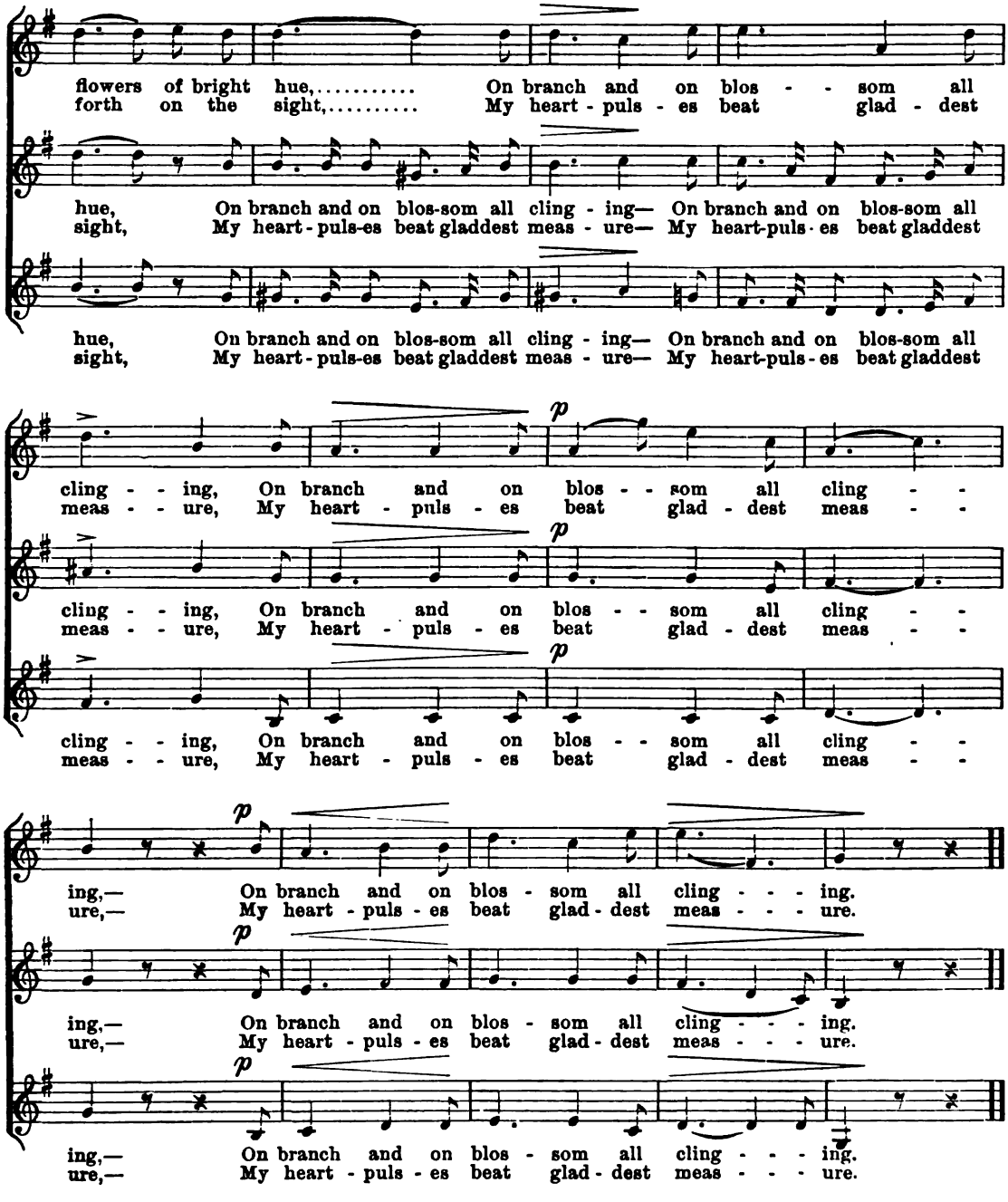
THOU HEAVEN BLUE AND BRIGHT.

flowers of bright hue,..... On branch and on blos - - som all
forth on the sight,..... My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest
hue, On branch and on blos-som all cling - ing— On branch and on blos-som all
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hue, On branch and on blos-som all cling - ing— On branch and on blos-som all
sight, My heart-puls-es beat gladdest meas - ure— My heart-puls-es beat gladdest
cling - - ing, On branch and on blos - - som all cling - -
meas - - ure, My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest meas - -
cling - - ing, On branch and on blos - - som all cling - -
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cling - - ing, On branch and on blos - - som all cling - -
meas - - ure, My heart - puls - es beat glad - dest meas - -
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JULIUS ALTMAN, tr. by DULCKEN.

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FOLK-SONG.

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4. To I - ta - ly I took my way, O land of joy and light! 'Mid

man - y plac - es I have seen, Yet none are like my home, O
lone - ly 'mid the gid - dy scene, For home my heart did pine, O
did not un - der - stand my song, And scorned the strains I loved, O
flowers and smiles this heart was gay, I car - oled day and night, O

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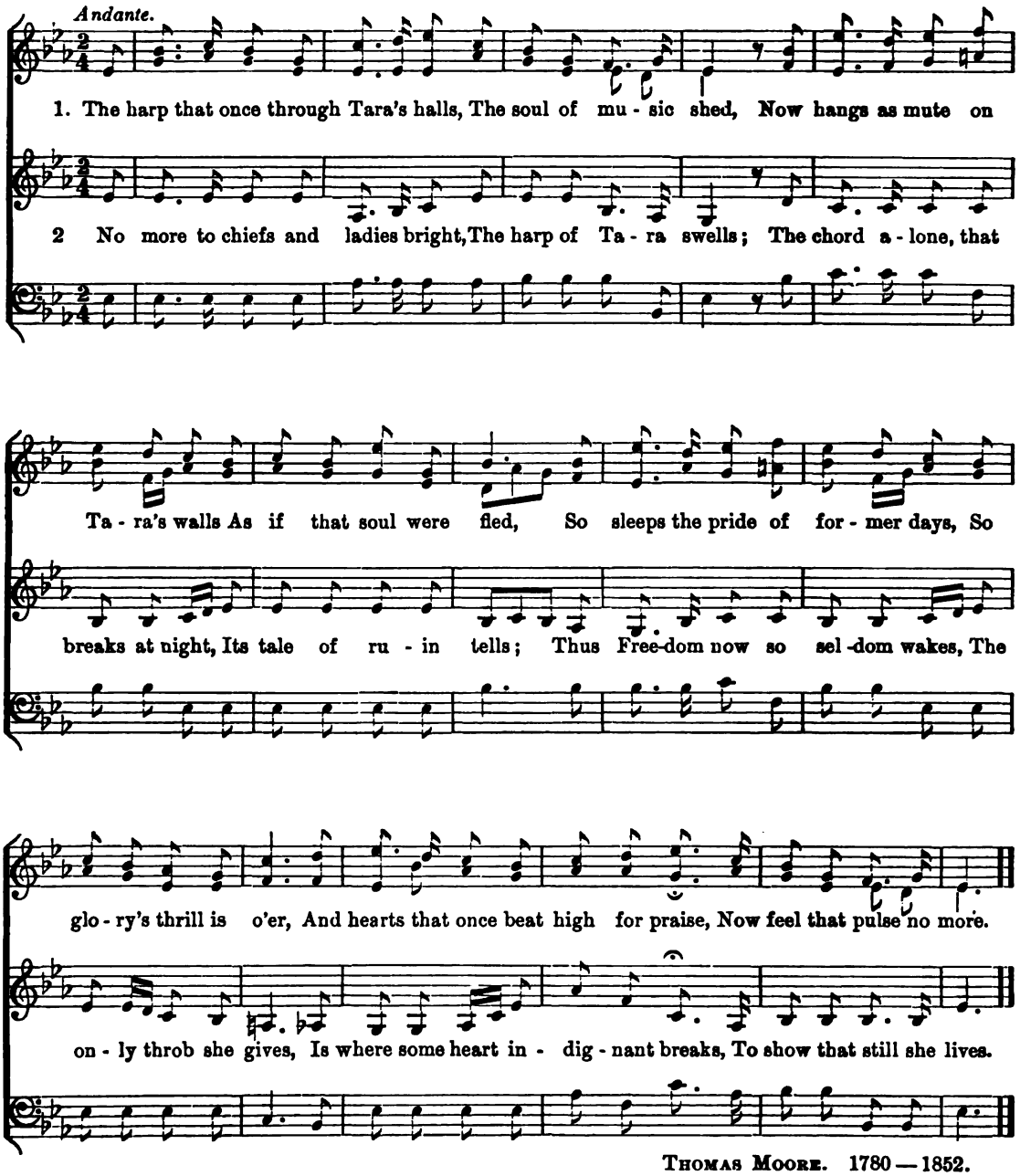
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! Than the world thy snows are far less cold; O
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! Fashion's smiles, are like thy snows; O
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! A - gain I come, dear home, to thee; O

Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! Warm hearts are in thy vales be - low.
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! All that glit - ters is not gold.
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! With thee this heart would fain re - pose.
Swit - zer - land, O love - ly land! More dear than all art thou to me.

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

IRISH MELODY.

Andante.
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breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus Free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The
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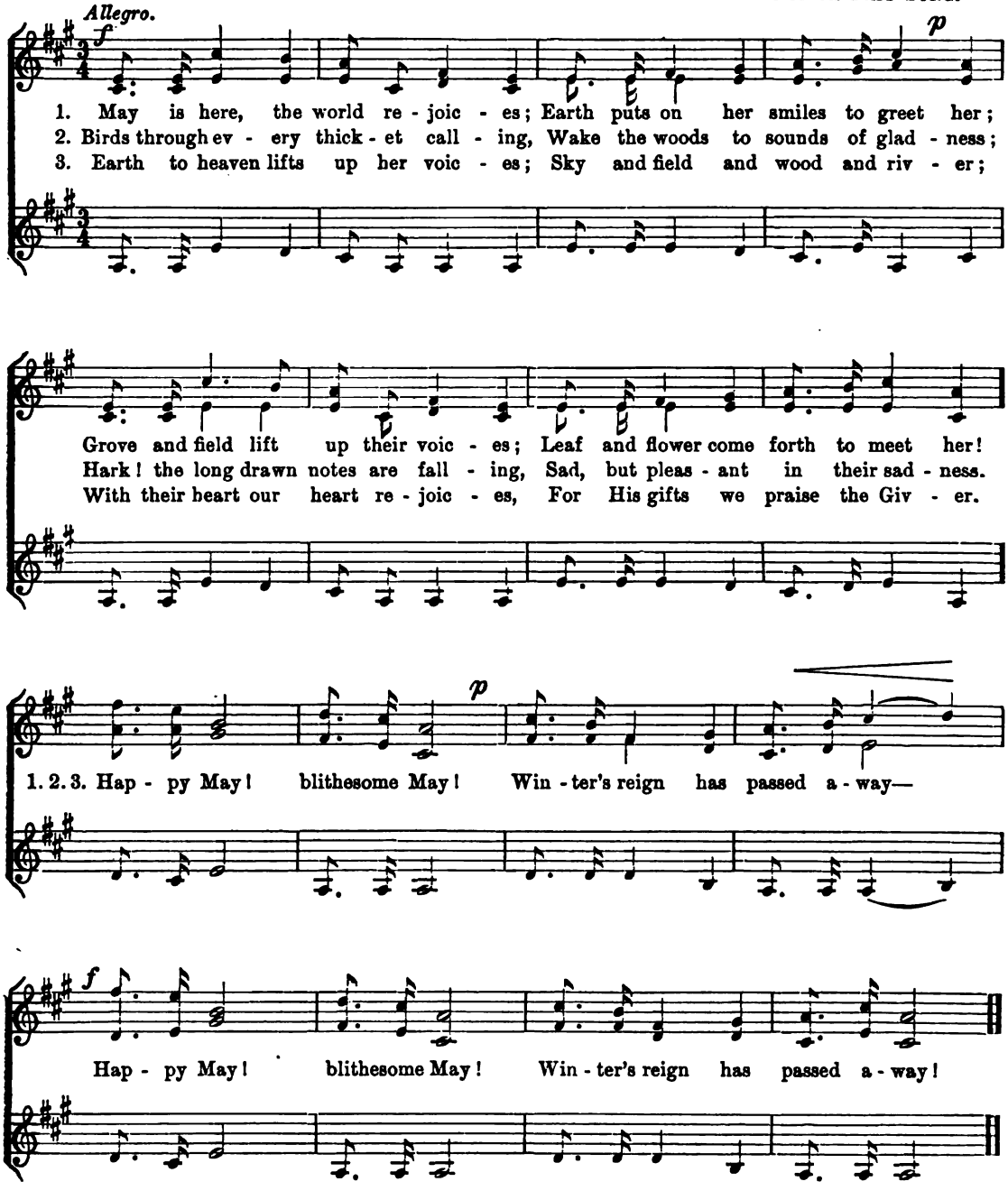
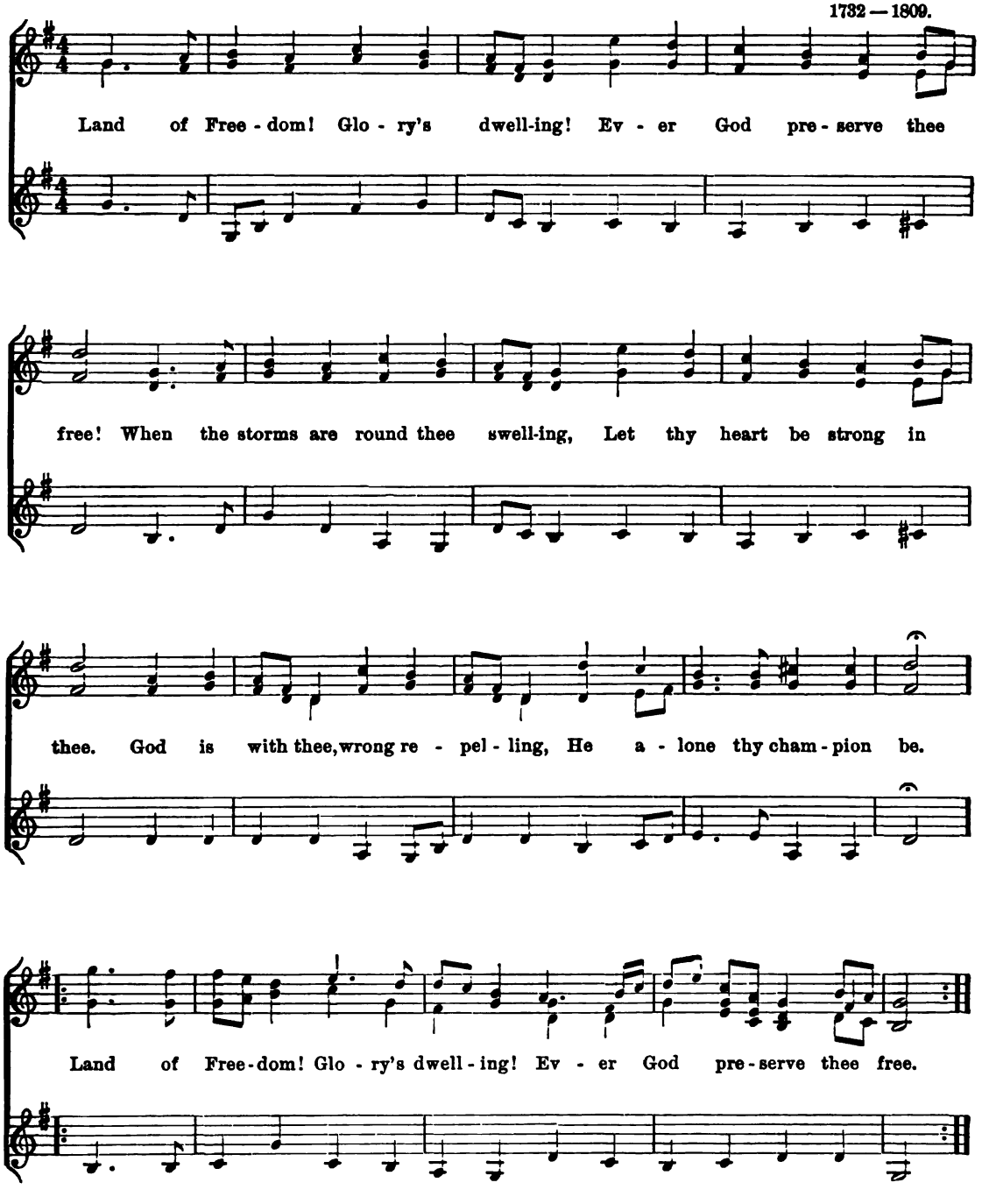
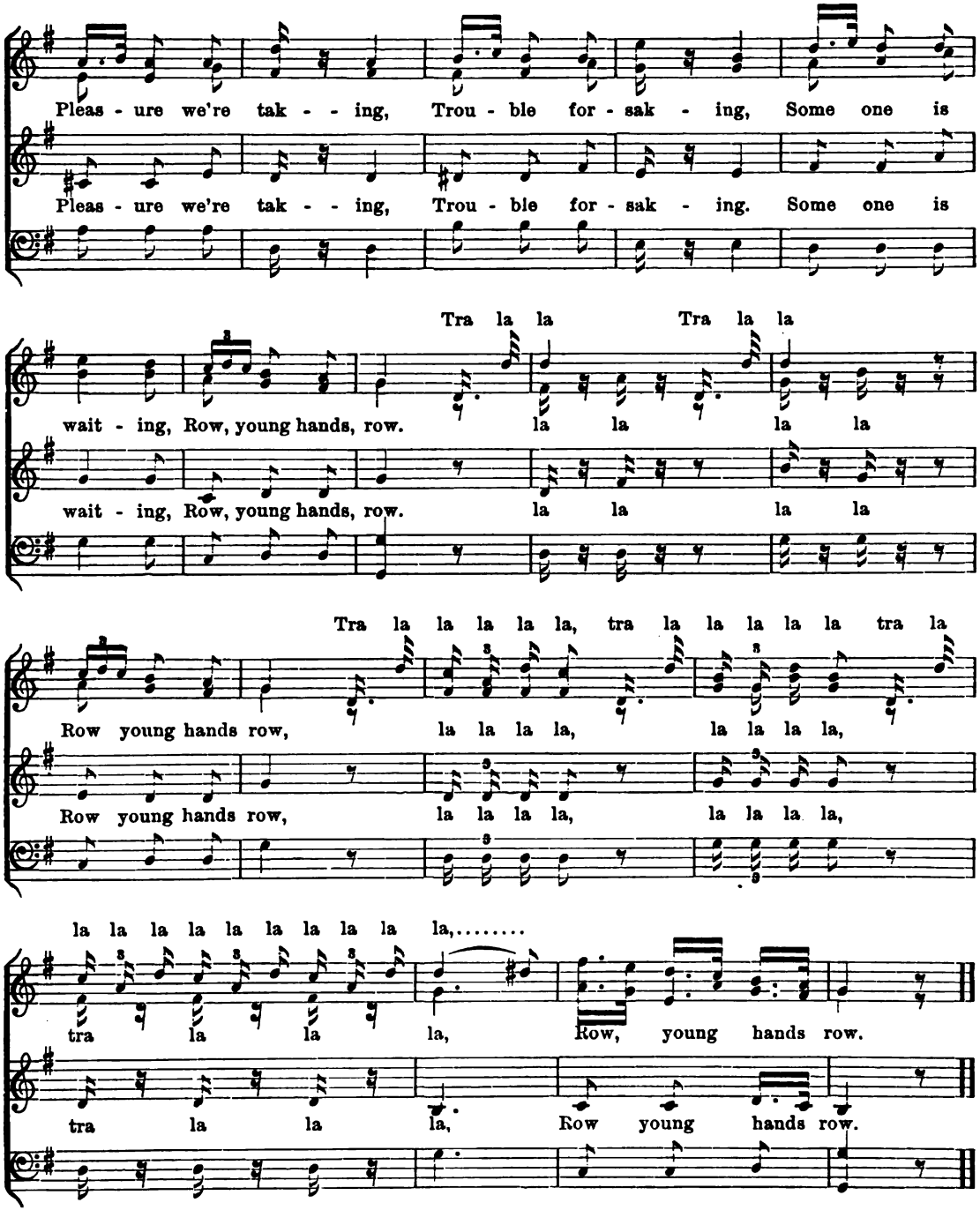
THOMAS MOORE. 1780 — 1852.

MAY SONG.

POLISH MAY SONG.

Allegro.
f
p
1. May is here, the world re - joic - es; Earth puts on her smiles to greet her;
2. Birds through ev - ery thick - et call - ing, Wake the woods to sounds of glad - ness;
3. Earth to heaven lifts up her voic - es; Sky and field and wood and riv - er;
Grove and field lift up their voic - es; Leaf and flower come forth to meet her!
Hark! the long drawn notes are fall - ing, Sad, but pleas - ant in their sad - ness.
With their heart our heart re - joic - es, For His gifts we praise the Giv - er.
p
1. 2. 3. Hap - py May! blithesome May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way—
f
Hap - py May! blithesome May! Win - ter's reign has passed a - way!

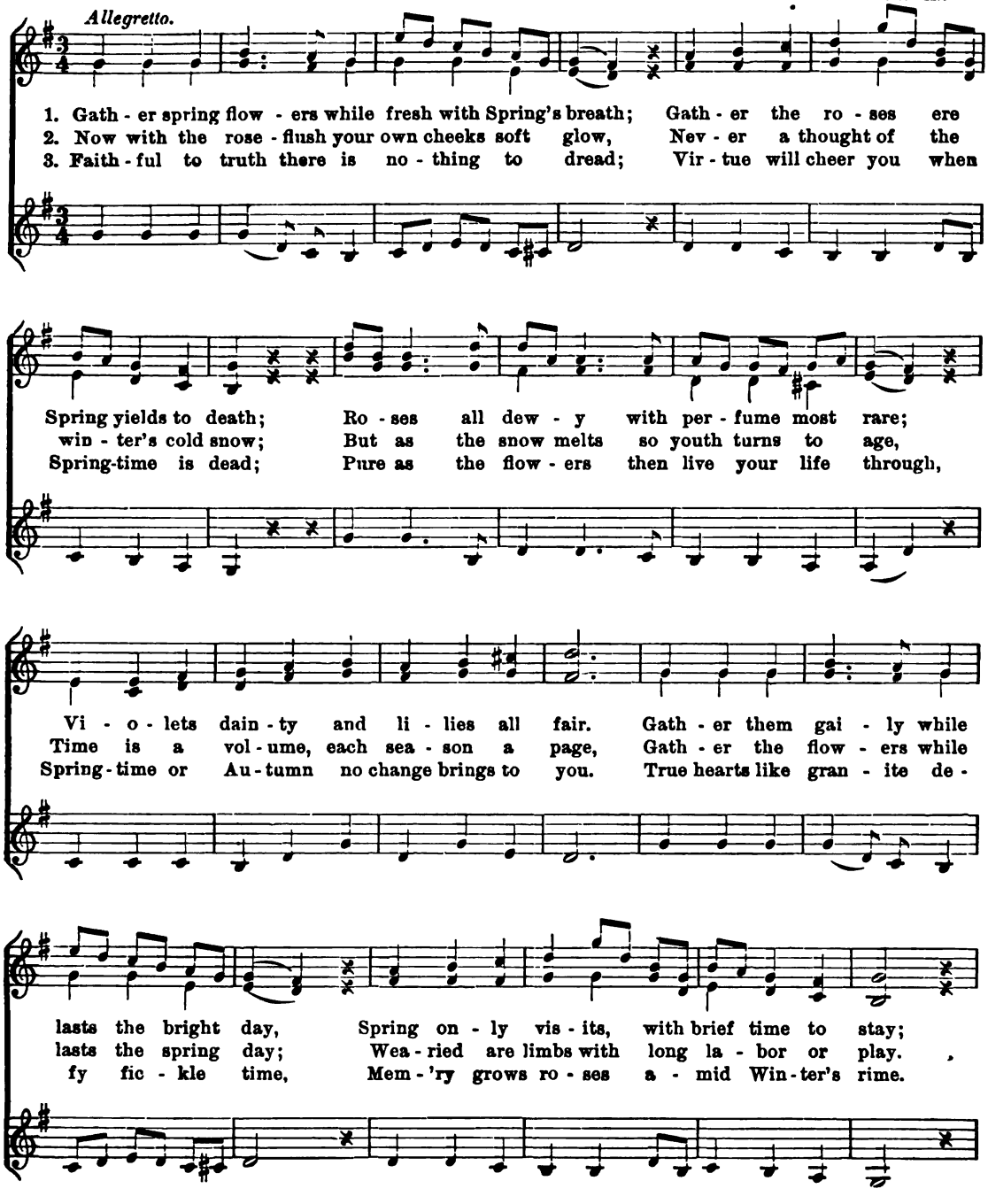
LAND OF FREEDOM.

HAYDN, arr.
1732—1809.

Land of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Ev-er God pre-serve thee
free! When the storms are round thee swell-ing, Let thy heart be strong in
thee. God is with thee, wrong re-pel-ling, He a-lone thy cham-pion be.
Land of Free-dom! Glo-ry's dwell-ing! Ev-er God pre-serve thee free.

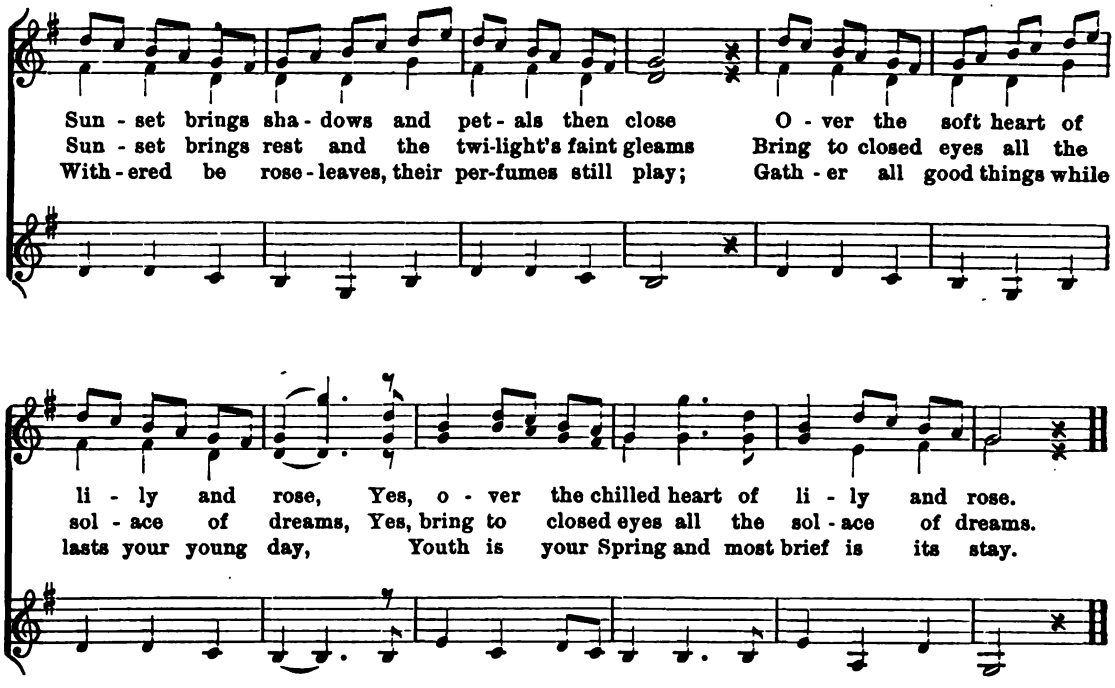
Over the Summer Sea.

Pleas - ure we're tak - - ing, Trou - ble for - sak - ing, Some one is
Pleas - ure we're tak - - ing, Trou - ble for - sak - ing. Some one is
Tra la la Tra la la
wait - ing, Row, young hands, row. la la la la
wait - ing, Row, young hands, row. la la la la
Tra la la la la la, tra la la la la la tra la
Row young hands row, la la la la, la la la la,
Row young hands row, la la la la, la la la la,
la la la la la la la la la la,.....
tra la la la, Row, young hands row.
tra la la la, Row young hands row.

GATHER SPRING FLOWERS.

GERMAN.

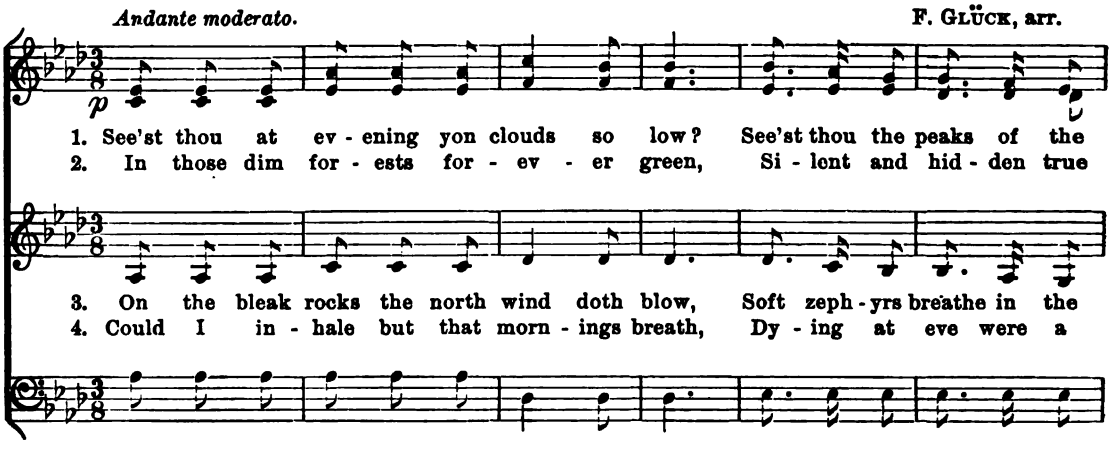
Allegretto.

1. Gath - er spring flow - ers while fresh with Spring's breath; Gath - er the ro - ses ere
2. Now with the rose - flush your own cheeks soft glow, Nev - er a thought of the
3. Faith - ful to truth there is no - thing to dread; Vir - tue will cheer you when
Spring yields to death; Ro - ses all dew - y with per - fume most rare;
win - ter's cold snow; But as the snow melts so youth turns to age,
Spring-time is dead; Pure as the flow - ers then live your life through,
Vi - o - lets dain - ty and li - lies all fair. Gath - er them gai - ly while
Time is a vol - ume, each sea - son a page, Gath - er the flow - ers while
Spring-time or Au - tumn no change brings to you. True hearts like gran - ite de -
lasts the bright day, Spring on - ly vis - its, with brief time to stay;
lasts the spring day; Wea - ried are limbs with long la - bor or play.
fy fic - kle time, Mem - 'ry grows ro - ses a - mid Win - ter's rime.

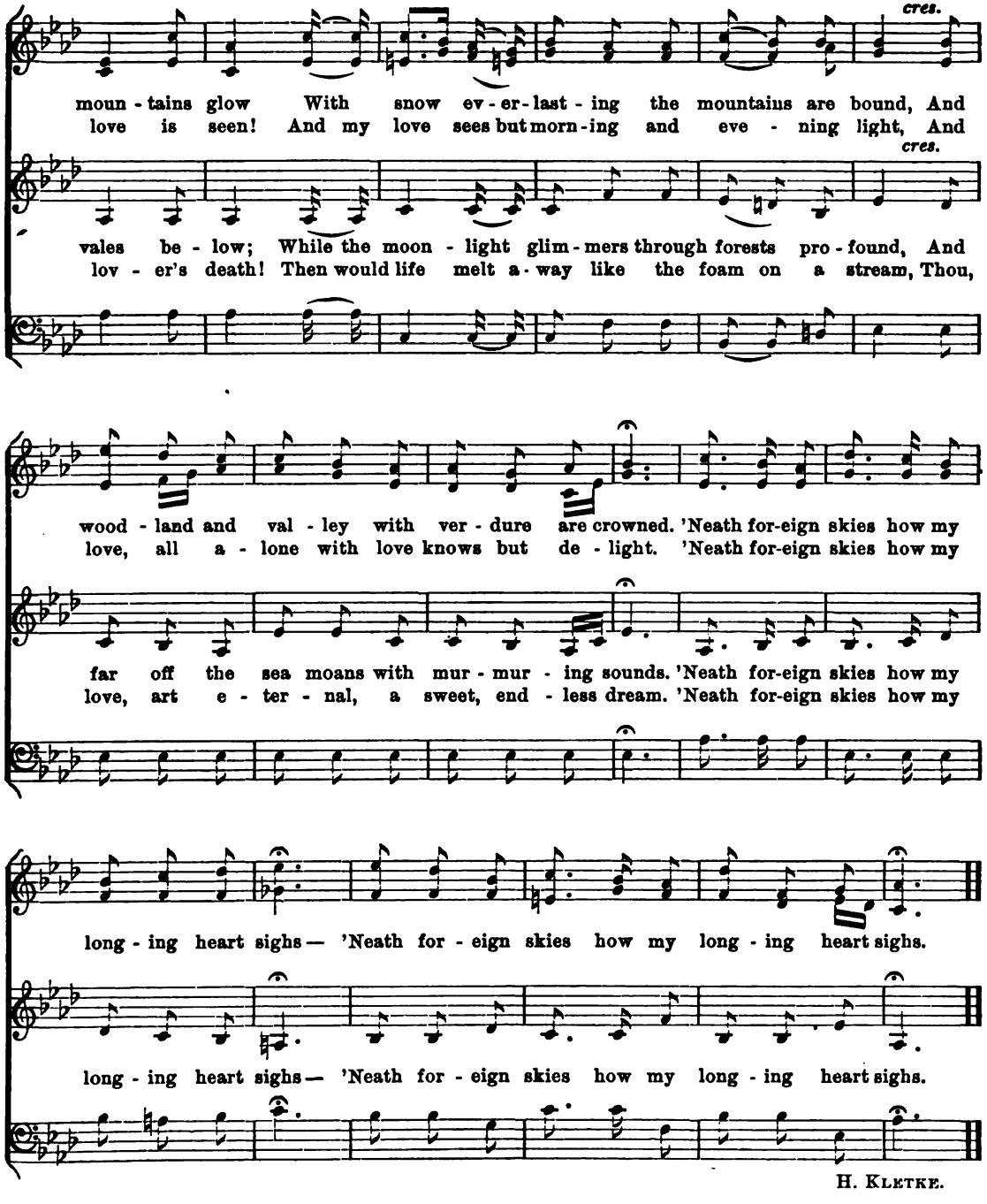
GATHER SPRING FLOWERS.


Sun - set brings sha - dows and pet - als then close O - ver the soft heart of
Sun - set brings rest and the twi-light's faint gleams Bring to closed eyes all the
With - ered be rose - leaves, their per-fumes still play; Gath - er all good things while
li - ly and rose, Yes, o - ver the chilled heart of li - ly and rose.
sol - ace of dreams, Yes, bring to closed eyes all the sol - ace of dreams.
lasts your young day, Youth is your Spring and most brief is its stay.

GER. tr. by PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

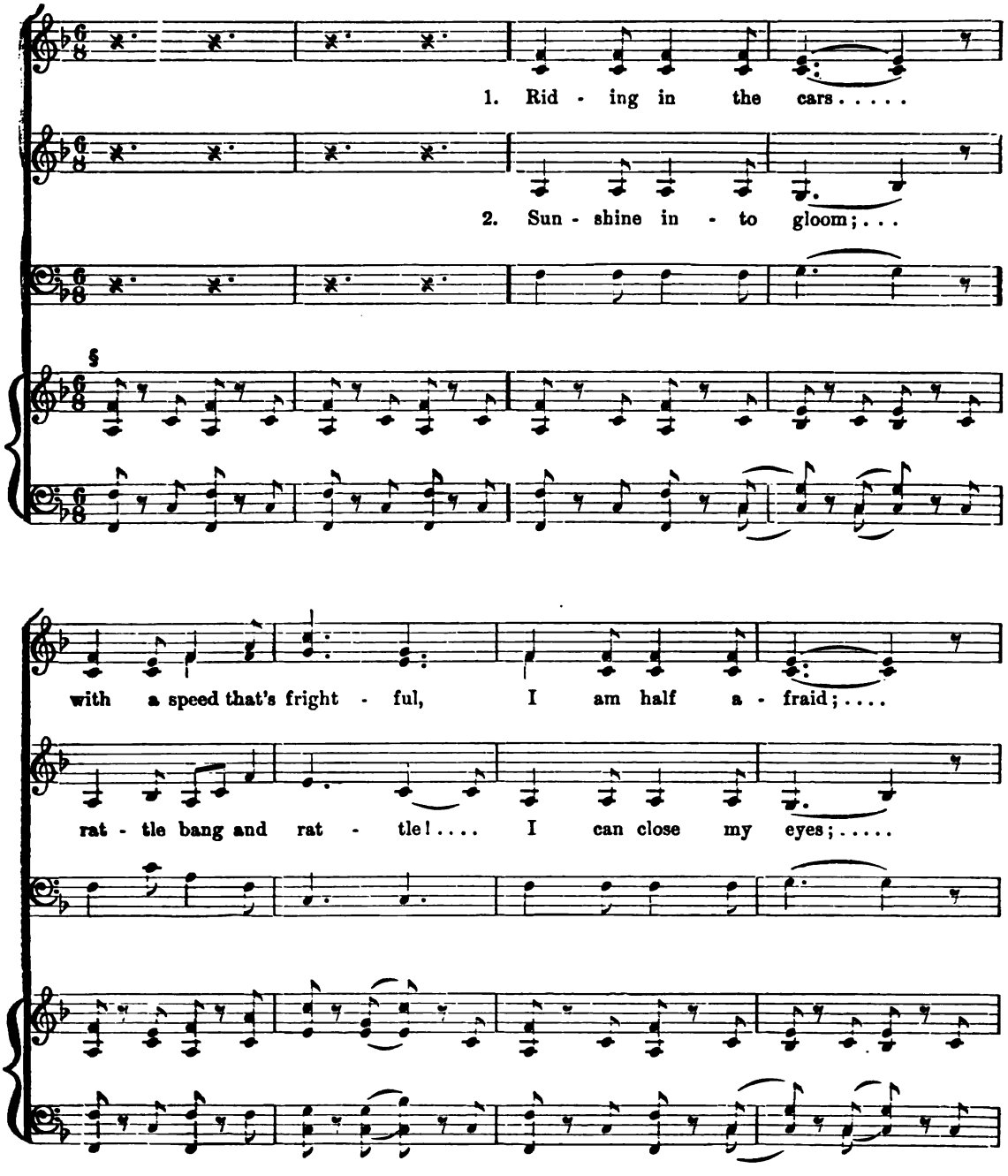
'NEATH FOREIGN SKIES.

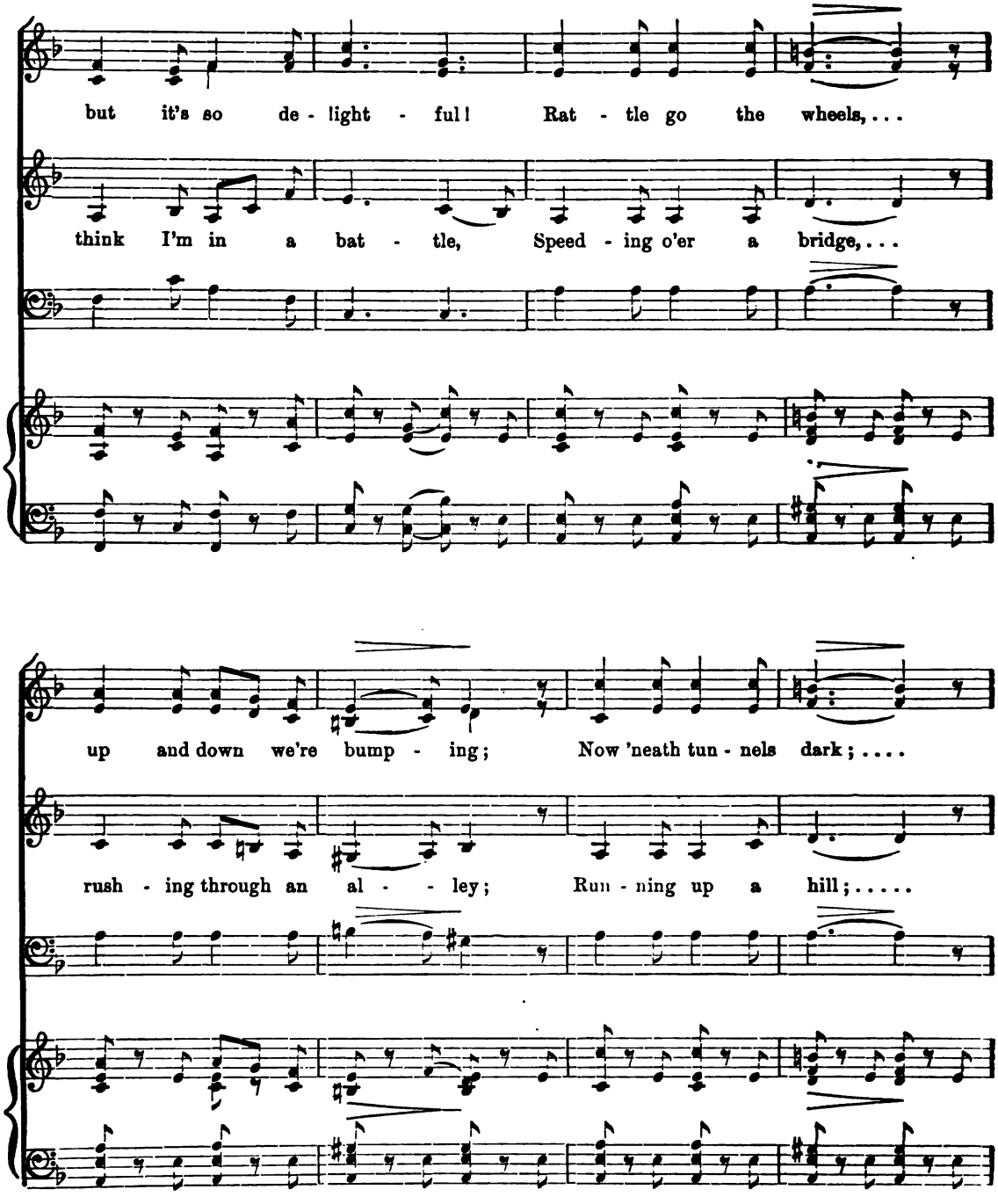

Andante moderato.
F. GLÜCK, arr.
p
1. See'st thou at ev - ening yon clouds so low? See'st thou the peaks of the
2. In those dim for - ests for - ev - er green, Si - lent and hid - den true
3. On the bleak rocks the north wind doth blow, Soft zeph - yrs breathe in the
4. Could I in - hale but that morn - ings breath, Dy - ing at eve were a

'NEATH FOREIGN SKIES.

cres.
moun - tains glow With snow ev - er - last - ing the mountains are bound, And
love is seen! And my love sees but morn - ing and eve - ning light, And
cres.
vales be - low; While the moon - light glim - mers through forests pro - found, And
lov - er's death! Then would life melt a - way like the foam on a stream, Thou,
wood - land and val - ley with ver - dure are crowned. 'Neath for-eign skies how my
love, all a - lone with love knows but de - light. 'Neath for-eign skies how my
far off the sea moans with mur - mur - ing sounds. 'Neath for-eign skies how my
love, art e - ter - nal, a sweet, end - less dream. 'Neath for-eign skies how my
long - ing heart sighs— 'Neath for - eign skies how my long - ing heart sighs.
long - ing heart sighs— 'Neath for - eign skies how my long - ing heart sighs.

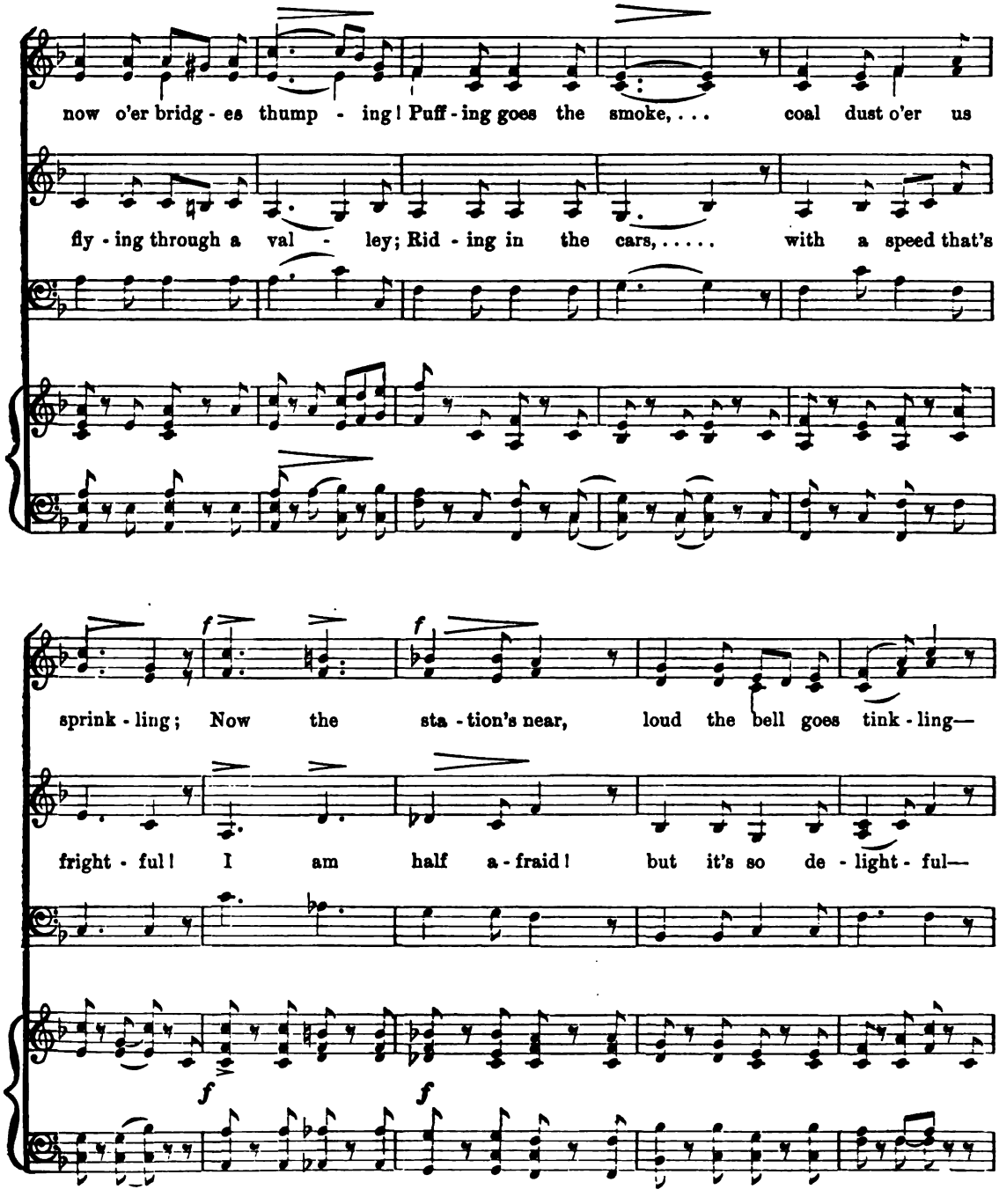
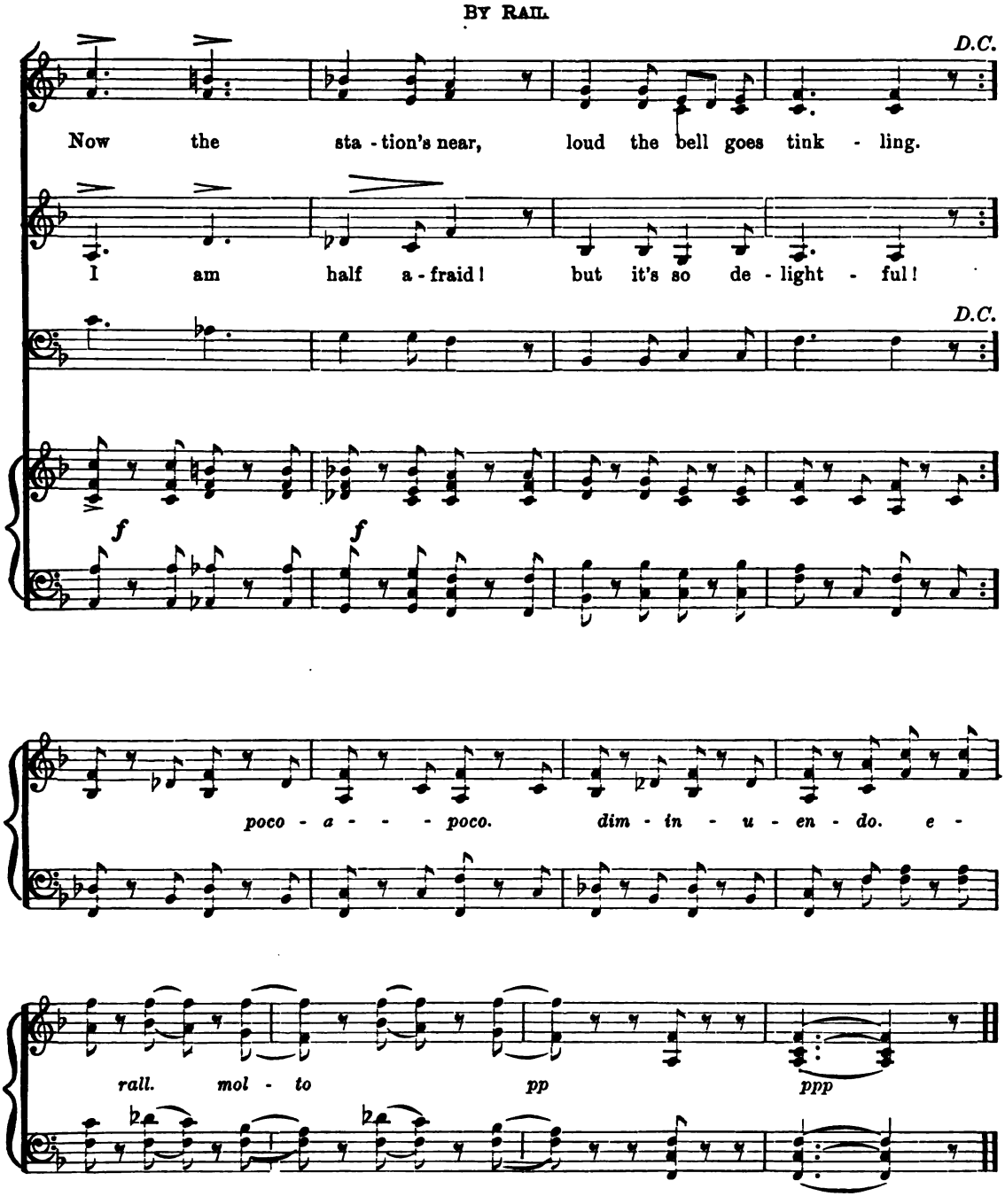
H. KLETKE.

BY RAIL.

Allegro molto. JOHN W. TUFTS.

1. Rid - ing in the cars . . . . .
2. Sun - shine in - to gloom; . . .
§
with a speed that's fright - ful, I am half a - fraid; . . . .
rat - tle bang and rat - tle! . . . . I can close my eyes; . . . . .

BY RAIL.

but it's so de - light - ful! Rat - tle go the wheels, . . .
think I'm in a bat - tle, Speed - ing o'er a bridge, . . .
up and down we're bump - ing; Now 'neath tun - nels dark; . . . .
rush - ing through an al - - ley; Run - ning up a hill; . . . . .

BY RAIL.


now o'er bridg - es thump - ing! Puff - ing goes the smoke, . . . coal dust o'er us
fly - ing through a val - ley; Rid - ing in the cars, ... with a speed that's
sprink - ling; Now the sta - tion's near, loud the bell goes tink - ling—
fright - ful! I am half a - fraid! but it's so de - light - ful—
f
f
f
f

BY RAIL.
D.C.
Now the sta - tion's near, loud the bell goes tink - ling.
I am half a - fraid! but it's so de - light - ful!
D.C.
f
f
poco - a - - - poco. dim - in - u - en - do. e -
rall. mol - to pp ppp

PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

DECEMBER.

A CAROL.

A. R. GAUL, arr.

Andantino.

p legato.

rall.

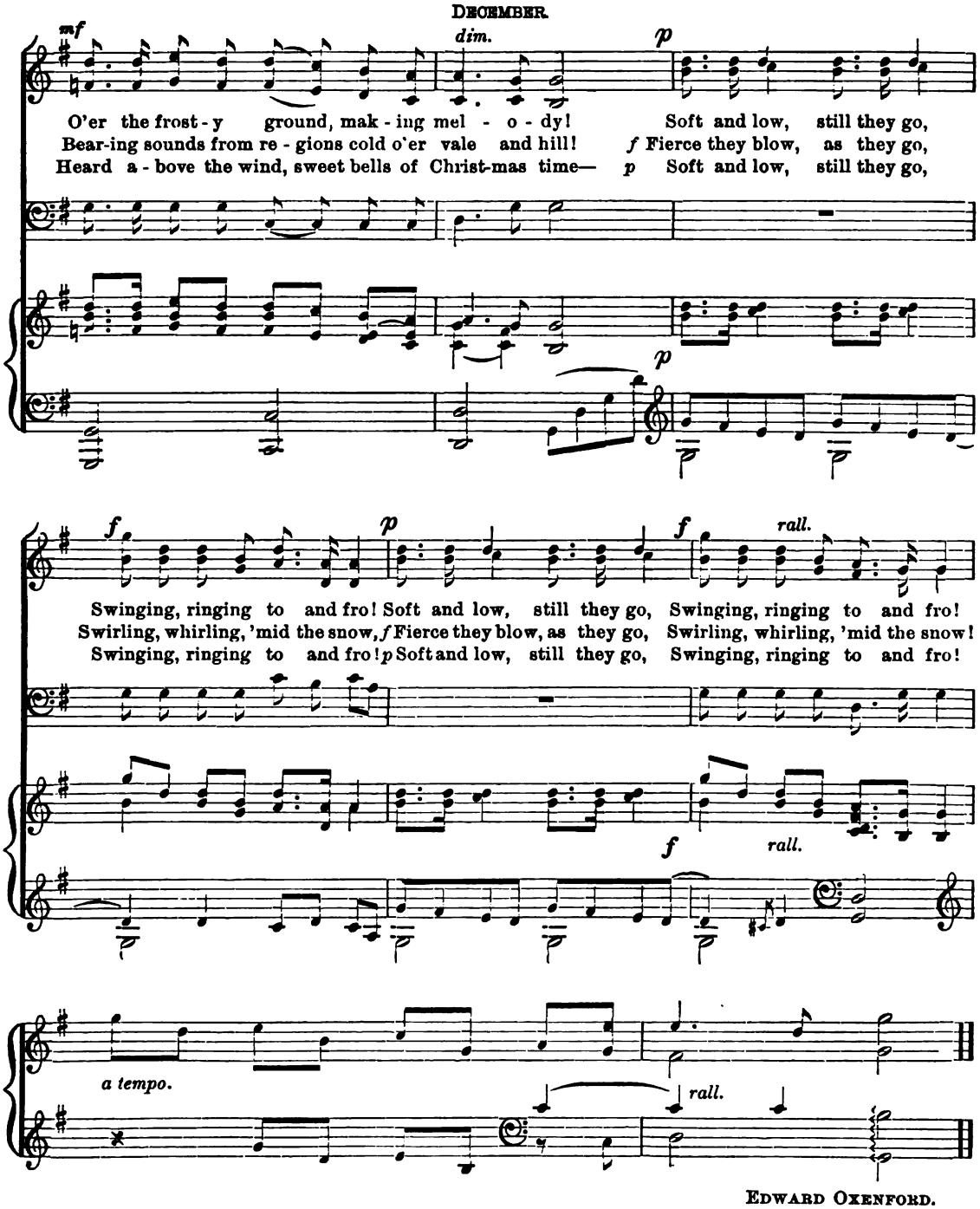
a tempo. *p*

mf

1. Hark! the bells, the bells of Christmas sound Far a - cross the lea,
2. Hark! the winds, the winds a - cross the wold, Shriek-ing keen and shrill,
3. Hark! the bells, the joy - ous bells a - gain, In the dis - tance chime,

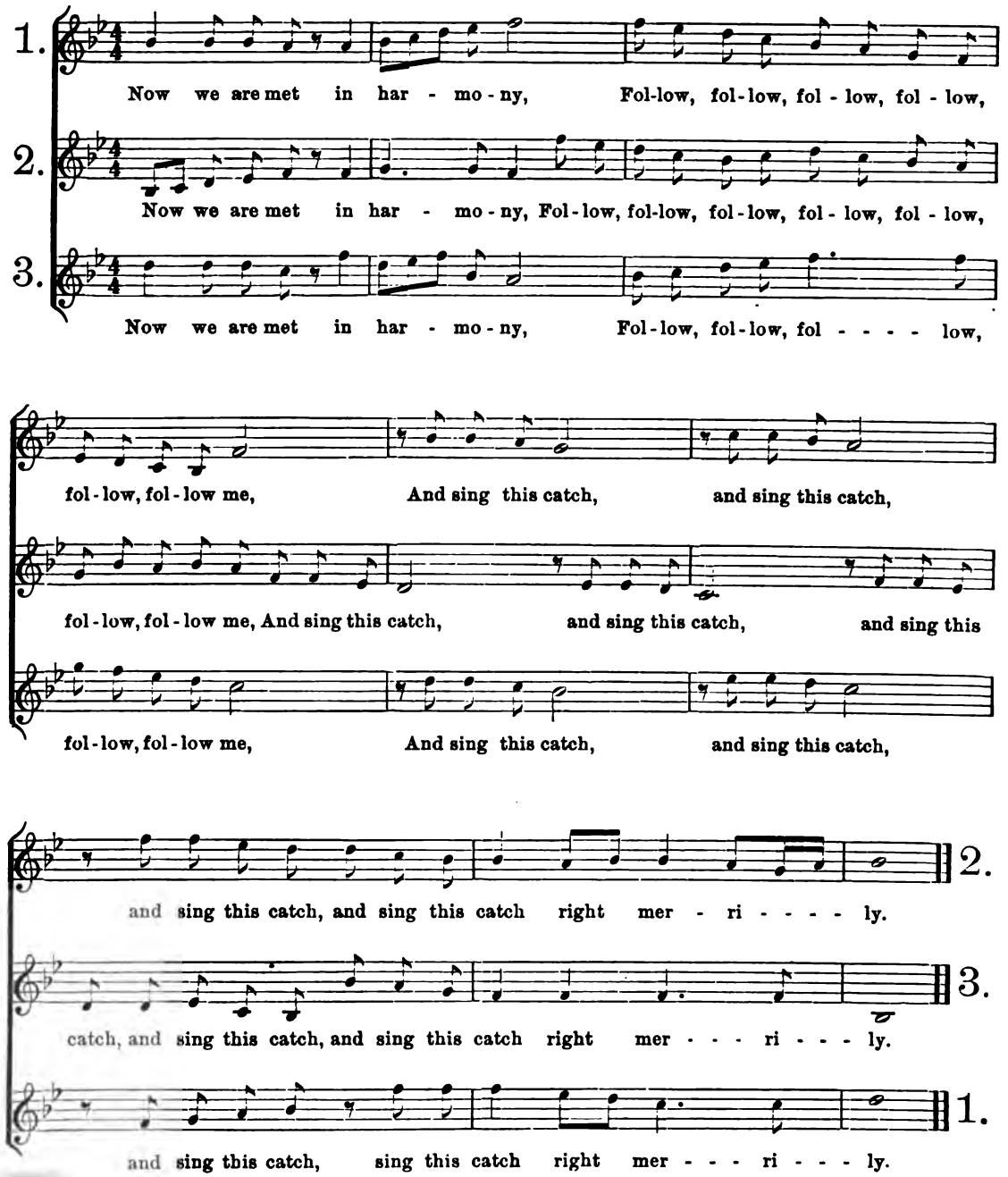
p

far across the lea, Mak - ing o'er the frost - y ground, Mak - ing dul - cet mel - o - dy!
shrieking keen and shrill, Bear - ing sounds from re-gions cold, Sounds from o'er the vale and hill!
in the distance chime, Heard a - bove the wind and rain, Heard the bells of Christmas time!


DECEMBER.
mf
dim.
p
O'er the frost-y ground, mak-ing mel - o - dy! Soft and low, still they go,
Bear-ing sounds from re-gions cold o'er vale and hill! f Fierce they blow, as they go,
Heard a-bove the wind, sweet bells of Christ-mas time— p Soft and low, still they go,
f
p
f
rall.
Swinging, ringing to and fro! Soft and low, still they go, Swinging, ringing to and fro!
Swirling, whirling, 'mid the snow, f Fierce they blow, as they go, Swirling, whirling, 'mid the snow!
Swinging, ringing to and fro! p Soft and low, still they go, Swinging, ringing to and fro!
f
rall.
a tempo.
rall.

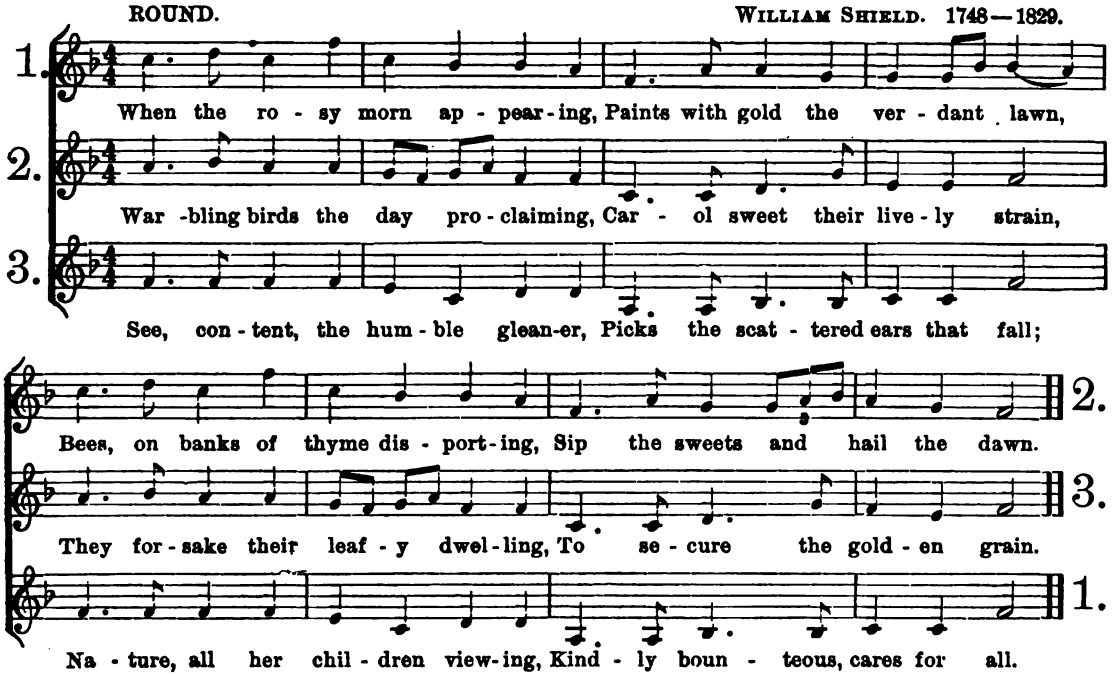
EDWARD OXENFORD.

NOW WE ARE MET IN HARMONY.

CATCH. SIMON IVES. d. 1662.

1.
Now we are met in har - mo - ny, Fol-low, fol-low, fol - low, fol - low,
2.
Now we are met in har - mo - ny, Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol - low, fol - low,
3.
Now we are met in har - mo - ny, Fol-low, fol-low, fol - - - - low,
fol-low, fol-low me, And sing this catch, and sing this catch,
fol-low, fol-low me, And sing this catch, and sing this catch, and sing this
fol-low, fol-low me, And sing this catch, and sing this catch,
and sing this catch, and sing this catch right mer - ri - - - - ly. 2.
catch, and sing this catch, and sing this catch right mer - - - ri - - - ly. 3.
and sing this catch, sing this catch right mer - - - ri - - - ly. 1.

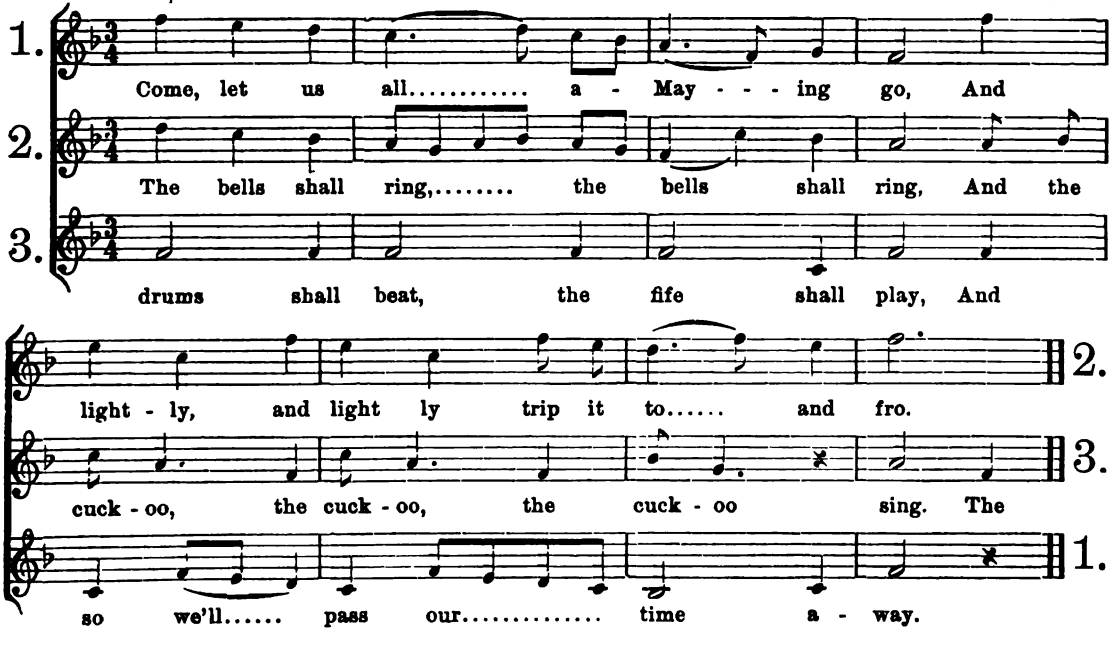
WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.

ROUND. WILLIAM SHIELD. 1748—1829.


1.
When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn,
2.
War - bling birds the day pro - claiming, Car - ol sweet their live - ly strain,
3.
See, con - tent, the hum - ble glean-er, Picks the scat - tered ears that fall;
Bees, on banks of thyme dis - port - ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.
They for - sake their leaf - y dwel - ling, To se - cure the gold - en grain.
Na - ture, all her chil - dren view - ing, Kind - ly boun - teous, cares for all.

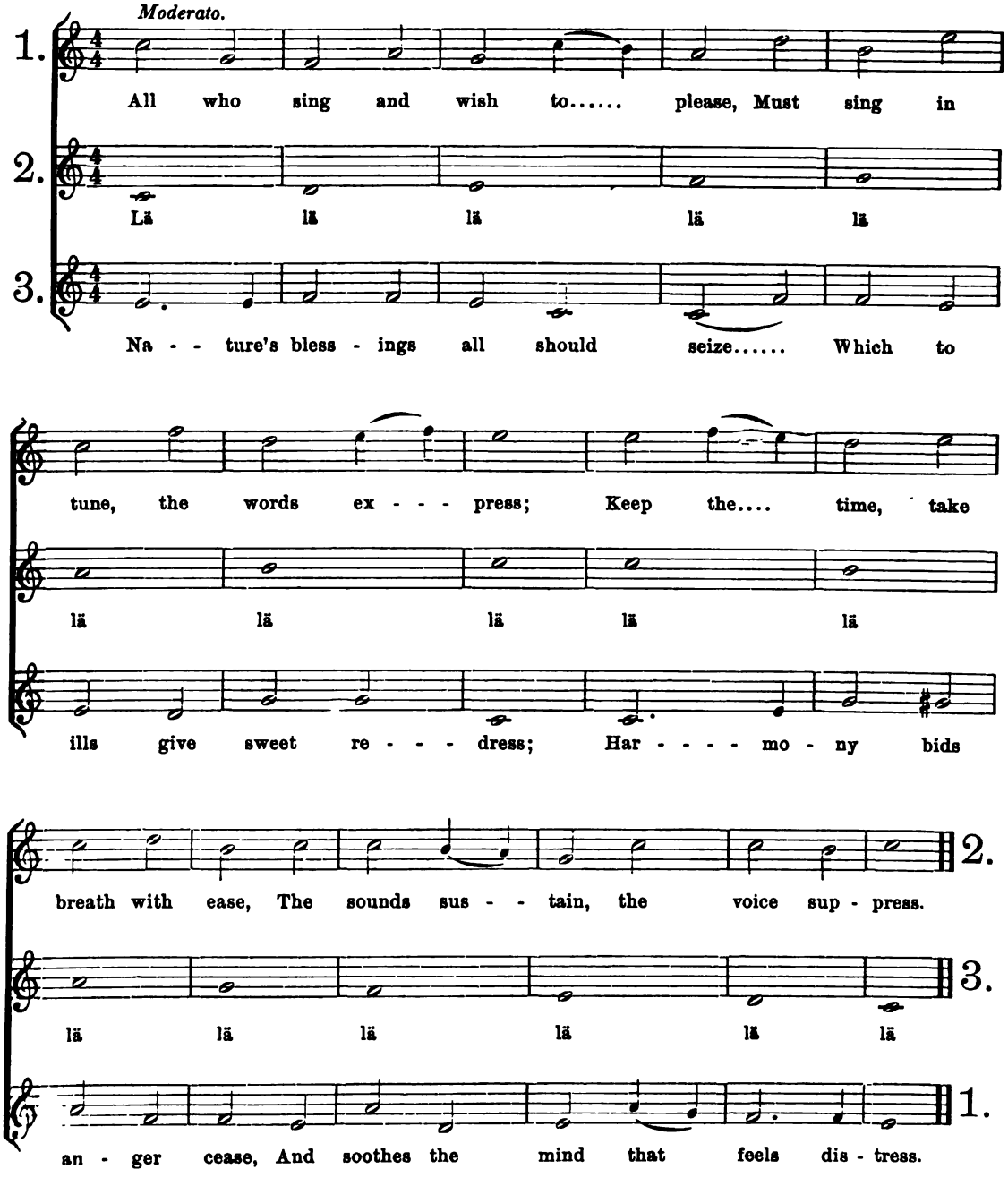
COME, LET US ALL A-MAYING GO.

ROUND. HILTON. d—1657.

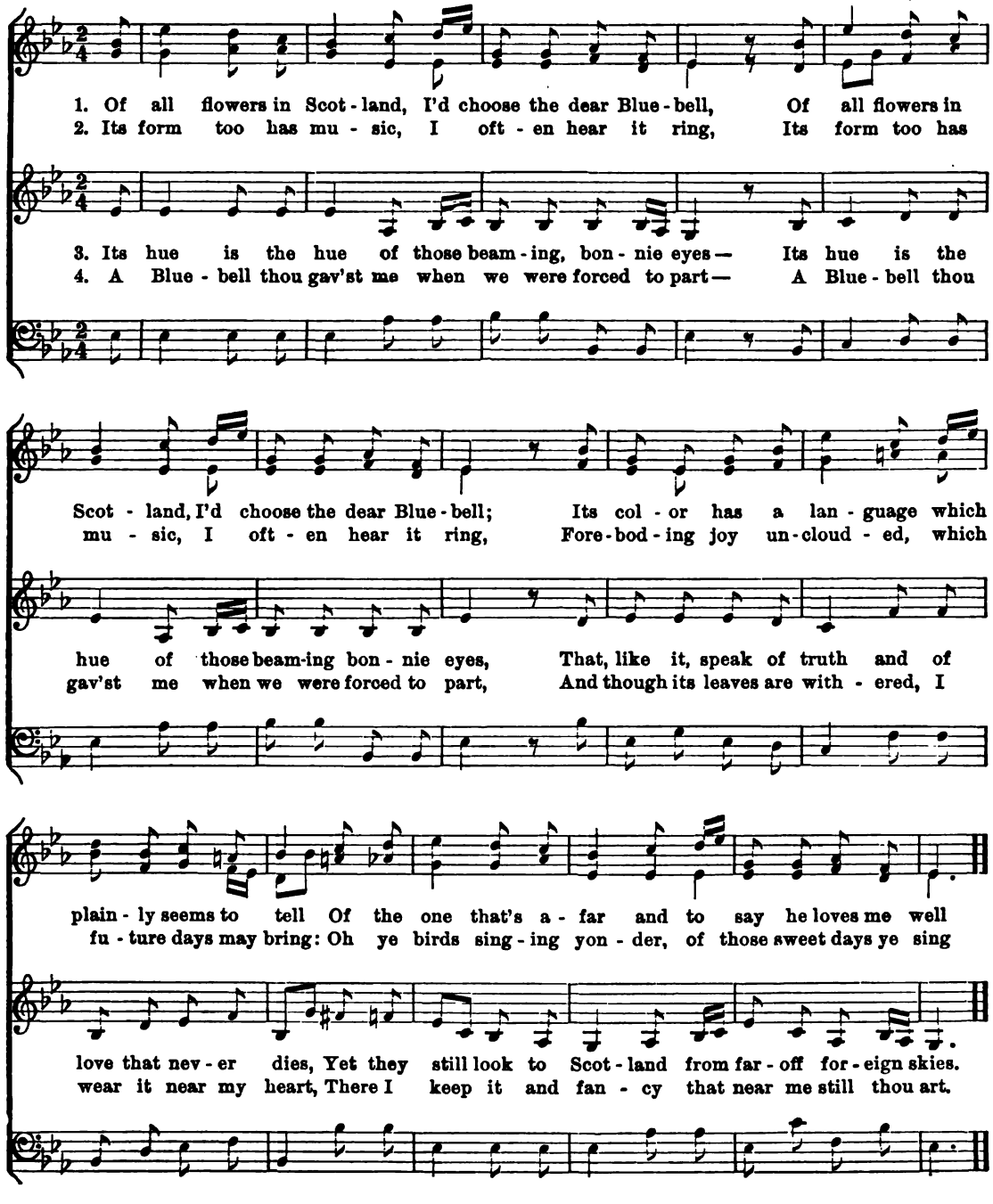

1.
Come, let us all..... a - May - - - ing go, And
2.
The bells shall ring,..... the bells shall ring, And the
3.
drums shall beat, the fife shall play, And
light - ly, and light ly trip it to..... and fro.
cuck - oo, the cuck - oo, the cuck - oo sing. The
so we'll..... pass our..... time a - way.

ALL WHO SING.

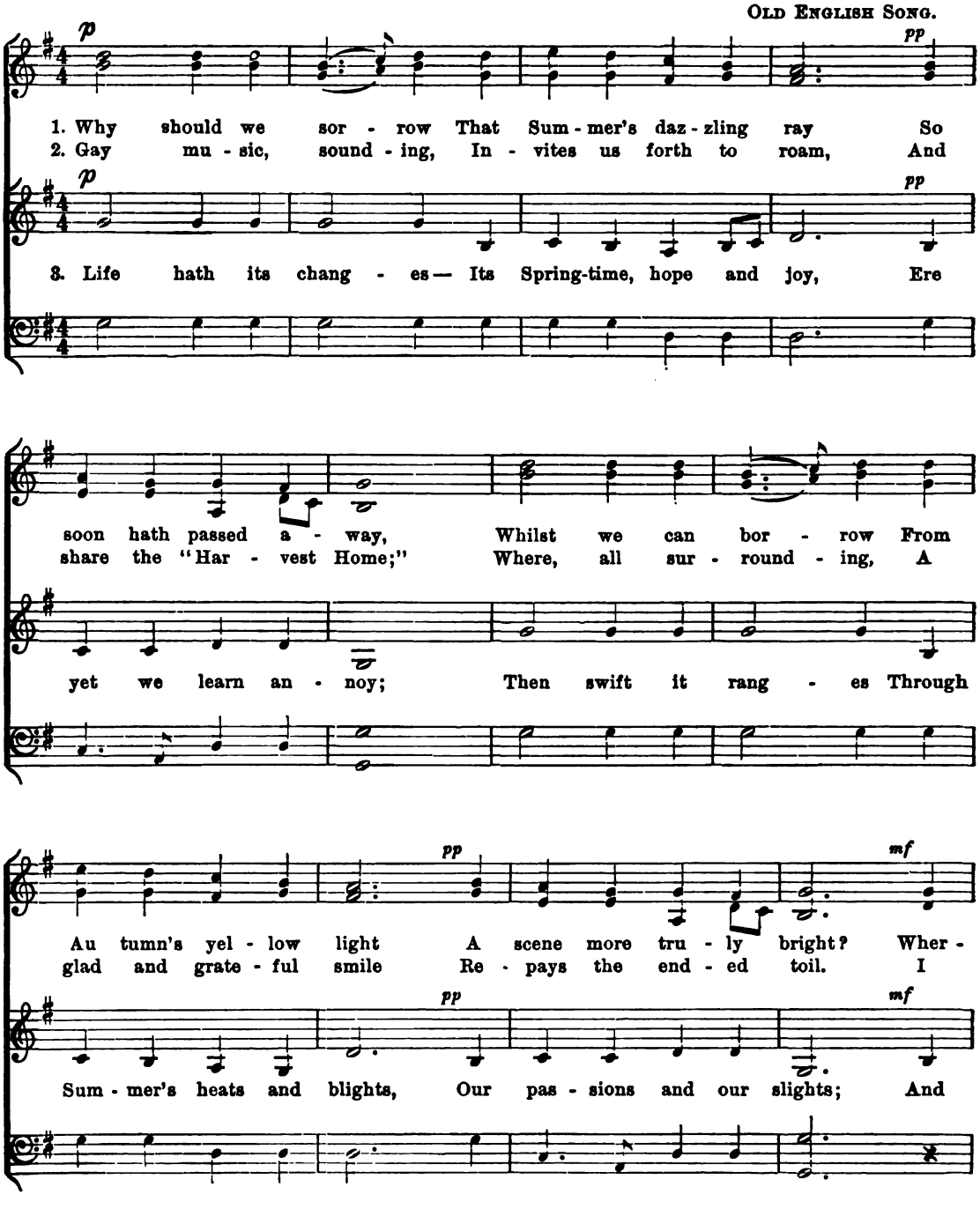
ROUND, On the Major Scale. T. GOODBAN. 1780—1863.

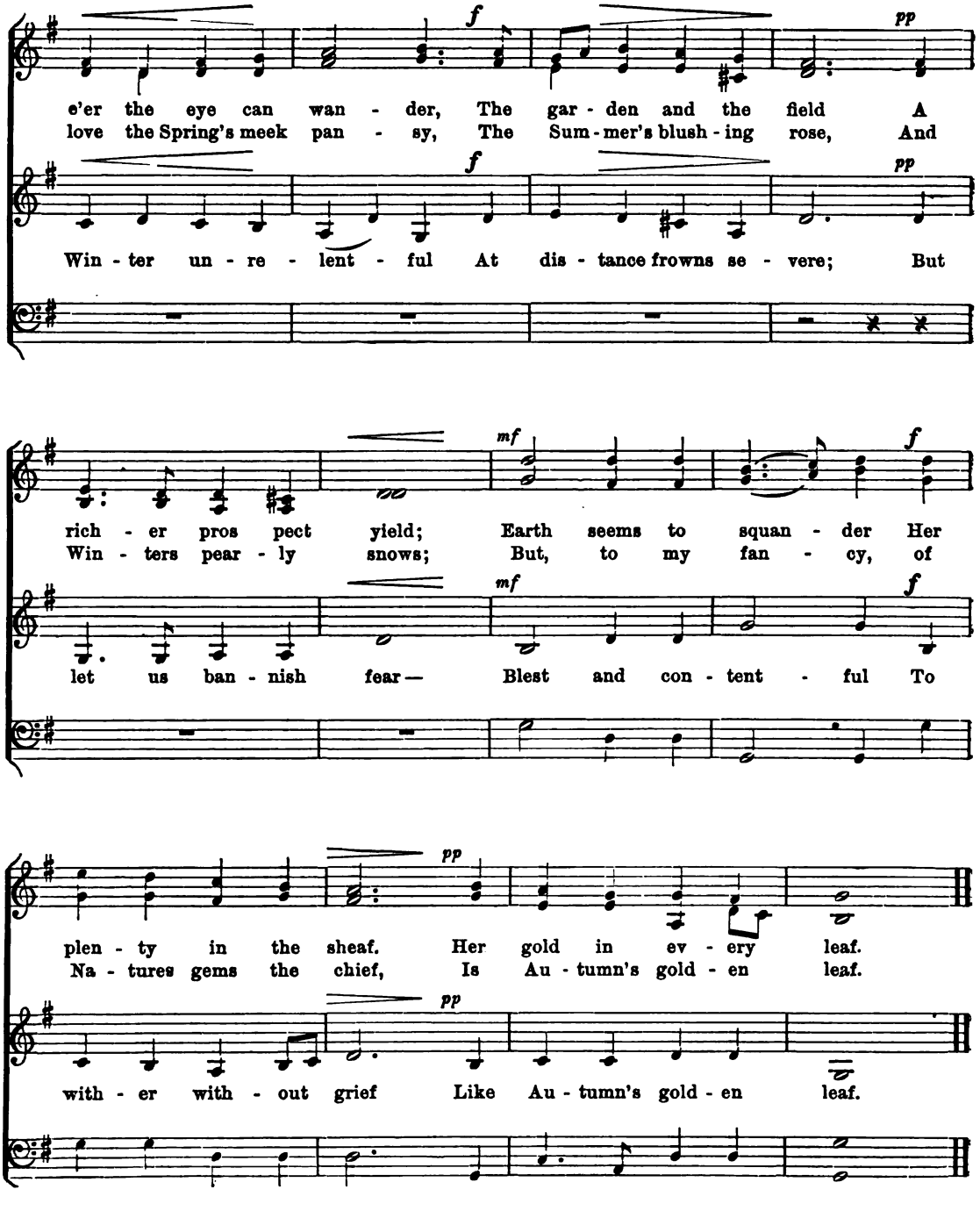
Moderato.

1.
All who sing and wish to..... please, Must sing in
2.
Lä lä lä lä lä
3.
Na - - ture's bless - ings all should seize..... Which to
tune, the words ex - - - press; Keep the.... time, take
lä lä lä lä lä
ills give sweet re - - - dress; Har - - - - mo - ny bids
breath with ease, The sounds sus - - tain, the voice sup - press.
2.
lä lä lä lä lä lä
3.
an - ger cease, And soothes the mind that feels dis - tress.
1.

THE BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

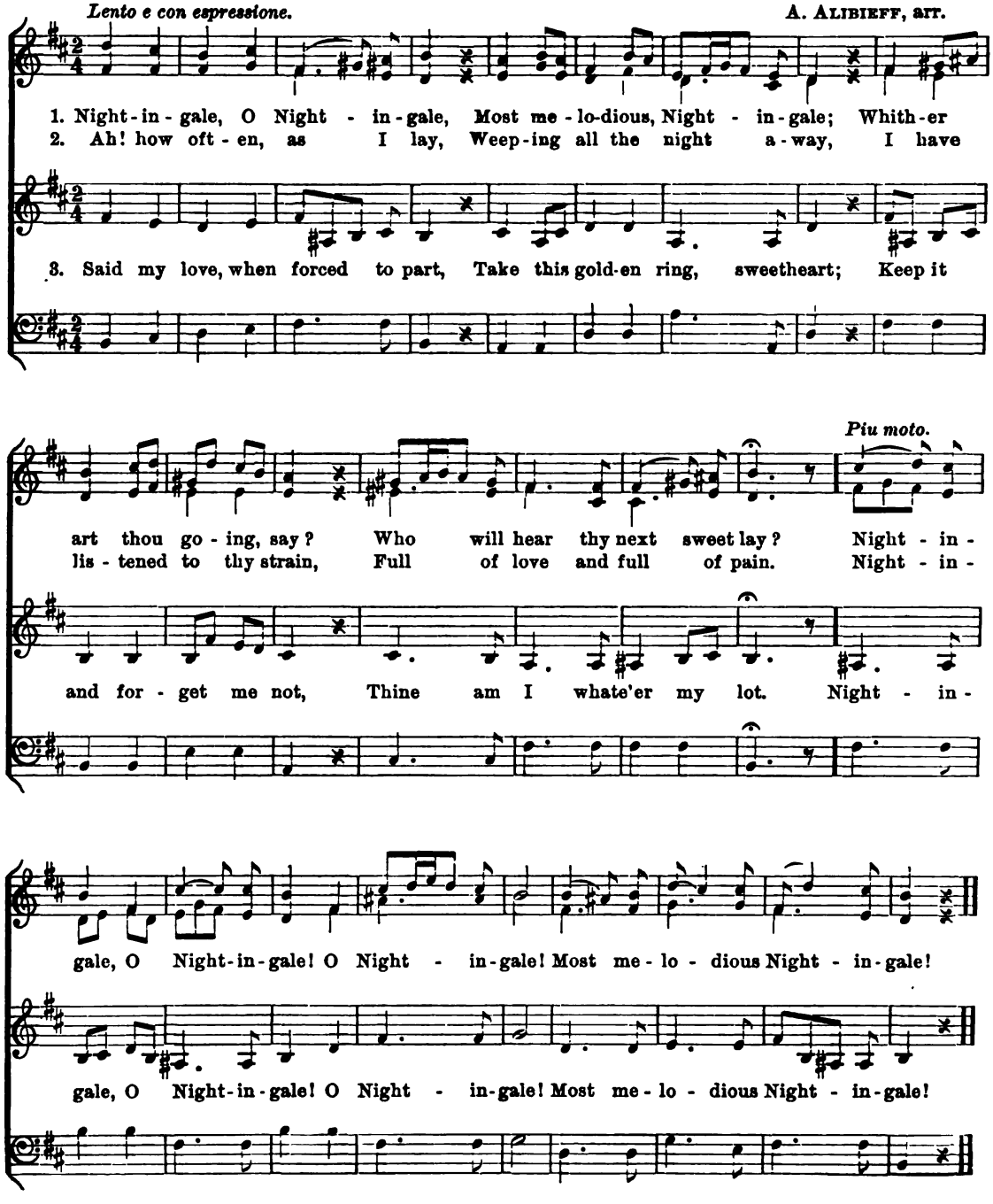
MRS. JORDAN, arr.

1. Of all flowers in Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell, Of all flowers in
2. Its form too has mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Its form too has
3. Its hue is the hue of those beam - ing, bon - nie eyes — Its hue is the
4. A Blue - bell thou gav'st me when we were forced to part — A Blue - bell thou
Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell; Its col - or has a lan - guage which
mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Fore - bod - ing joy un - cloud - ed, which
hue of those beam-ing bon - nie eyes, That, like it, speak of truth and of
gav'st me when we were forced to part, And though its leaves are with - ered, I
plain - ly seems to tell Of the one that's a - far and to say he loves me well
fu - ture days may bring: Oh ye birds sing - ing yon - der, of those sweet days ye sing
love that nev - er dies, Yet they still look to Scot - land from far - off for - eign skies.
wear it near my heart, There I keep it and fan - cy that near me still thou art.

AUTUMN'S GOLDEN LEAF.

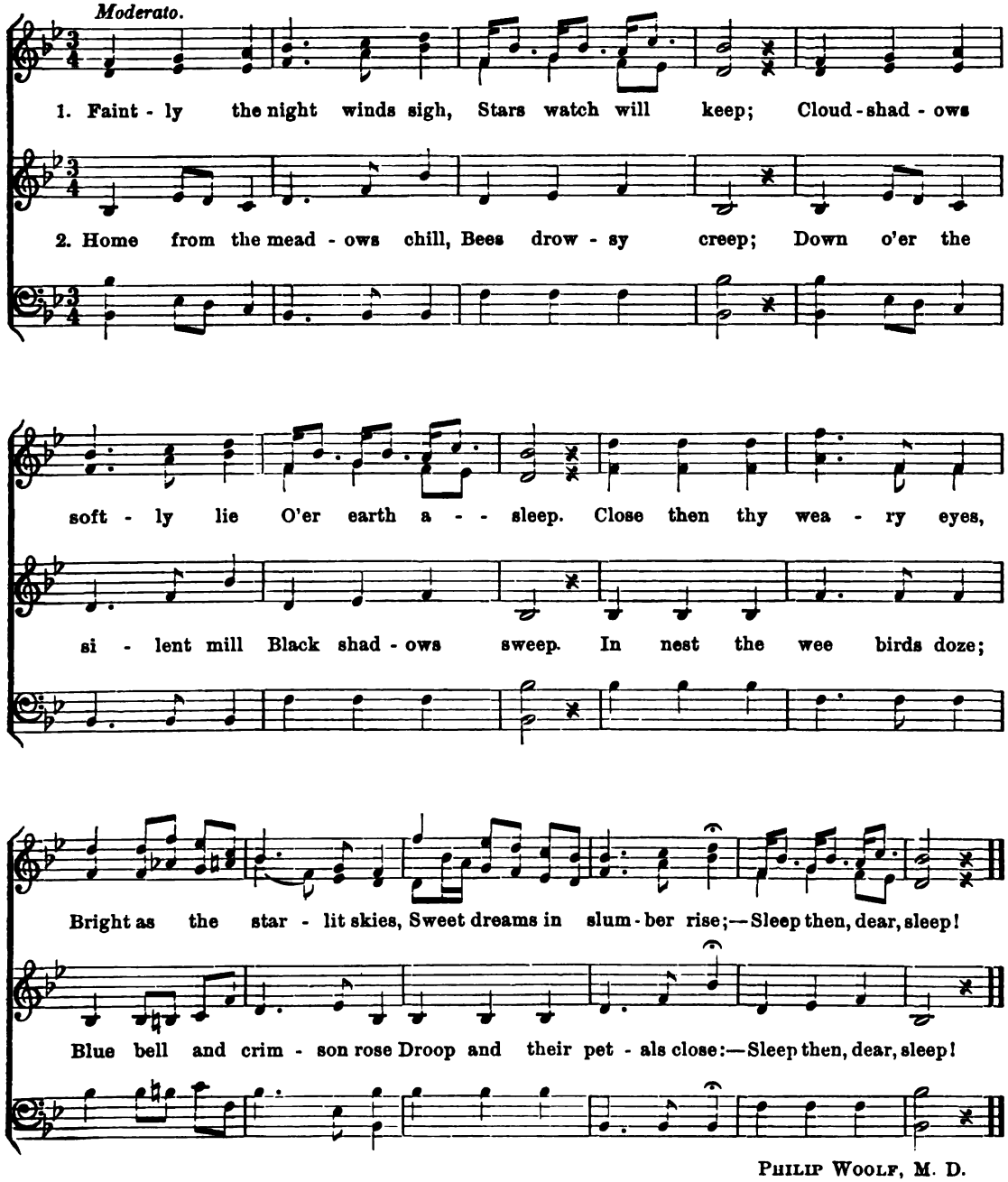
OLD ENGLISH SONG.

p
pp
1. Why should we sor - row That Sum - mer's daz - zling ray So
2. Gay mu - sic, sound - ing, In - vites us forth to roam, And
3. Life hath its chang - es— Its Spring-time, hope and joy, Ere
soon hath passed a - way, Whilst we can bor - row From
share the "Har - vest Home;" Where, all sur - round - ing, A
yet we learn an - noy; Then swift it rang - es Through
pp
mf
Au tumn's yel - low light A scene more tru - ly bright? Wher -
glad and grate - ful smile Re - pays the end - ed toil. I
Sum - mer's heats and blights, Our pas - sions and our slights; And

AUTUMN'S GOLDEN LEAF.

f
pp
e'er the eye can wan - der, The gar - den and the field A
love the Spring's meek pan - sy, The Sum - mer's blush - ing rose, And
f
pp
Win - ter un - re - lent - ful At dis - tance frowns se - vere; But
mf
f
rich - er pros pect yield; Earth seems to squan - der Her
Win - ters pear - ly snows; But, to my fan - cy, of
mf
f
let us ban - nish fear— Blest and con - tent - ful To
pp
plen - ty in the sheaf. Her gold in ev - ery leaf.
Na - tures gems the chief, Is Au - tumn's gold - en leaf.
pp
with - er with - out grief Like Au - tumn's gold - en leaf.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Lento e con espressione. A. ALIBIEFF, arr.

1. Night-in-gale, O Night - in-gale, Most me-lo-dious, Night - in-gale; Whith-er
2. Ah! how oft-en, as I lay, Weep-ing all the night a-way, I have
3. Said my love, when forced to part, Take this gold-en ring, sweetheart; Keep it
art thou go-ing, say? Who will hear thy next sweet lay? Night - in-
lis-tened to thy strain, Full of love and full of pain. Night - in-
and for-get me not, Thine am I whate'er my lot. Night - in-
Piu moto.
gale, O Night-in-gale! O Night - in-gale! Most me-lo-dious Night - in-gale!
gale, O Night-in-gale! O Night - in-gale! Most me-lo-dious Night - in-gale!

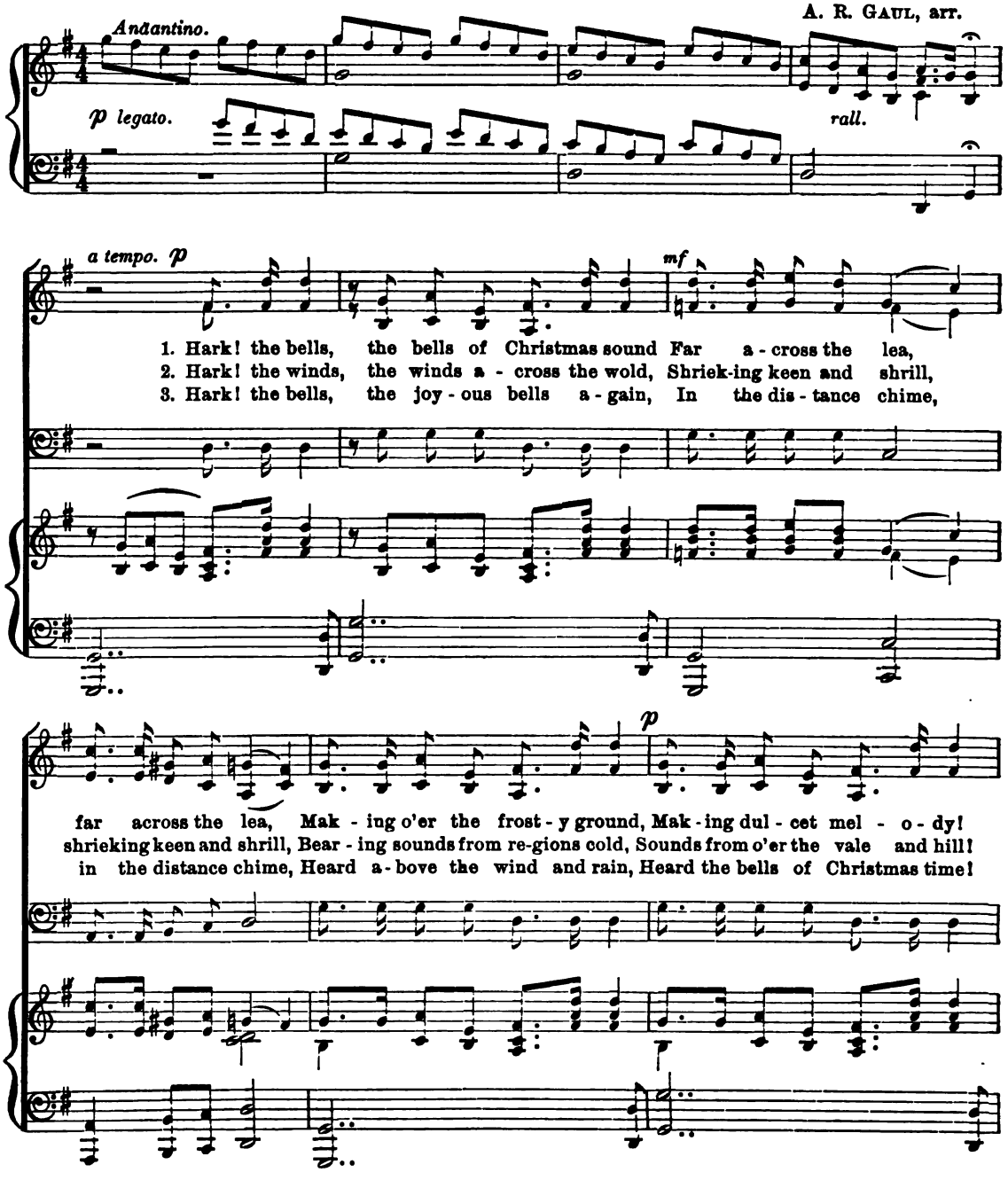
FAINTLY THE NIGHT WINDS SIGH.

TUNE—"ROBIN ADAIR."

Moderato.
1. Faint - ly the night winds sigh, Stars watch will keep; Cloud - shad - ows
2. Home from the mead - ows chill, Bees drow - sy creep; Down o'er the
soft - ly lie O'er earth a - - sleep. Close then thy wea - ry eyes,
si - lent mill Black shad - ows sweep. In nest the wee birds doze;
Bright as the star - lit skies, Sweet dreams in slum - ber rise;—Sleep then, dear, sleep!
Blue bell and crim - son rose Droop and their pet - als close:—Sleep then, dear, sleep!

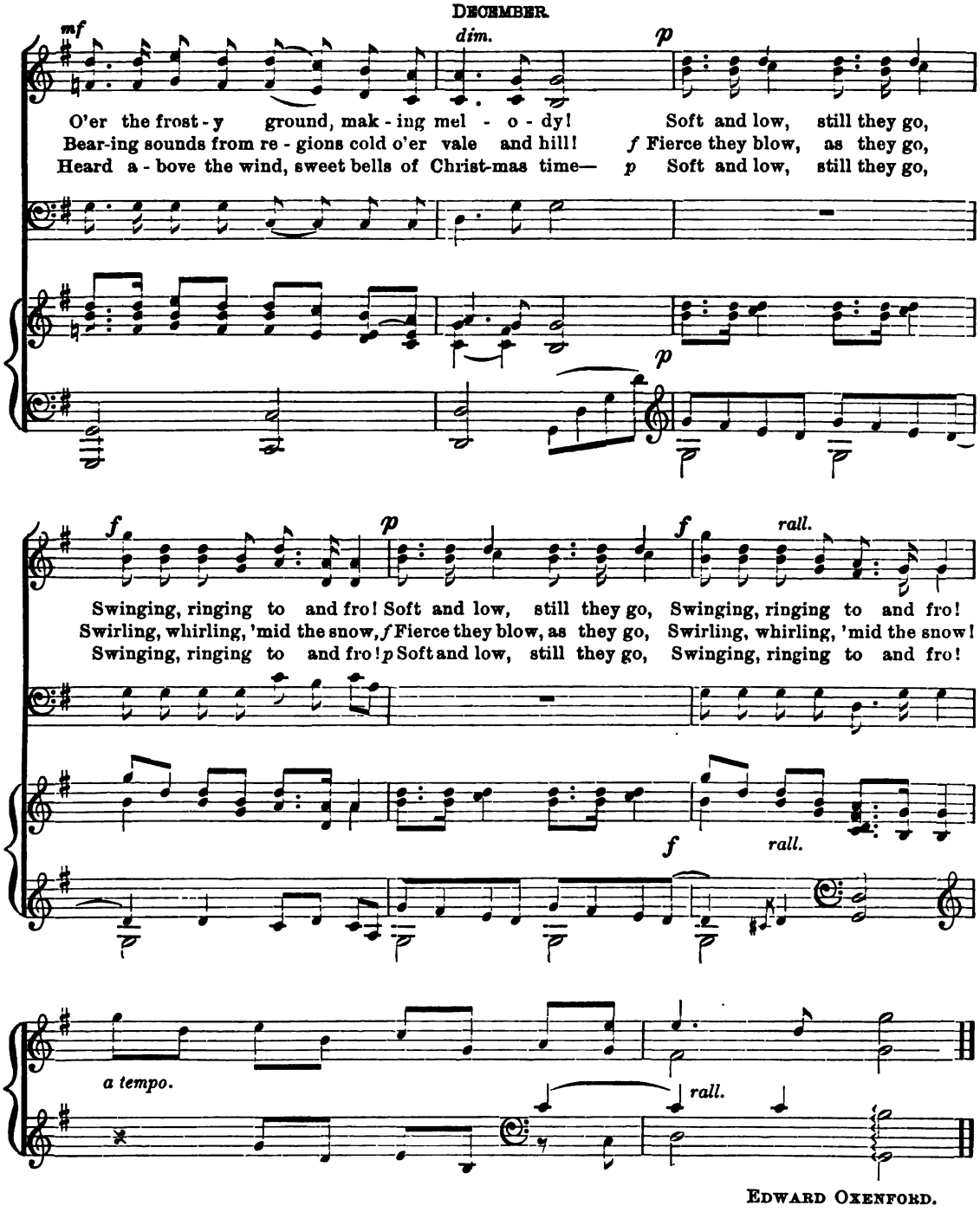
PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

DECEMBER.

A CAROL.

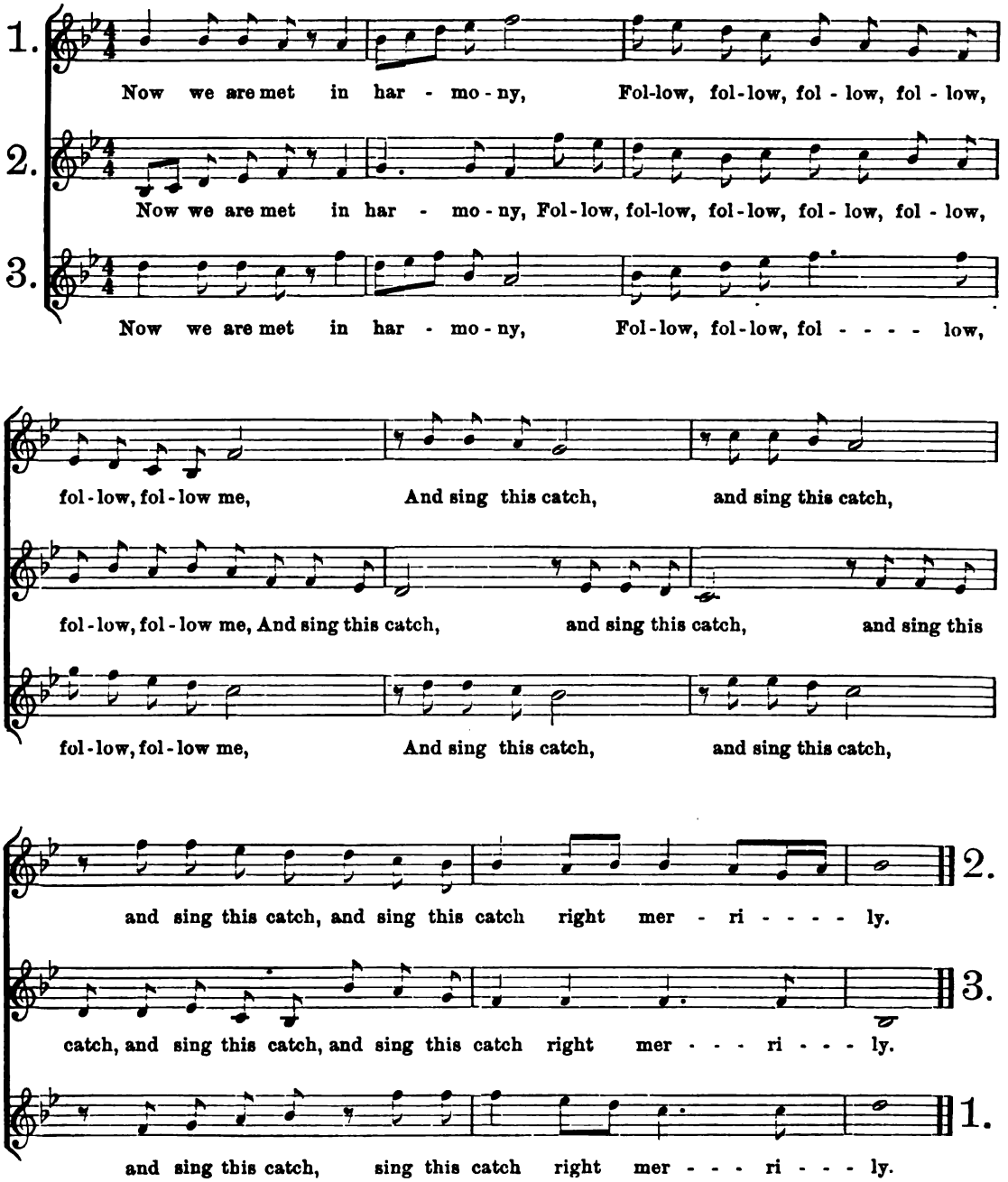
A. R. GAUL, arr.

Andantino.
p legato.
rall.
a tempo. p
mf
1. Hark! the bells, the bells of Christmas sound Far a - cross the lea,
2. Hark! the winds, the winds a - cross the wold, Shriek-ing keen and shrill,
3. Hark! the bells, the joy - ous bells a - gain, In the dis - tance chime,
p
far across the lea, Mak - ing o'er the frost - y ground, Mak - ing dul - cet mel - o - dy!
shrieking keen and shrill, Bear - ing sounds from re-gions cold, Sounds from o'er the vale and hill!
in the distance chime, Heard a - bove the wind and rain, Heard the bells of Christmas time!

DECEMBER.


mf
dim.
p
O'er the frost - y ground, mak - ing mel - o - dy! Soft and low, still they go,
Bear-ing sounds from re - gions cold o'er vale and hill! f Fierce they blow, as they go,
Heard a - bove the wind, sweet bells of Christ-mas time— p Soft and low, still they go,
f
p
f
rall.
Swinging, ringing to and fro! Soft and low, still they go, Swinging, ringing to and fro!
Swirling, whirling, 'mid the snow, f Fierce they blow, as they go, Swirling, whirling, 'mid the snow!
Swinging, ringing to and fro! p Soft and low, still they go, Swinging, ringing to and fro!
f
rall.
a tempo.
rall.

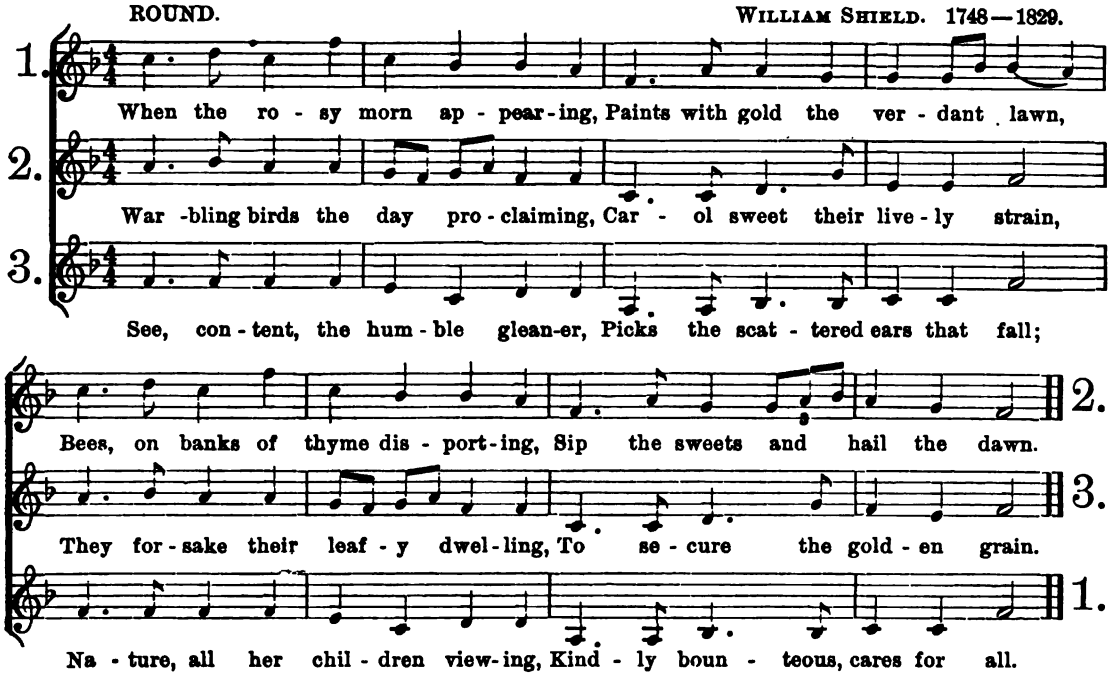
EDWARD OXENFORD.

NOW WE ARE MET IN HARMONY.

CATCH. SIMON IVES. d. 1662.

1.
Now we are met in har - mo - ny, Fol-low, fol-low, fol - low, fol - low,
2.
Now we are met in har - mo - ny, Fol - low, fol-low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low,
3.
Now we are met in har - mo - ny, Fol - low, fol - low, fol - - - - low,
fol - low, fol - low me, And sing this catch, and sing this catch,
fol - low, fol - low me, And sing this catch, and sing this catch, and sing this
fol - low, fol - low me, And sing this catch, and sing this catch,
and sing this catch, and sing this catch right mer - ri - - - - ly. 2.
catch, and sing this catch, and sing this catch right mer - - - ri - - - ly. 3.
and sing this catch, sing this catch right mer - - - ri - - - ly. 1.

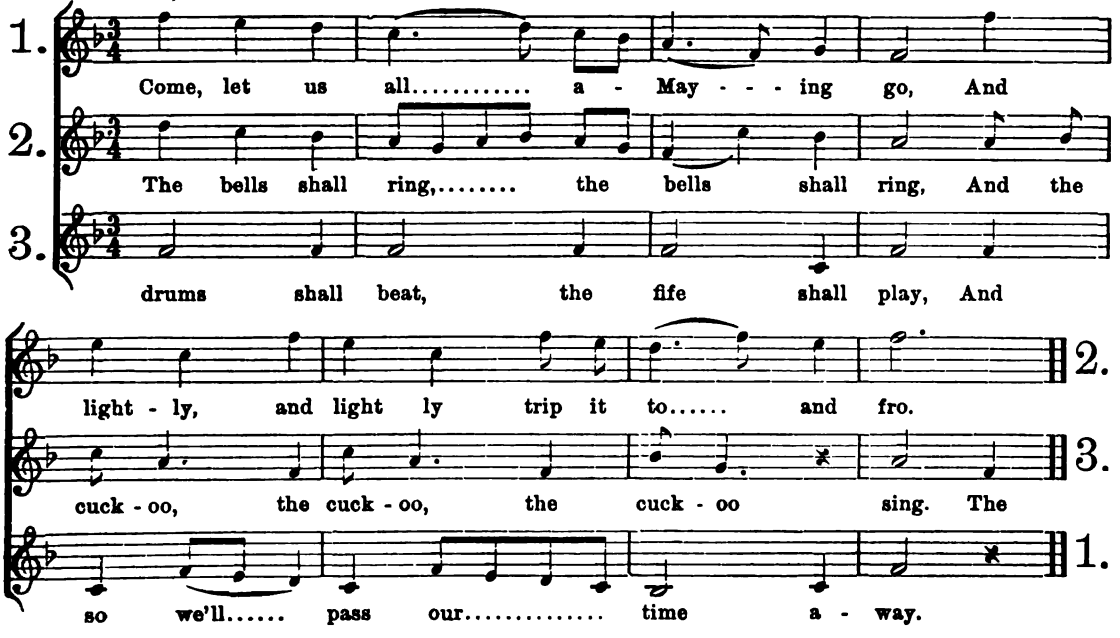
WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.

ROUND. WILLIAM SHIELD. 1748—1829.


1.
When the ro - sy morn ap - pear-ing, Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn,
2.
War -bling birds the day pro - claiming, Car - ol sweet their live - ly strain,
3.
See, con - tent, the hum - ble glean-er, Picks the scat - tered ears that fall;
Bees, on banks of thyme dis - port-ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.
2.
They for - sake their leaf - y dwel - ling, To se - cure the gold - en grain.
3.
Na - ture, all her chil - dren view-ing, Kind - ly boun - teous, cares for all.
1.

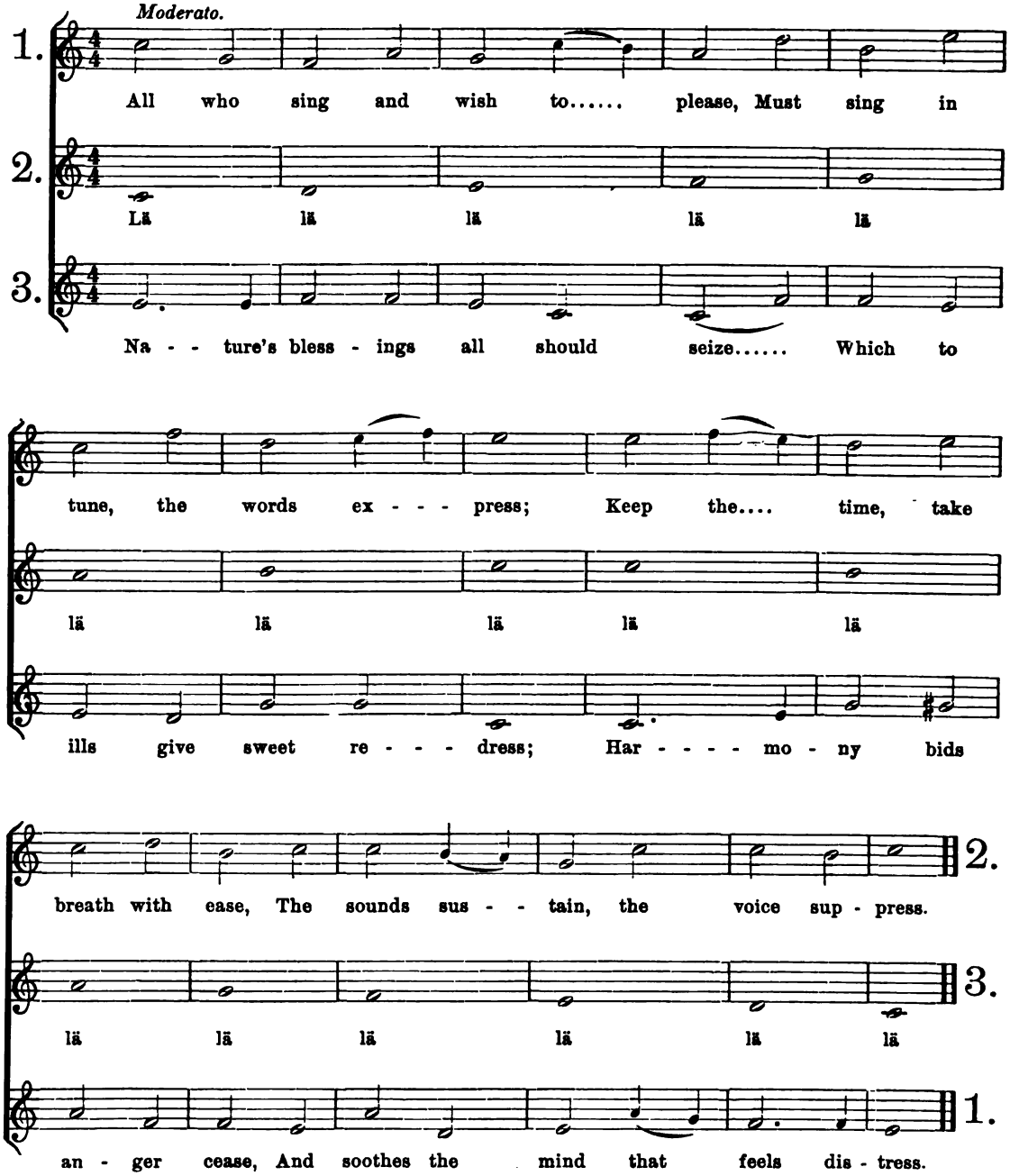
COME, LET US ALL A-MAYING GO.

ROUND. HILTON. d—1657.

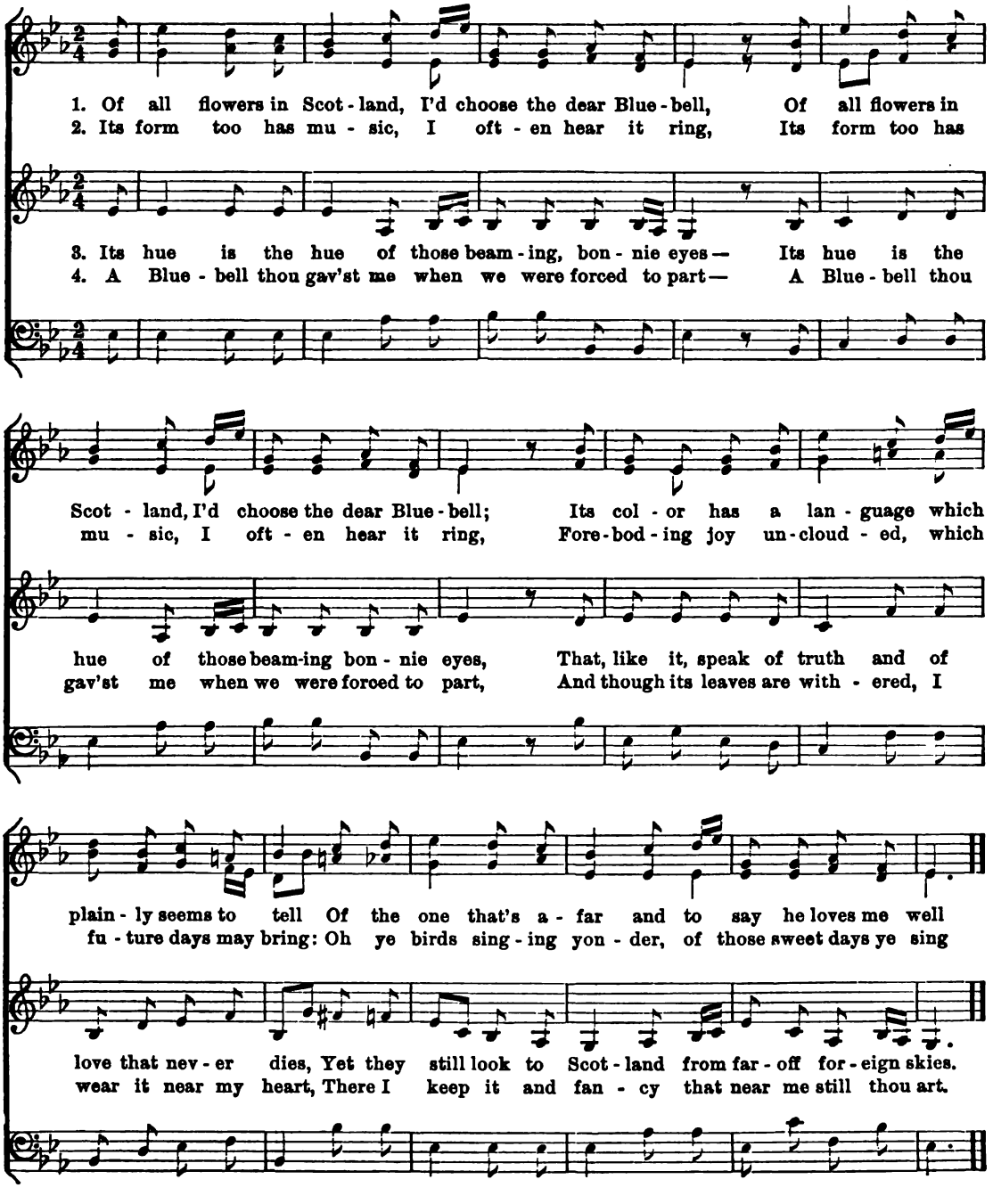

1.
Come, let us all..... a - May - - - ing go, And
2.
The bells shall ring,..... the bells shall ring, And the
3.
drums shall beat, the fife shall play, And
light - ly, and light ly trip it to..... and fro.
2.
cuck - oo, the cuck - oo, the cuck - oo sing. The
3.
so we'll..... pass our..... time a - way.
1.

ALL WHO SING.

ROUND, On the Major Scale. T. GOODBAN. 1780—1863.

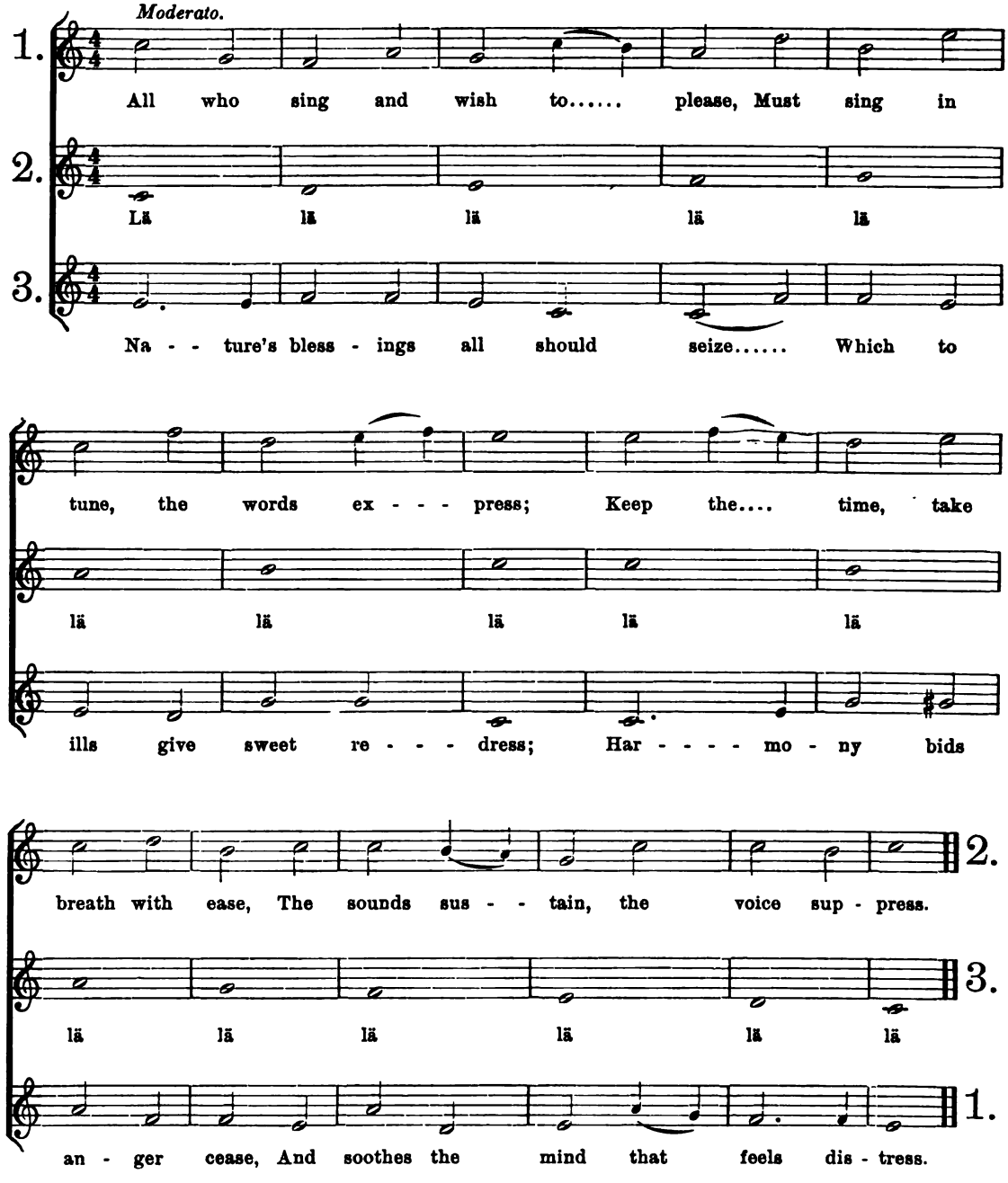
Moderato.

1.
All who sing and wish to..... please, Must sing in
2.
Lä lä lä lä lä
3.
Na - - ture's bless - ings all should seize..... Which to
tune, the words ex - - - press; Keep the.... time, take
lä lä lä lä lä
ills give sweet re - - - dress; Har - - - - mo - ny bids
breath with ease, The sounds sus - - tain, the voice sup - press.
2.
lä lä lä lä lä lä
3.
an - ger cease, And soothes the mind that feels dis - tress.
1.

THE BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

MRS. JORDAN, arr.

1. Of all flowers in Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell, Of all flowers in
2. Its form too has mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Its form too has
3. Its hue is the hue of those beam - ing, bon - nie eyes — Its hue is the
4. A Blue - bell thou gav'st me when we were forced to part — A Blue - bell thou
Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell; Its col - or has a lan - guage which
mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Fore - bod - ing joy un - cloud - ed, which
hue of those beam-ing bon - nie eyes, That, like it, speak of truth and of
gav'st me when we were forced to part, And though its leaves are with - ered, I
plain - ly seems to tell Of the one that's a - far and to say he loves me well
fu - ture days may bring: Oh ye birds sing - ing yon - der, of those sweet days ye sing
love that nev - er dies, Yet they still look to Scot - land from far - off for - eign skies.
wear it near my heart, There I keep it and fan - cy that near me still thou art.

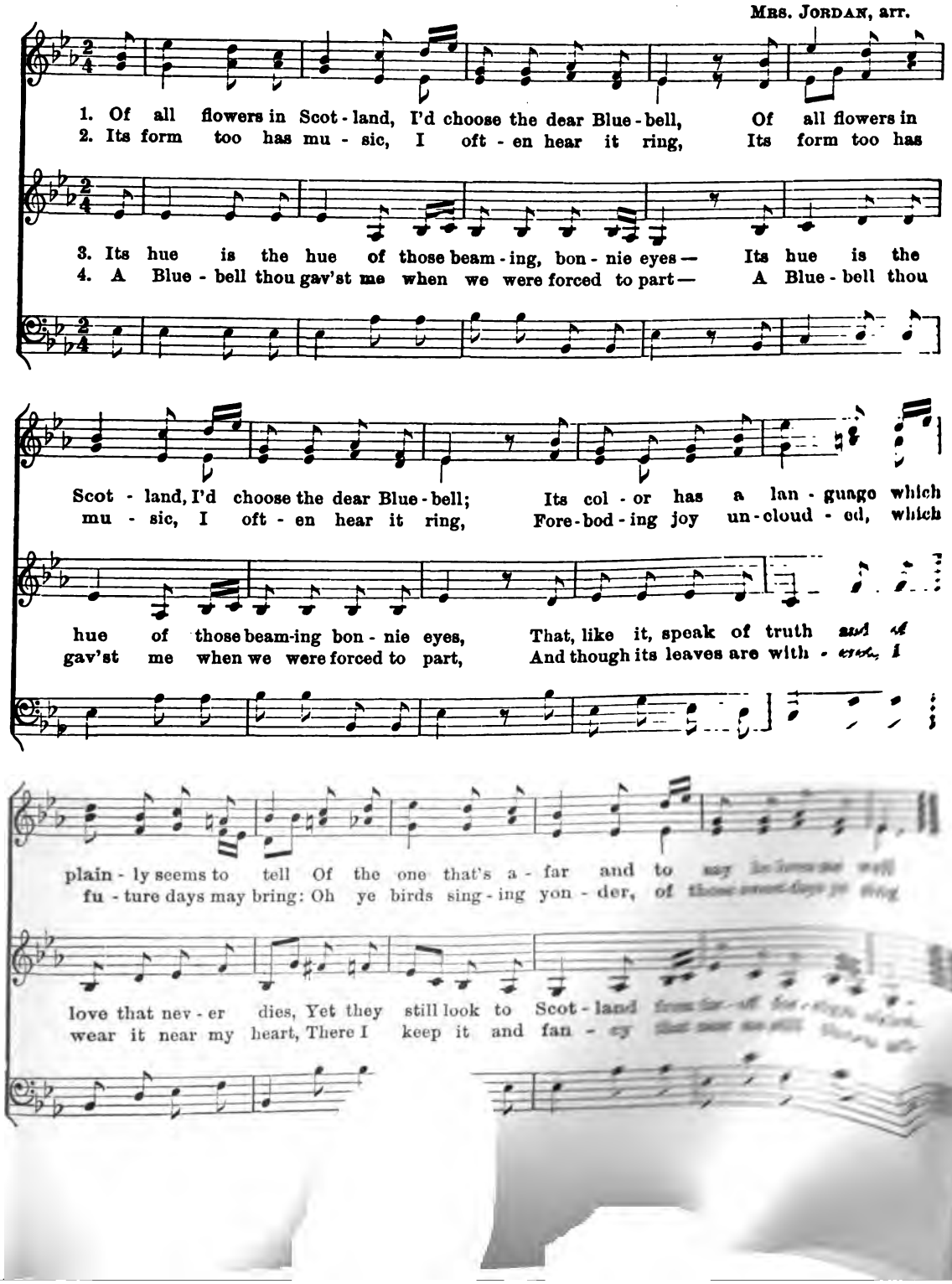
ALL WHO SING.

ROUND, On the Major Scale. T. Goodban. 1780—1863.

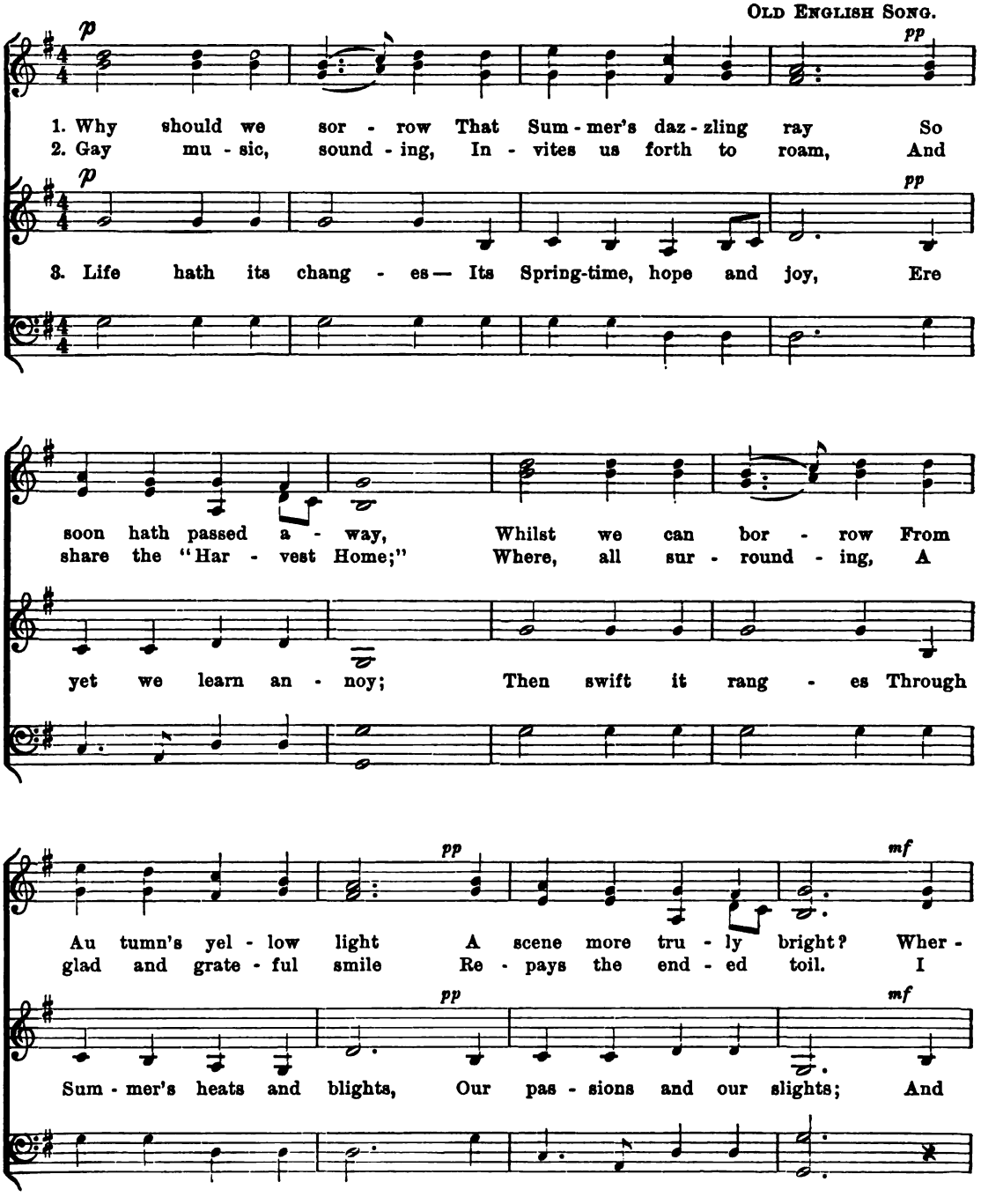
Moderato.

1.
All who sing and wish to..... please, Must sing in
2.
Lä lä lä lä lä
3.
Na - - ture's bless - ings all should seize..... Which to
tune, the words ex - - - press; Keep the.... time, take
lä lä lä lä lä
ills give sweet re - - - dress; Har - - - - mo - ny bids
breath with ease, The sounds sus - - tain, the voice sup - press.
2.
lä lä lä lä lä lä
3.
an - ger cease, And soothes the mind that feels dis - tress.
1.

THE BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

MRS. JORDAN, arr.


1. Of all flowers in Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell, Of all flowers in
2. Its form too has mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Its form too has
3. Its hue is the hue of those beam - ing, bon - nie eyes — Its hue is the
4. A Blue - bell thou gav'st me when we were forced to part — A Blue - bell thou
Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell; Its col - or has a lan - guage which
mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Fore - bod - ing joy un - cloud - ed, which
hue of those beam-ing bon - nie eyes, That, like it, speak of truth and
gav'st me when we were forced to part, And though its leaves are with -
plain - ly seems to tell Of the one that's a - far and to
fu - ture days may bring: Oh ye birds sing - ing yon - der, of
love that nev - er dies, Yet they still look to Scot - land
wear it near my heart, There I keep it and fan -

AUTUMN'S GOLDEN LEAF.

OLD ENGLISH SONG.

p
pp
1. Why should we sor - row That Sum - mer's daz - zling ray So
2. Gay mu - sic, sound - ing, In - vites us forth to roam, And
3. Life hath its chang - es— Its Spring-time, hope and joy, Ere
soon hath passed a - way, Whilst we can bor - row From
share the "Har - vest Home;" Where, all sur - round - ing, A
yet we learn an - noy; Then swift it rang - es Through
pp
mf
Au tumn's yel - low light A scene more tru - ly bright? Wher -
glad and grate - ful smile Re - pays the end - ed toil. I
Sum - mer's heats and blights, Our pas - sions and our slights; And

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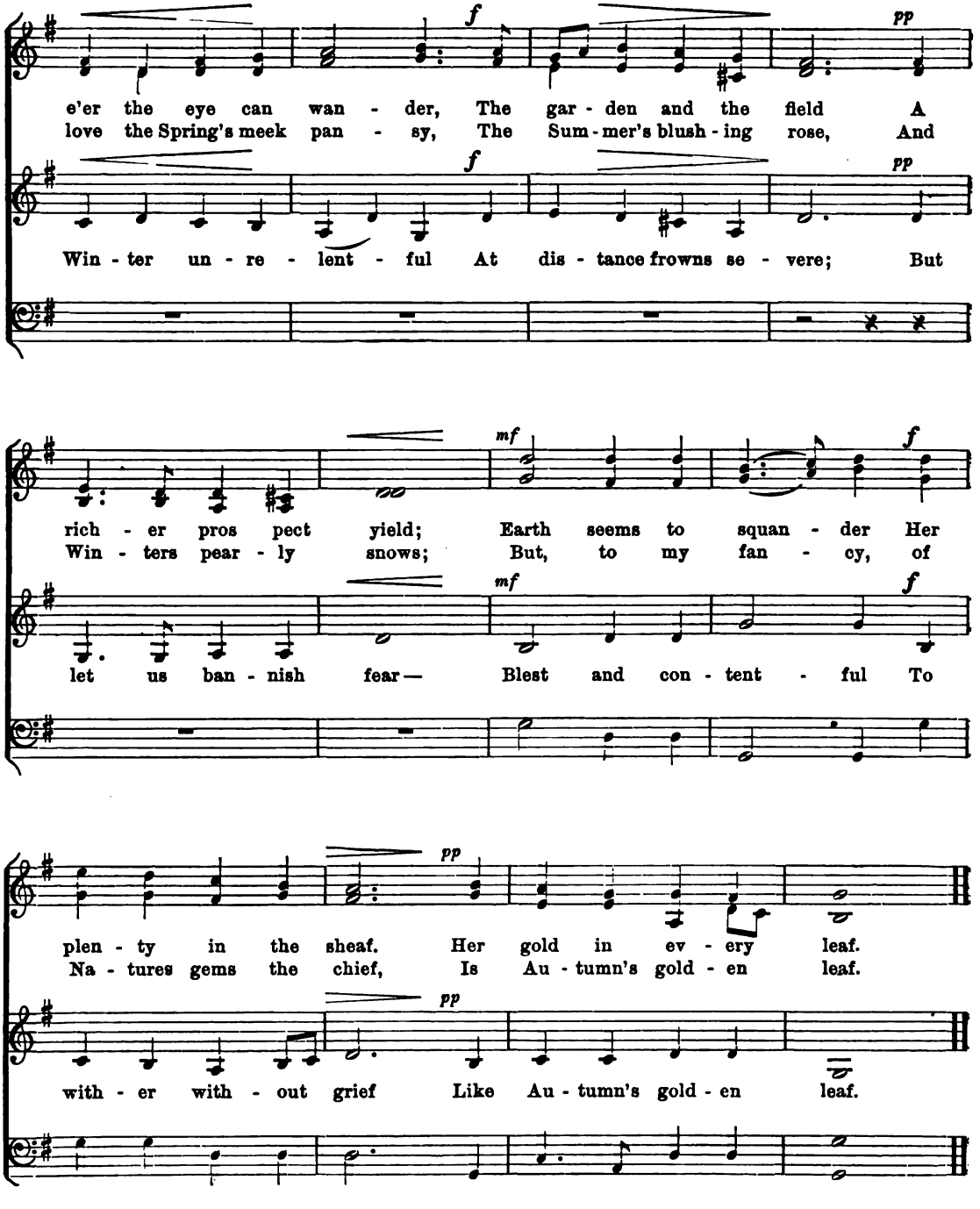

f
pp
e'er the eye can wan - der, The gar - den and the field A
love the Spring's meek pan - sy, The Sum - mer's blush - ing rose, And
f
pp
Win - ter un - re - lent - ful At dis - tance frowns se - vere; But
mf
f
rich - er pros pect yield; Earth seems to squan - der Her
Win - ters pear - ly snows; But, to my fan - cy, of
mf
f
let us ban - nish fear— Blest and con - tent - ful To
pp
plen - ty in the sheaf. Her gold in ev - ery leaf.
Na - tures gems the chief, Is Au - tumn's gold - en leaf.
pp
with - er with - out grief Like Au - tumn's gold - en leaf.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Lento e con espressione. A. ALIBIEFF, arr.

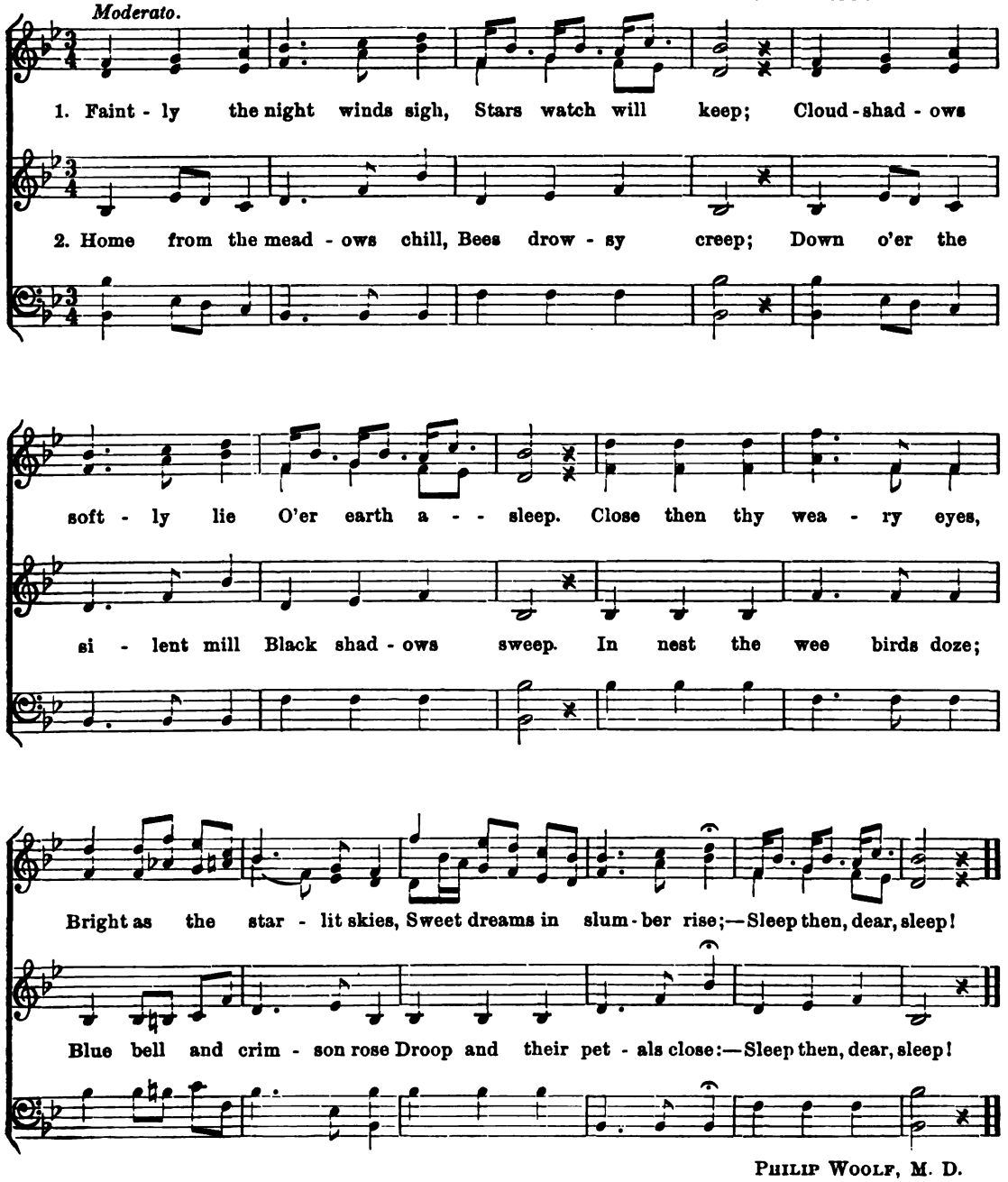
1. Night-in-gale, O Night - in-gale, Most me-lo-dious, Night - in-gale; Whith-er
2. Ah! how oft-en, as I lay, Weep-ing all the night a-way, I have
3. Said my love, when forced to part, Take this gold-en ring, sweetheart; Keep it

Piu moto.

art thou go-ing, say? Who will hear thy next sweet lay? Night - in-
lis-tened to thy strain, Full of love and full of pain. Night - in-
and for-get me not, Thine am I whate'er my lot. Night - in-

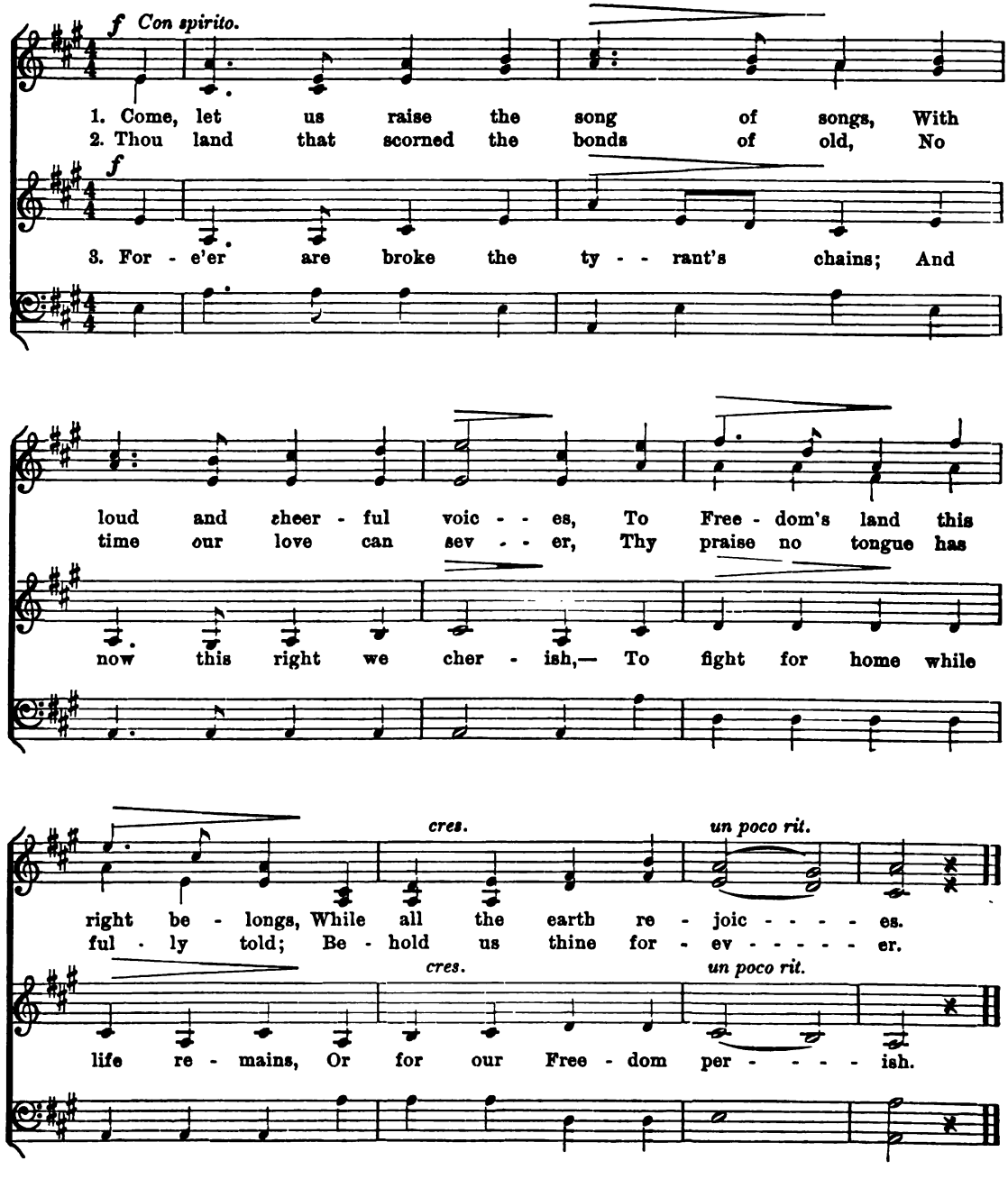
gale, O Night-in-gale! O Night - in-gale! Most me-lo-dious Night - in-gale!
gale, O Night-in-gale! O Night - in-gale! Most me-lo-dious Night - in-gale!

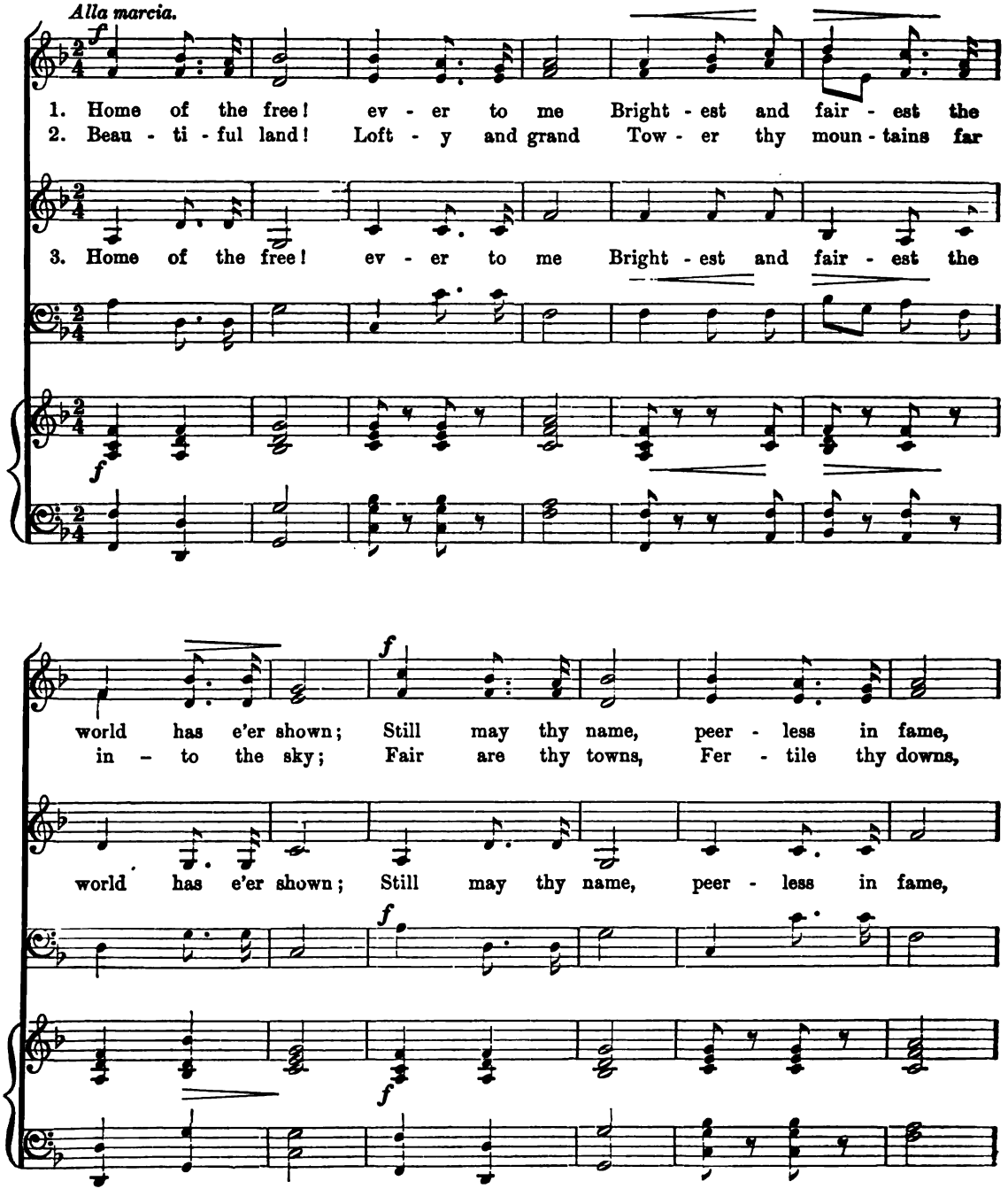
FAINTLY THE NIGHT WINDS SIGH.

TUNE—"ROBIN ADAIR."

Moderato.
1. Faint - ly the night winds sigh, Stars watch will keep; Cloud - shad - ows
2. Home from the mead - ows chill, Bees drow - sy creep; Down o'er the
soft - ly lie O'er earth a - - sleep. Close then thy wea - ry eyes,
si - lent mill Black shad - ows sweep. In nest the wee birds doze;
Bright as the star - lit skies, Sweet dreams in slum - ber rise;—Sleep then, dear, sleep!
Blue bell and crim - son rose Droop and their pet - als close:—Sleep then, dear, sleep!

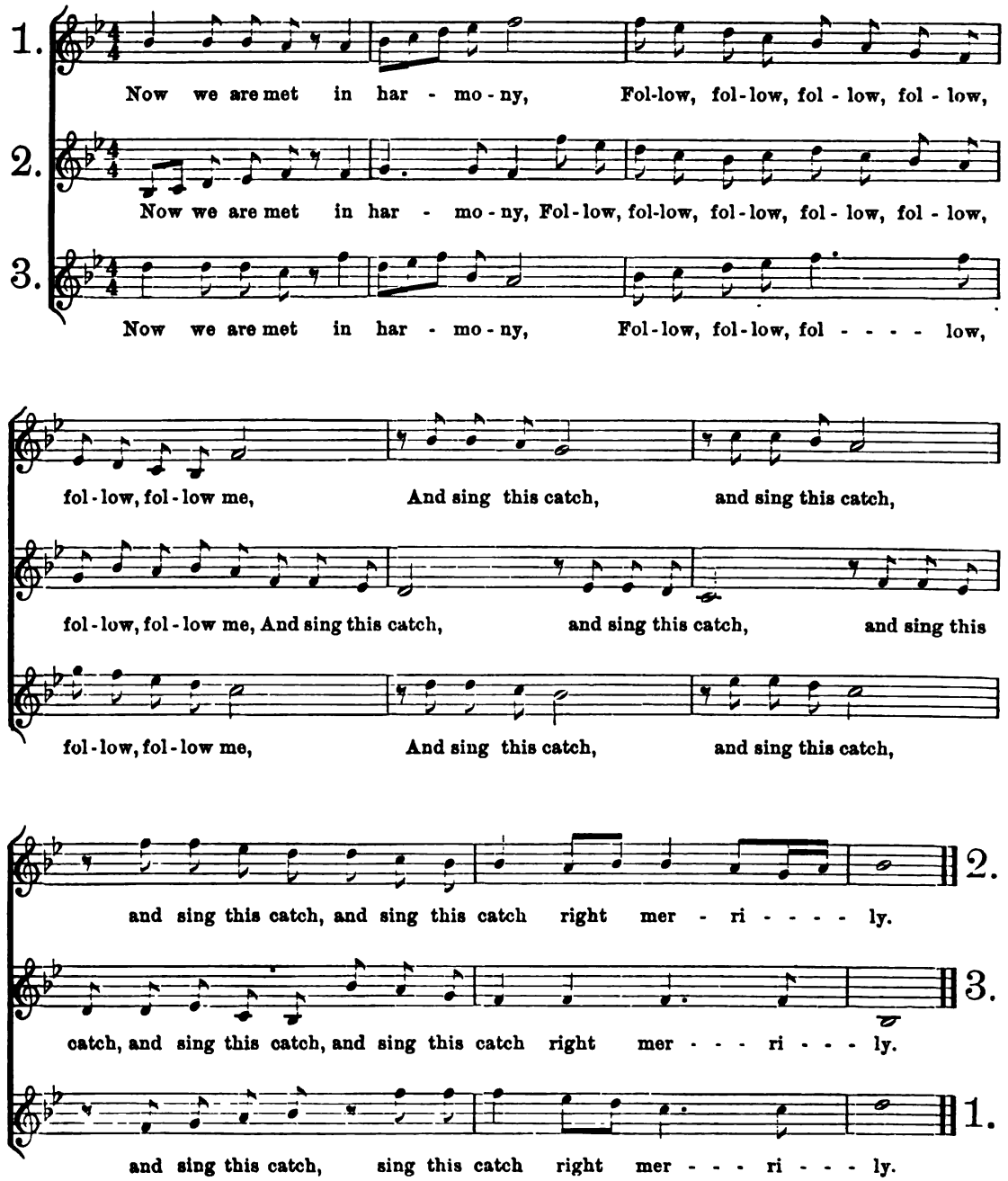
PHILIP WOOLF, M. D.

COME, LET US RAISE THE SONG.

A. G. METHFESSEL, arr.
1785—1869.

f Con spirito.
1. Come, let us raise the song of songs, With
2. Thou land that scorned the bonds of old, No
f
3. For - e'er are broke the ty - - rant's chains; And
loud and cheer - ful voic - - es, To Free - dom's land this
time our love can sev - - er, Thy praise no tongue has
now this right we cher - ish,— To fight for home while
cres.
un poco rit.
right be - longs, While all the earth re - joic - - - - - es.
ful - ly told; Be - hold us thine for - ev - - - - - er.
cres.
un poco rit.
life re - mains, Or for our Free - dom per - - - - ish.

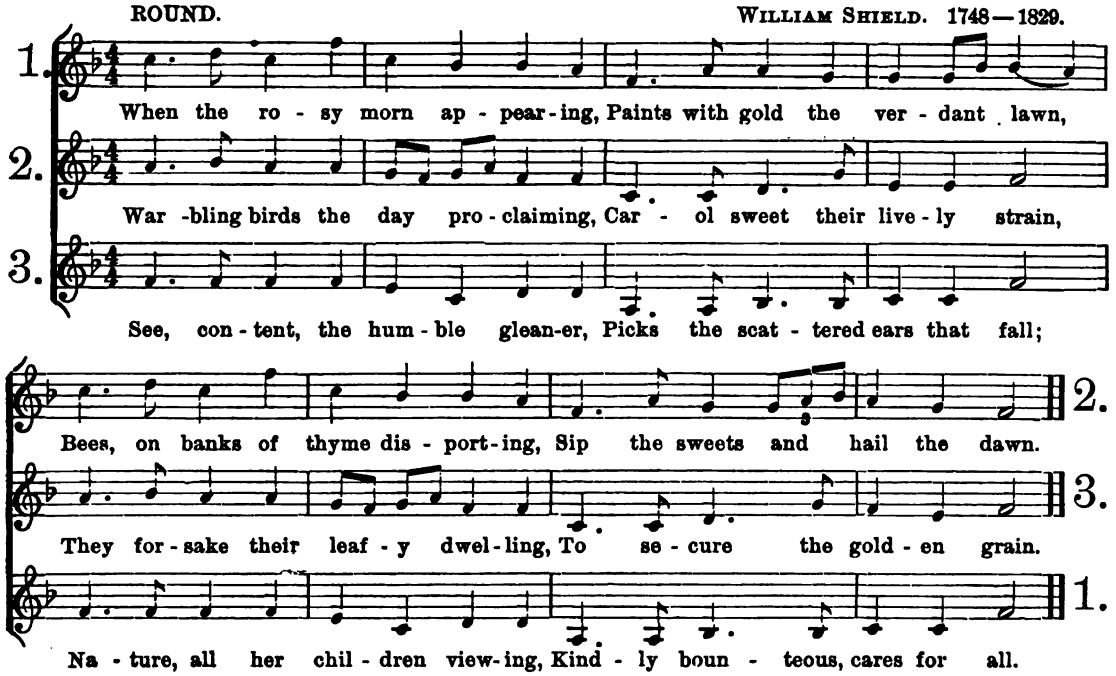
OUR COUNTRY.

Alla marcia.
1. Home of the free! ev - er to me Bright - est and fair - est the
2. Beau - ti - ful land! Loft - y and grand Tow - er thy moun - tains far
3. Home of the free! ev - er to me Bright - est and fair - est the
world has e'er shown; Still may thy name, peer - less in fame,
in - to the sky; Fair are thy towns, Fer - tile thy downs,
world has e'er shown; Still may thy name, peer - less in fame,

NOW WE ARE MET IN HARMONY.

CATCH. SIMON IVES. d. 1662.

1.
Now we are met in har - mo - ny, Fol-low, fol-low, fol - low, fol - low,
2.
Now we are met in har - mo - ny, Fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol - low, fol - low,
3.
Now we are met in har - mo - ny, Fol-low, fol-low, fol - - - - low,
fol-low, fol-low me, And sing this catch, and sing this catch,
fol-low, fol-low me, And sing this catch, and sing this catch, and sing this
fol-low, fol-low me, And sing this catch, and sing this catch,
and sing this catch, and sing this catch right mer - ri - - - - ly. 2.
catch, and sing this catch, and sing this catch right mer - - - ri - - - ly. 3.
and sing this catch, sing this catch right mer - - - ri - - - ly. 1.

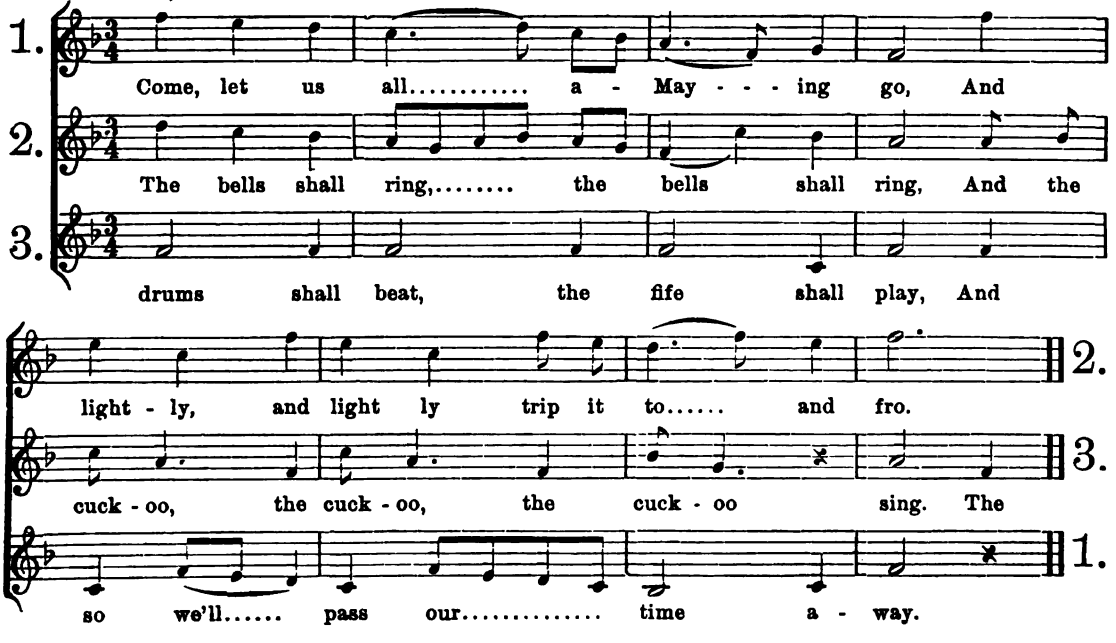
WHEN THE ROSY MORN APPEARING.

ROUND. WILLIAM SHIELD. 1748—1829.


1.
When the ro - sy morn ap - pear - ing, Paints with gold the ver - dant lawn,
2.
War -bling birds the day pro - claiming, Car - ol sweet their live - ly strain,
3.
See, con - tent, the hum - ble glean-er, Picks the scat - tered ears that fall;
Bees, on banks of thyme dis - port - ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn.
They for - sake their leaf - y dwel - ling, To se - cure the gold - en grain.
Na - ture, all her chil - dren view - ing, Kind - ly boun - teous, cares for all.

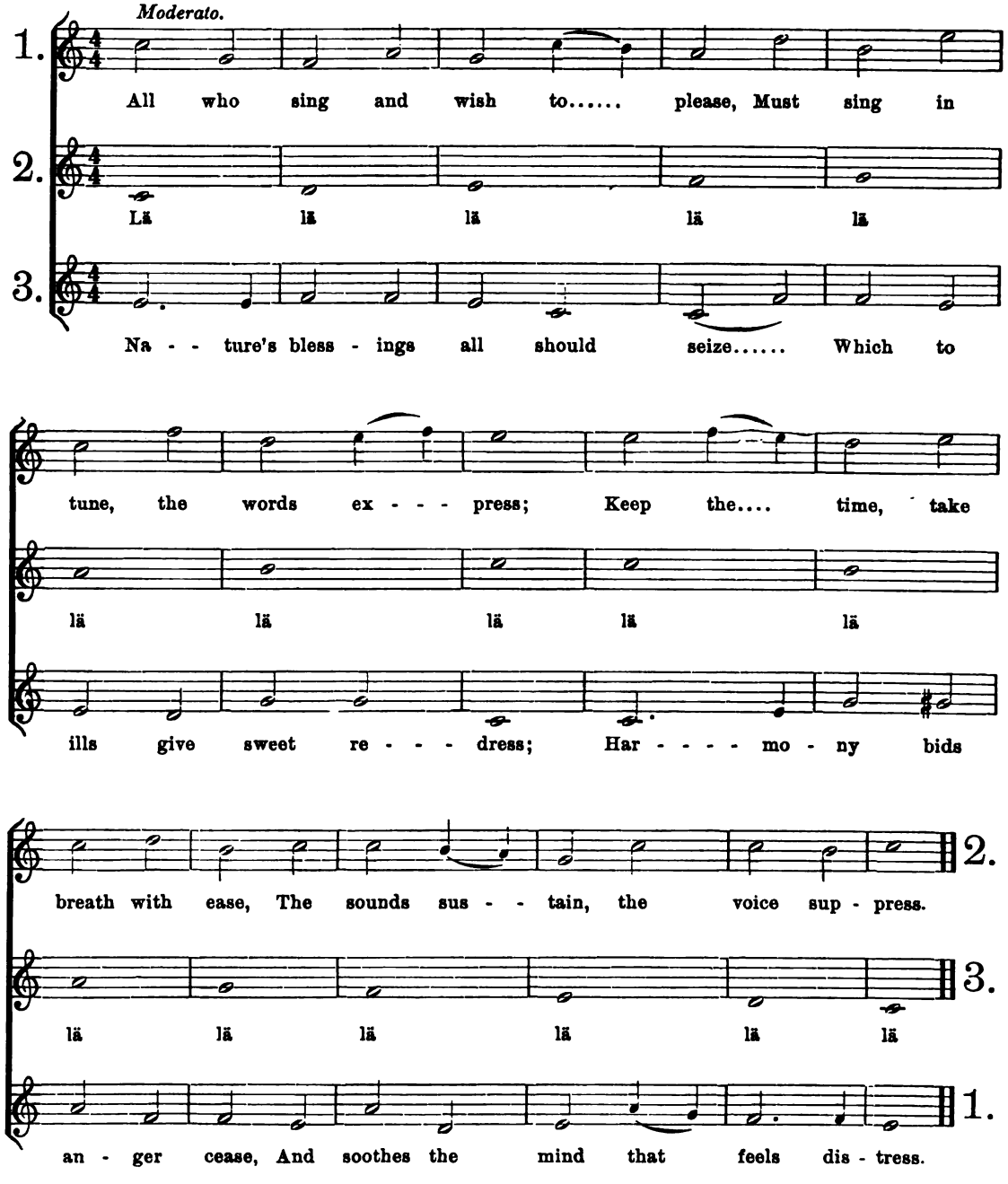
COME, LET US ALL A-MAYING GO.

ROUND. HILTON. d—1657.

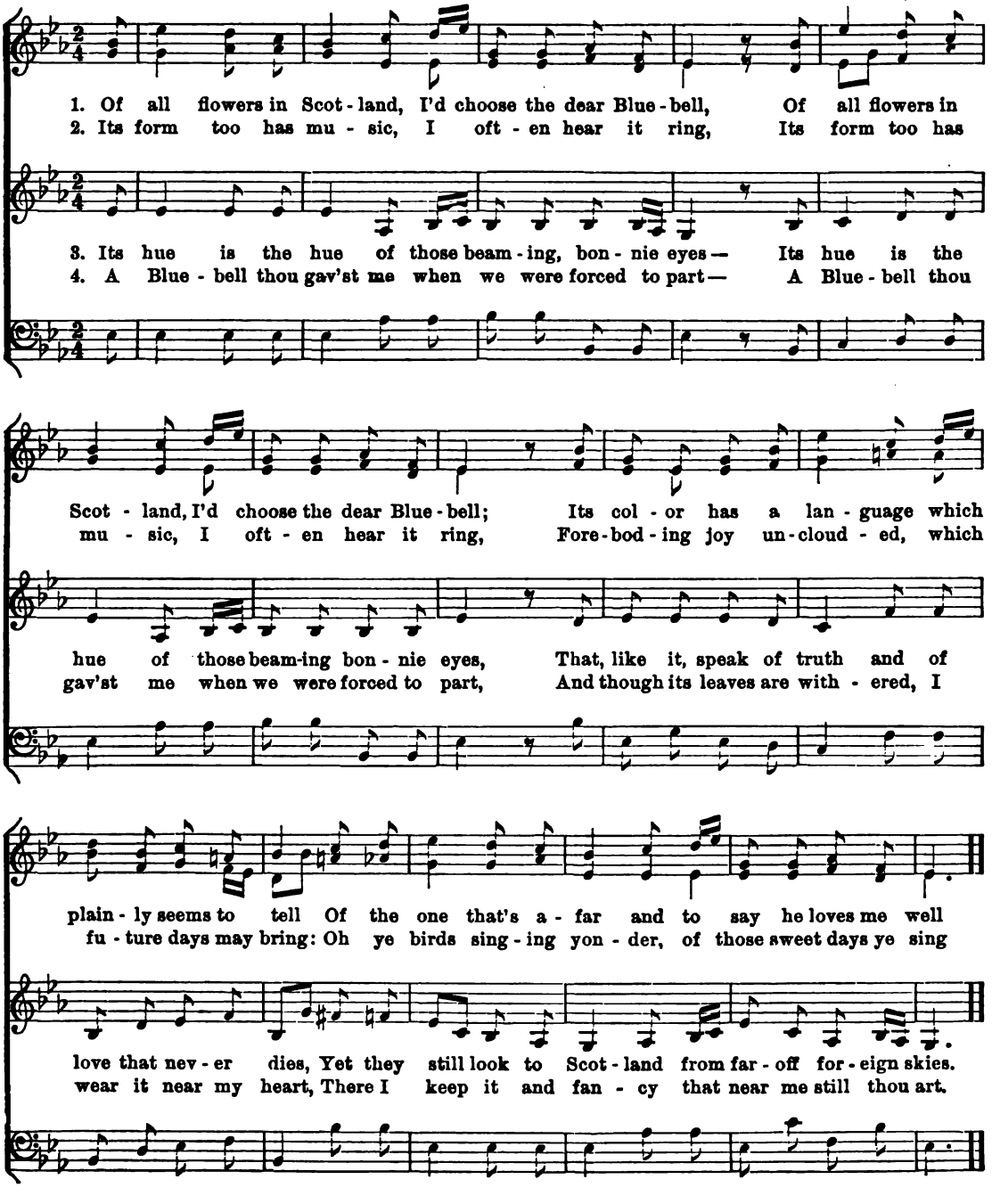

1.
Come, let us all..... a - May - - - ing go, And
2.
The bells shall ring,..... the bells shall ring, And the
3.
drums shall beat, the fife shall play, And
light - ly, and light ly trip it to..... and fro.
cuck - oo, the cuck - oo, the cuck - oo sing. The
so we'll..... pass our..... time a - way.

ALL WHO SING.

ROUND, On the Major Scale. T. GOODBAN. 1780—1863.

Moderato.

1.
All who sing and wish to..... please, Must sing in
2.
Lä lä lä lä lä
3.
Na - - ture's bless - ings all should seize..... Which to
tune, the words ex - - - press; Keep the.... time, take
lä lä lä lä lä
ills give sweet re - - - dress; Har - - - - mo - ny bids
breath with ease, The sounds sus - - tain, the voice sup - press.
2.
lä lä lä lä lä lä
3.
an - ger cease, And soothes the mind that feels dis - tress.
1.

THE BLUE-BELL OF SCOTLAND.

MRS. JORDAN, arr.

1. Of all flowers in Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell, Of all flowers in
2. Its form too has mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Its form too has
3. Its hue is the hue of those beam - ing, bon - nie eyes — Its hue is the
4. A Blue - bell thou gav'st me when we were forced to part — A Blue - bell thou
Scot - land, I'd choose the dear Blue - bell; Its col - or has a lan - guage which
mu - sic, I oft - en hear it ring, Fore - bod - ing joy un - cloud - ed, which
hue of those beam-ing bon - nie eyes, That, like it, speak of truth and of
gav'st me when we were forced to part, And though its leaves are with - ered, I
plain - ly seems to tell Of the one that's a - far and to say he loves me well
fu - ture days may bring: Oh ye birds sing - ing yon - der, of those sweet days ye sing
love that nev - er dies, Yet they still look to Scot - land from far - off for - eign skies.
wear it near my heart, There I keep it and fan - cy that near me still thou art.

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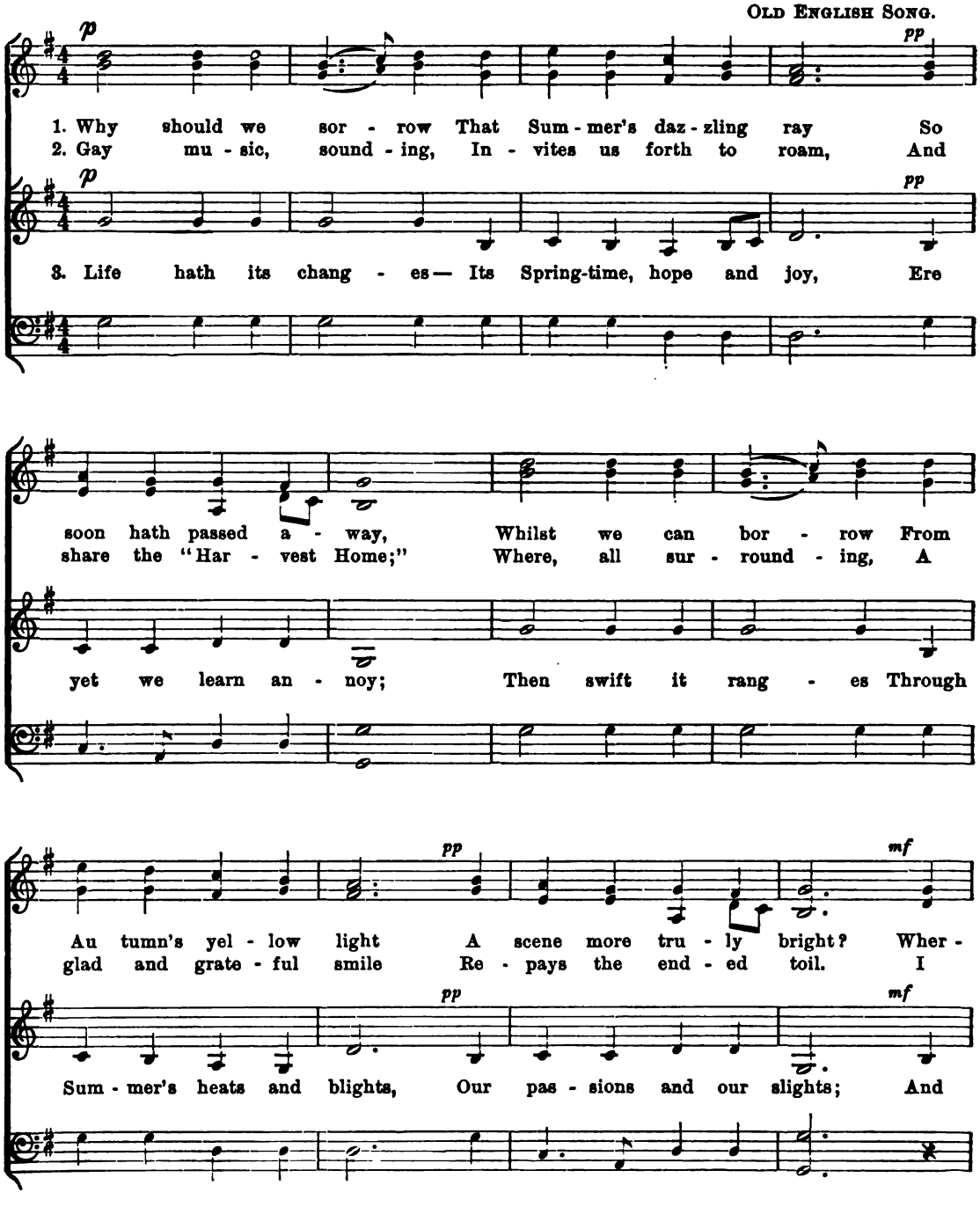
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mf
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Sum - mer's heats and blights, Our pas - sions and our slights; And